POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST JULY 13-JULY 20 • 1963 20c

Washington, D.C.
How not to run a city

Neo-Nazis on the Nile
The Arab missile threat

THE DARING NEW LOOK IN SWIMSUITS

The Profumo scandal · How William Faulkner died · Phony boom in culture

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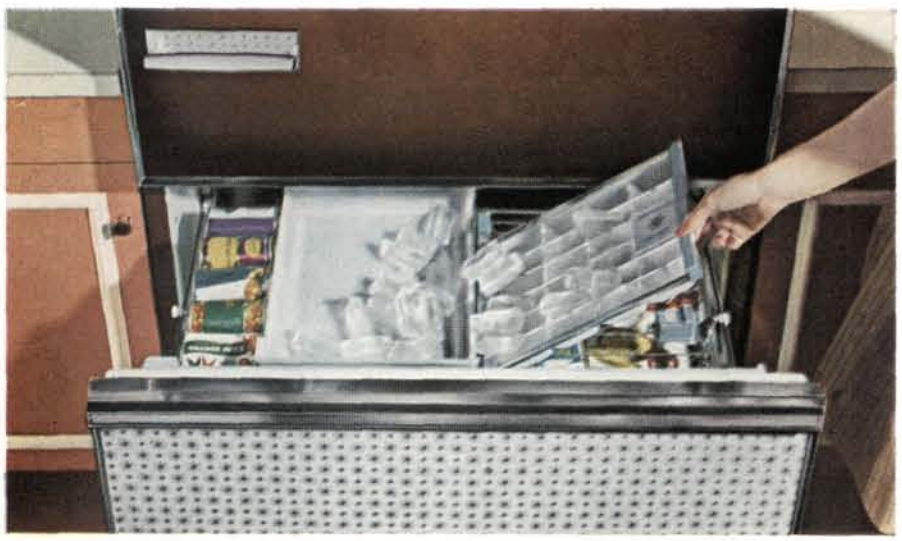
SPACEMAKER MODEL TC-479X

This General Electric refrigerator has a freezer that rolls frozen food out to you.

Roll out the freezer drawer and frozen foods, ice cream, ice cubes are in plain sight. No digging and hunting. The General Electric Roll-Out Freezer is right at your fingertips with a juice-can rack and ice service on top. No awkward stooping or reaching. New Self-Filling Ice Tray, illustrated and described below, ends spilly trips from faucet to freezer.

Defrosting? Never. Frost-Guard ends messy defrosting forever in freezer and fresh-food section. There are five different General Electric refrigerators with the exclusive Roll-Out Freezer. Sizes range from 13.6 cu. ft. to the 18.8-cu. ft. Spacemaker shown in fashionable new coppertone finish. Thirty-six years of leadership in making dependable refrigerators.



New Self-Filling Ice Tray gives you a big "party" supply of cubes right at your fingertips. Just flip tray and eject cubes into storage bin. Simply close the freezer drawer—**the ice tray refills automatically.** Only from General Electric—Models TC-474X and TC-479X.

Americana* 63 range has 2 full ovens, yet is only 30 inches wide. Built-in 2-level exhaust system draws air into hood above upper oven, also through vents above cooktop. Sensi-temp* cooktop unit eliminates pot-watching. And flameless Americana is easy to clean. (Model J-795.)

By any measure...There is nothing just as good as General Electric

*TRADEMARK OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, MAJOR APPLIANCE DIV., LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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WHO WON . . . when clinical testing compared Colgate Dental Cream with the most widely accepted fluoride toothpaste?

YOU WON . . . you and your family won when the latest clinical research* confirmed best-tasting Colgate Dental Cream with *Gardol* a leader in reducing new cavities.

A university-supervised test electronically recorded hundreds of thousands of brushings by children. The result: In comparison with the most widely accepted fluoride toothpaste, Colgate's *Gardol* formula achieved the same low number of new cavities.

*Journal of Dentistry for Children, First Quarter, 1963

Now you can be a *one*-toothpaste family. You're confident that Colgate—the world's best-selling, *best-tasting* toothpaste—is a confirmed leader in reducing new cavities. More than ever, you can be confident with Colgate.

The makers of Colgate Dental Cream agree with leading dental authorities that no toothpaste is a substitute for regular care by your dentist. Follow his advice on diet, as well as on how and when to brush.

Colgate is a leader in reducing new cavities, *and* helps stop bad breath—stops mouth odor instantly for most people. It's just got to be the best toothpaste you can buy.

GARDOL IS COLGATE'S TRADE-MARK FOR SODIUM N-LAUROYL SARCOSINATE

Colgate
DENTAL CREAM with GARDOL

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Colgate a leader in reducing new cavities

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Proudly wear your world-honored LONGINES--when the occasion is very special!

Longines high fashion watches team elegance and excellence with accuracy and dependability to give you an adult lifetime of pleasure and assurance

Lovely Ladies, proudly wear your Longines wherever you go—to the ballet, or out for an intimate dinner in a cozy spot. Where there's a Lovely Lady and an admiring escort, that's where you'll want your Longines to be noticed and admired. Longines Ladies' wrist watches are sculpted in precious metals that flatter and caress your wrist . . . are unsurpassed in reliability . . . are instantly recognized as high fashion, the standard of excellence and elegance in 150 countries of the free world.

Picture the Longines watch illustrated below on your wrist. A gleaming mesh bracelet . . . sparkling, faceted, unbreakable synthetic sapphire crystal to capture the magic of candlelight or ballroom chandeliers . . . jeweler-crafted case contoured to feminine perfection . . . a beautiful way to make accurate time your servant. A love affair at first sight that can last for an adult lifetime. Longines, most beautiful watch you can cherish, is the finest watch in production today. Why settle for less than a Longines?

You may own a Longines for as little as $5 a month—and it is worthy in every respect to be called *the world's most honored watch*. Longines is the only watch in history to win 10 World's Fair Grand Prizes, 28 Gold Medals. Visit your Longines-Wittnauer quality jeweler soon—or suggest to your favorite man that *he* do so!

LONGINES

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

WHICH LONGINES WILL YOU PROUDLY WEAR? *Left to right:* Pear-shaped, Gold Filled, fashionably distinctive; Gold Medal L3051 • Solid 14K Gold, Florentine Finish; World's Fair L3355. • Perfect *facet* brilliant synthetic sapphire crystal to capture the sparkle of gaiety. Gold-filled, shock resistant; Gold Medal L3225 Ask your Longines-Wittnauer Quality Jeweler. Lovely Lady Longines priced *from* $71.50.

LONGINES-WITTNAUER WATCH COMPANY

LEADING MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER FOR ALMOST A CENTURY

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POST

JULY 13 – JULY 20, 1963 • 236th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 26

Articles

The culture explosion is phony *(Speaking Out)* . . *by Harold Schonberg* 10

Washington: a city in trouble . . . . . *by Bill Davidson* 17

Swimsuits for summer maneuvers . . . . *photographs by Larry Schiller* 24

Big boom in bathing suits . . . . . *by William Trombley* 30

The death of William Faulkner . . . . . *by Hughes Rudd* 32

Nasser's hired Germans . . . . . *by Sanche de Gramont* 60

Ungainly waterbug: hydrofoil boats . . . . . *by Murray Morgan* 68

Get the lawyers out of the ring . . . . . *by Frank Graham Jr.* 70

The crisis over Christine . . . . . *by Edward Behr* 77

Not-so-conservative shenanigans in Britain's Conservative cabinet produced demands that Prime Minister Harold Macmillan resign. At the center of the storm is now-resigned War Minister John Profumo, whose adulterous liaison with Christine Keeler, also a favorite of a former Soviet naval attaché, outraged Britain and raised grave questions of national security. Contributing writer Edward Behr, an Englishman widely acquainted in official circles, tells of a scandal that rocked a nation.

Fiction

Have you ever rode the Southern? . . . . . *by William Price Fox* 38

Rain in Laredo . . . . . *by Paul Horgan* 44

A summer by the sea . . . . . *by Brunella Gasperini* 52

Departments

Letters 4

Post Scripts 66

Hazel 74

Editorial 86

The authors. Contributing writer **Bill Davidson,** for many years a Washington reporter, spent six weeks talking to social workers, White House aides, schoolboys and cops to take the measure of our mismanaged capital city. . . . Photographer **Larry Schiller** presents a color portfolio of the latest swimsuit fashions, and contributing writer **William Trombley** takes a close look at the burgeoning "wet rag" business. . . . **Hughes Rudd,** who was present at the burial of William Faulkner, gives a sensitive and revealing account of the novelist's death. . . . South Carolinian **William Price Fox** has been called the funniest writer to come out of the South since Mark Twain. . . . Noted novelist **Paul Horgan** is also a Pulitzer Prize-winning historian. . . . **Brunella Gasperini** is perhaps Italy's most influential woman writer. . . . **Sanche de Gramont** is Rome correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*. . . . Free-lancer **Murray Morgan** tells about boats that fly. . . . Sonny Liston's plans to revamp boxing are explained by contributing writer **Frank Graham Jr.**

The cover photograph by **Larry Schiller** shows Californian Verna Cornelius on a Los Angeles beach in a two-piece fishnet swimsuit. It is an eye-catcher, brand-new this year; above a summer neckline, the suntan pattern traced on the wearer's chest seems likely to be an even greater eye-catcher.

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LETTERS

Crisis and conscience

We have read with interest the lead story in the June 15 *Post*, MARTIN LUTHER KING, APOSTLE OF CRISIS. Not only do we agree with Reese Cleghorn's statement that the *Birmingham Jail Treatise of Martin Luther King Jr.* is a "telling document," but the American Friends Service Committee (160 North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia 2, Pa.) has published 50,000 copies so that it may have as wide a public as possible.

FREDERICK W. ECHELMEYER
American Friends Service Committee
Philadelphia, Pa.

• What a horrible consequence has arisen from bringing men and women from Africa to the U. S. as slaves! Is it actually possible that our elevated minds cannot comprehend, at this late date, the necessity for freedom for *all* people in this country?

BEVERLY GARDNER
Skokie, Ill.

• It is hoped that you don't object to having Negro blood in your family. King is a false-front mercenary trouble-maker—without publicity his bank account would shrink.

HENRY T. LONG
Lavonia, Ga.

Grace Kelly

Naturally my family and I were very interested in your article THE GRACE OF KELLY [by Robert Massie, June 8], but unfortunately I must say that your writer did not have all his facts exactly straight. . . . Although some of his comments were quite amusing and clever, the article was rather sarcastic. He mentioned me as having a crew haircut. It has been at least three years since I had my hair cut in that manner. . . . Also, the proceeds of the Philadelphia Travel and Vacation Show were about one-fourth as much as he said.

JOHN B. KELLY JR.
Philadelphia, Pa.

• Being a wee bit weary (yawn) of the golly-gee reports on diamond-dripping princesses trouping in and out from various posts and outposts, I consider your story a gem.

MRS. R. J. RAMSBOTTOM
Hamilton, Ohio

• I'll bet that even if Princess Grace had slapped Robert Massie on the back and invited him home for a drink, he would have found room for criticism. Color him green!

B. J. WEBER
Sheboygan, Wis.

School-aid hassle

At last someone of eminent knowledge and sound judgment has put the Federal Aid to Education hassle into proper focus. Dr. Robert M. Hutchins' article [A CALL FOR AID TO CHURCH SCHOOLS, June 8] sweeps aside the confusion and foolishness over "the wall of separation." His talent for putting this critical matter straight and his courage to speak out against the proposed discrimination are most commendable.

REV. EUGENE DEWIG
Mater Dei High School
Evansville, Ind.

• As a Catholic, and mother of four school-age children, I say, "No, thank you," to Federal aid. With Government aid there is Government control, and I don't want to see this happen to our parochial schools.

MRS. MARIAN EMMONS
La Crescent, Minn.

• Please do not ask me to share, through my Federal taxes, the cost of undercutting my own denomination or of strengthening that of another.

REV. R. CHARLES BLAIR
Sedalia Baptist Church
Sedalia, Ky.

• Thank God for noble men like Robert M. Hutchins. Our Government should encourage religious education in these troubled times.

MRS. VAL J. DOERING
Fort Madison, Iowa

Art and literature

In my opinion, there is no magazine to quite compare with *The Saturday Evening Post*. Certainly none in Australia, more is the pity. The standard of literature and the artistic illustrations are a constant pleasure to me.

MRS. M. STAPLETON
Prahran, Victoria, Australia

• I was extremely happy to see the beautiful painting by David Passalacqua in your June 1 issue. As John O'Hara's story [EXTERIOR: WITH FIGURE] gave us something to think about, the painting, in the same mood or tone, also leaves us thinking and reanalyzing. I hope to see Mr. Passalacqua move forward—to the cover, for example.

DOUGLAS R. HUNTLEY
New York, N.Y.

• Am returning this horrid cover [by David Passalacqua, June 8] to you and wish it could irk you as it does me! . . . Castro may be all we disapprove of, but he never looked this bad. So where's the honesty in such a smear? Norman Rockwell at least made Nasser look true to life [May 25].

MRS. LILLIE MAE WHEELING
Collegedale, Tenn.

The doctors

Thank you for at last saying something in behalf of the doctors [THE AMERICAN DOCTOR: END OF A LEGEND, by Evan Hill, June 15]. After all, the public has made them what they are. Now how about a word for the hospitals and the nurses?

MRS. HELEN M. LAMB, R.N.
Oakland, Calif.

• It *is* a changing image, as witness the following humbling experience. I made a "U" turn and was whistled down by a patrolman. "But, officer, I'm on a medical emergency," I protested. With a pained look the minion of the law replied, "Doctor, I'm writing as fast as I can."

LOUIS GILLMAN, M.D.
Forest Hills, N.Y.

COMING SOON...in The Post

The Vatican:
A profile of the new Pope
PAUL VI

Evelyn Waugh appraises
JOHN XXIII

A penetrating study of the CIA by Stewart Alsop

FALL OF A GIANT
How "Big Daddy" Lipscomb died

Stop torturing animals
Cleveland Amory speaks out

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–New York Times. • 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23–Jim Mahan. • 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29–Larry Schiller. • 32–Vytas Valaitis (Newsweek). • 33, 37–Martin Dain. • 38–David Passalacqua. • 45–Al Muenchen. • 52, 53–Bob Peak. 60, 61–U.P.I. • 63–2 by Black Star; from Sanche de Gramont; Black Star. • 64–Black Star. • 68, 69–From the Boeing Company. • 70–Art Shay. • 72–Joern Gerdts. • 77–Pix. • 78–Pix; Pictorial Parade. • 81–Pictorial Parade; Wide World. • 82–Pix; 2 by Pictorial Parade. • 83–Wide World. • 84–Pictorial Parade.

American cooking

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO AMERICAN COOKING? [by Eleanor Perenyi, June 15] was quite a disappointment. Alm[ost] every food you listed was com[pa]ratively unknown. What ever happen[ed] chocolate cake, Virginia baked ham, potato salad, ice-cream sundaes, our turkey, etc.?

MRS. S. PARHAD
Mount Prospect, Ill.

• For the information of residents of the codfish belt, tacos and mahimahi are both excellent regional dishes from actual states of the United States.

P. F. MOORE
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

Epilepsy

Robin White has shown great courage in writing about his son in THE EPILEPTIC'S BATTLE FOR UNDERSTANDING [June 8]. Parents who have children with epilepsy . . . can obtain a free 24-page booklet entitled *You, Your Child and Epilepsy* by writing The Epilepsy Foundation at 1729 F Street, N. W., Washington 6, D. C. Incidentally . . . the number of states with restrictive laws against marriage of epileptics has shrunk to four.

HAROLD BABBITT, PRESIDENT
Epilepsy Foundation
Washington, D. C.

• I became epileptic at 18 as a result of a head injury. For 13 years I wouldn't breathe the word for fear of losing a friend, being rejected, ignored. I lived in mortal fear of having a seizure [in] public. However, nine years ag[o] I founded the Kern County Epilep[sy] Society. Within six months my seizures dropped 75 percent once I was no longer afraid of people knowing I was epileptic. I have been completely free of seizures for seven years through daily medication.

MRS. MARET JOHNSON
Bakersfield, Calif.

War in space

Congratulations to you and Senator Howard W. Cannon on ARE WE TOO PEACEFUL IN SPACE? [June 15]. The orbiting ballistic missile could well become a reality in the not-too-distant future. In order to drive this point home, it might be a good idea to put a nuclear weapon in orbit and explode it over the U. S. so that the explosion could be seen by a maximum number of people.

DAVID W. JOHNSTON
Washington, D. C.

• I have learned to live with nuclear devastation hanging over me, hoping and trusting that our Government or the men in charge (not necessarily synonymous) will somehow avert war and discover a reasonable formula for real world peace. But your article is proof that such hope is delusion. Proposing the development of a military space force is the most revolting despair-provoking act I have ever c[ome] across. When will the great mil[itary] realize that building deterrent weapons only encourages counterbuilding?

KATHLEEN BARE
Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

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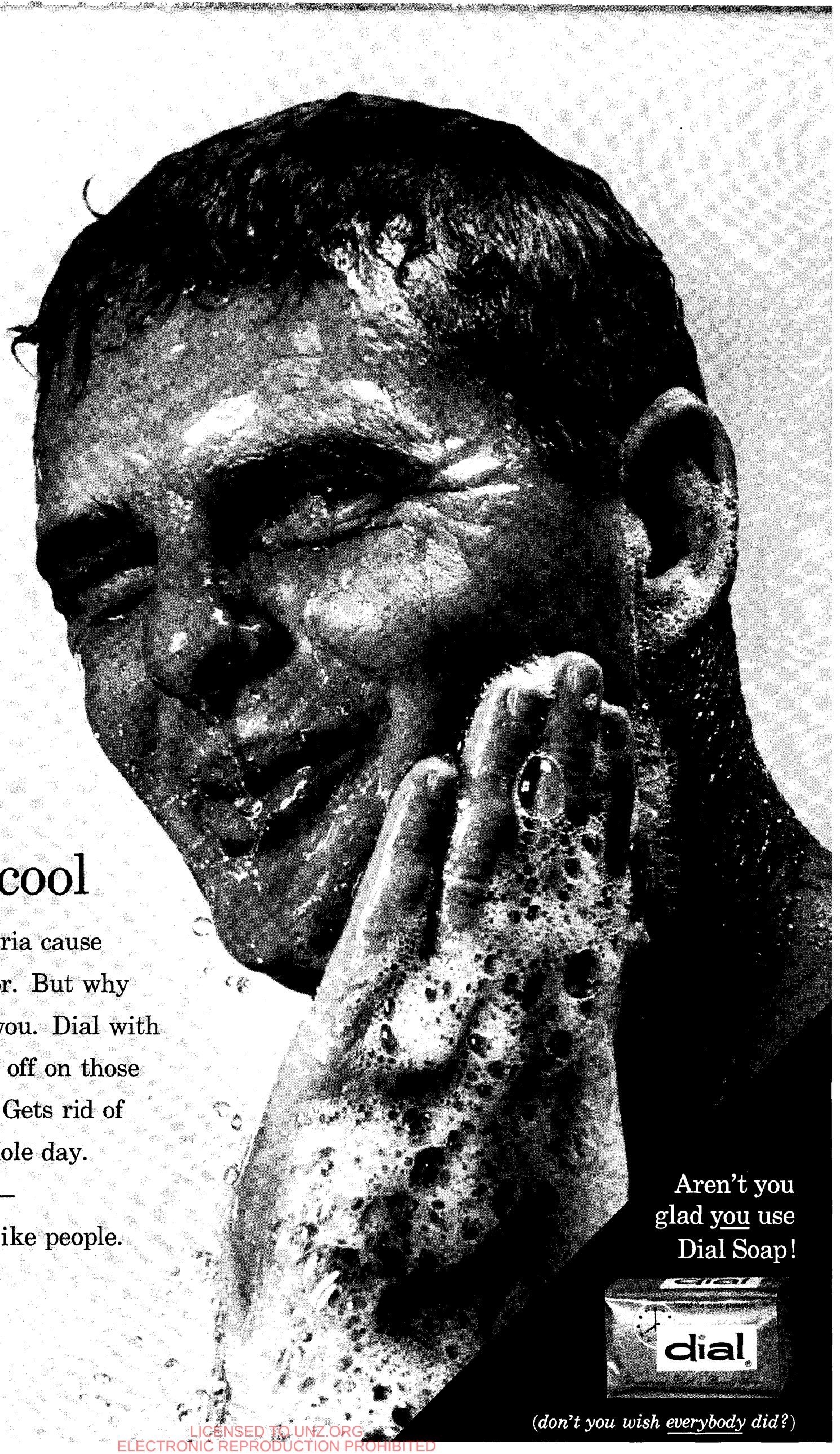

Play it cool

Sure, skin bacteria cause perspiration odor. But why let that bother you. Dial with AT-7 really tees off on those trouble-makers. Gets rid of them for the whole day. It's that simple— for people who like people.

Aren't you glad you use Dial Soap!

(don't you wish everybody did?)

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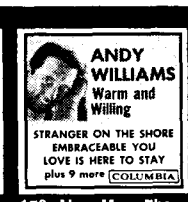
143. Also: Moments To Remember, 3 Coins In The Fountain, etc.

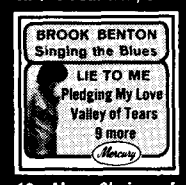
26. Oklahoma Bill, Make the Waterwheel Roll, 10 in all



128. Also: More Than You Know, Love Is Here To Stay, etc.

30. Sensational session by first jazz man to star at White House

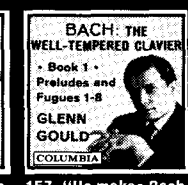
68. Also: I'm in Mood for Love, Street, Laura,



12. Also: Chains of Love, Send for Me, Looking Back, etc.

80. Also: Dr. Kildare, Bonanza, Gunsmoke, 12 in all

139. Mr. Twister, The Twist, etc. (Not available in stereo)



157. "He makes Bach sing and dance for us."Musical America

104. Also: Jua Barbara Allen, Shall Overcome,

100. An immortal work: "magnificent."—The Atlantic

215. Beautiful Ohio, Charmaine, Carolina Moon, 13 in all

20. Also: Gettin' Even, I Overlooked an Orchid, etc.

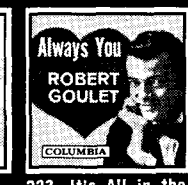
25. "A marvelously inventive pianist." —Amer. Record Guide

126. Also: Aloha She Was Only Se teen, etc.

222. Also: Gunfight at O.K. Corral, Rawhide, etc.

216. "A superb voice, soaring loveliness." N.Y. Herald Tribune

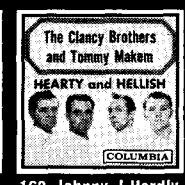
109. Also: Lili Marlene, King of Kings, Fanny, El Cid, etc.



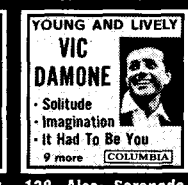
223. It's All in the Game, Full Moon and Empty Arms, 10 more

89. "His Chopin uncommonly sati ing."-Phila. Inqu

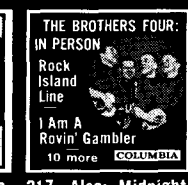
97. Five of Bach's mightiest and most popular favorites



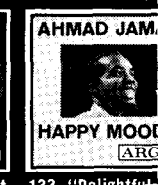
160. Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye, Mountain Dew, 12 more



138. Also: Serenade in Blue, The Very Thought of You, etc.

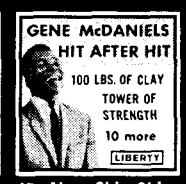


217. Also: Midnight Special; Whoa, Back, Buck; etc.



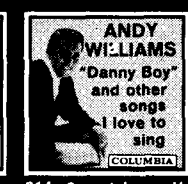
133. "Delightfu pliable wit timing."—E

130. Just In Time, Because of You, Rags to Riches, 12 in all *

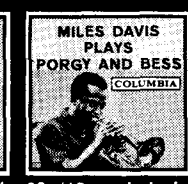


48. Also: Chip Chip, Point of No Return, Send for Me, etc.

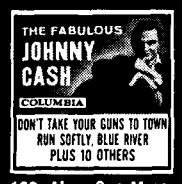
75. Complete score of "another R&H winner!"—Newsweek



214. Secret Love, It Could Happen to You, Misty, Tammy, etc.

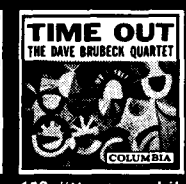


62. "Sweet, hot, and haunting." — McCalls



122. Also: One More Ride, I Still Miss Someone, etc.

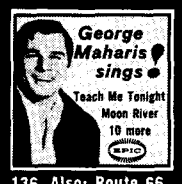
107. "Serkin in his finest recording." — Hi Fi/Stereo Review



162. "It soars and it swings . . . a breakthrough."—Playboy

173. Wonderful One, I Love You Truly, Because, Always, etc.*

50. Also: Hurt, You Can Have Her, Don't Let Go, etc. *



136. Also: Route 66, Witchcraft, My Kind of Girl, Hurt, etc.

169. "Stirring marches . . . first rate." —Billboard

120. "An important American pianist."—New York Times

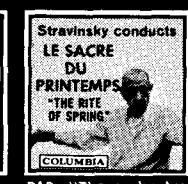
154. Over The Rainbow, Blues In The Night, 12 others

163. A new recording with Barbara Cook and William Warfield

149. "Walloping ensembles and stirring solos!"—High Fidel.

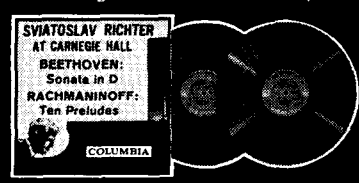
114. Also: Because of You, Be My Love, I Remember You, etc.

212. Also: Solitude, Intermezzo, Ebb Tide, Beyond the Sea, etc.



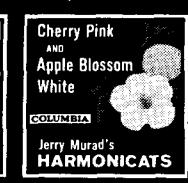
210. "The orchestra plays with beautiful clarity."—N.Y. Times

153. My One And Only Love, Wait Till You See Him, 12 in all



146-147. Two-Record Set (Counts As Two Selections.) "Prodigious technique." — The Atlantic. (Not available in stereo)

67. Also: I Backed Out, Pistol Packin' Papa, etc.



211. Mack The Knife, Fascination, Ruby, Ramona, 12 in all

124. The Man That Got Away, Here's What I'm Here For, etc. *

HERE, INDEED, IS AN EXCITING NEW SELECTION OF BEST-SELLING RECORDS to suit every musical taste — classical, popular, jazz, show music, country and western — a selection typical of the wide range of recorded entertainment that will be available to you every month as a member of the Columbia Record Club.

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TO RECEIVE YOUR 6 RECORDS FOR ONLY $1.99 — mail the attached postage-paid card. Be sure to indicate whether you want your 6 records (and all future selections) in regular high-fidelity or stereo. Also indicate which Club Division best suits your musical taste: Classical; Listening and Dancing; Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Comedies; etc.

HOW THE CLUB OPERATES: Each month the Club's staff of music experts selects outstanding records from every field of music. These selections are fully described in the Club's entertaining music Magazine, which you receive free each month.

You may accept the monthly selection for your Division . . . or take any of the wide variety of other records offered in the Magazine, from all Divisions . . . or take no record in any particular month. Your only membership obligation is to purchase six selections from the more than 400 records to be offered in the coming 12 months . . . and you may discontinue membership at any time thereafter. If you continue, you need buy only four records a year to remain a member in good standing.

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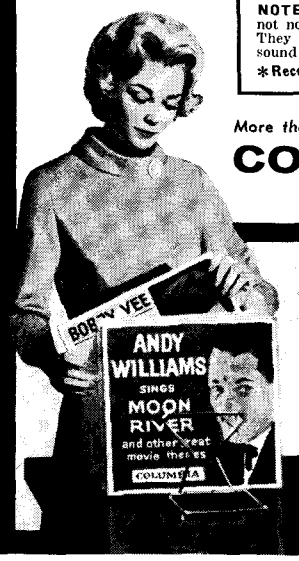
NOTE: Stereo records must be played only on a stereo record player. If you do not now own one, by all means continue to acquire regular high-fidelity records. They will play with true-to-life fidelity on your present phonograph and will sound even more brilliant on a stereo phonograph if you purchase one in the future.
*Records marked with a star (*) have been electronically re-channeled for stereo.



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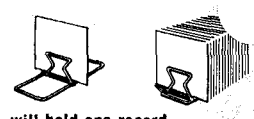

will hold one record . . . or as many as sixty!

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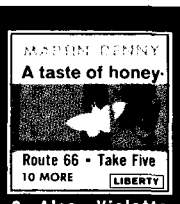
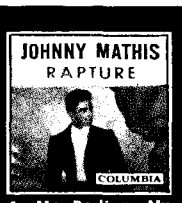
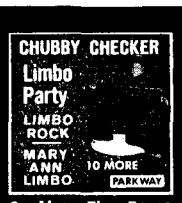


9. Also: Violetta, A-Me-Ri-Ca, Exodus, Clair de Lune, etc.

83. "Charming . . . enchanting music."—N.Y.Journal American

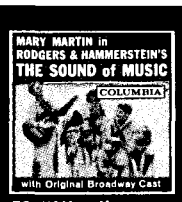


4. My Darling, My Darling; Here I'll Stay; 12 in all

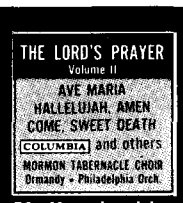


3. Also: The Bossa Nova, La La Limbo, Baby Come Back, etc.

8. Also: Around the World, Volare, Teach Me Tonight, etc.



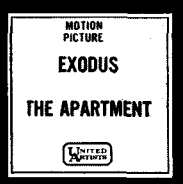
73. "Attractive score ...wonderfully sung." —Am. Record Guide



79. More inspiring songs from world's best-loved choir

"America's celebrated or-" —Newsweek

112. Soul Bossa Nova, Serenata, Carnival, Desafinado, 6 more

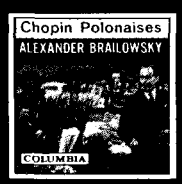


45. Also: Some Like It Hot, Magnificent Seven, Smile, etc.

58. Also: Rinky-Dink, The Stripper, Take Five, etc.

144. Just Walking In the Rain, Bewitched, Chances Are, 9 more

71. Also: Twelfth of Never, No Love, Come To Me, etc. *



81. Mr. Brailowsky is "a poet of the piano."—N.Y. Times

55. The Image of Me, Handful of Friends, Big Shoes, 12 in all

Skylark Polka, erbar, Jolly Pol- in all

10. Also: Truly Do, Come Softly to Me, Confidential, etc.

175. "Appealing tunes and lush romanticism."—Life

37. Also: Steel Men, Have You Ever Been Lonely, Nobody, etc.

39. Complete score of the Rodgers and Hammerstein hit *

84. "Magically good performance!" — Time

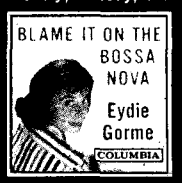
17. Also: Railroad Bill, Cotton Pickers' Song, Whistle, etc.

21. Delicado, Baia, Tico-Tico, Brazil, The Bandit, 7 more

lso: I Believe, da, That Lucky un, etc. *

108. "One of the truly great artists." -Atlanta Constitution

31. "Probably his best recording ever." —Life



213. One Note Samba, Melodie D'Amour, Dansaro, 12 in all

156. Dazzling performances of these marvelous works *

70. The Breeze and I, Ebb Tide, Sleepy Lagoon, 12 in all

63. Also: A Guy Is A Guy; Whatever Will Be, Will Be; etc. *

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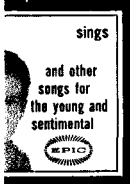
EUGENE ORMANDY
plus—Valse Triste · Swedish Rhapsody · Peer Gynt Suite No. 1

95. "Electrifying performance . . . overwhelming"-Hi Fi Rev.

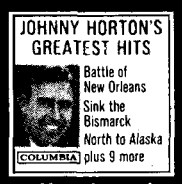


ring, I Can't rue Love, 8 more

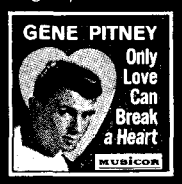
41. The best-selling Original Cast recording of all time

90. Most exciting and thrilling of all Beethoven concertos

69. Also: I Went to Your Wedding, Allegheny Moon, etc.



5. Also: Comanche, Johnny Reb, The Mansion You Stole, etc.



66. Cry Your Eyes Out, My Heart, Your Heart, 12 in all

96. "A top-notch performance." — Amer. Record Guide

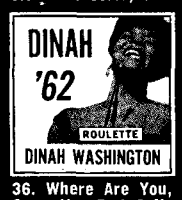
28. Also: Take Me In Your Arms, Little White Lies, etc.

lso: Who'll Be First, etc. (Not able in stereo)

101. Pennies From Heaven, Blue Moon, Moonglow, 9 more

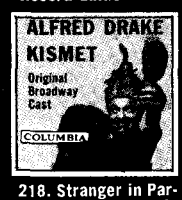
125. Virile, sensitive singing of Rodgers & Hammerstein's hit *

176. "Revealed with eloquence and devotion."—N. Y. Times

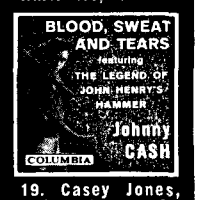


36. Where Are You, Coquette, Red Sails In the Sunset, etc.

164. "Stunning virtuosity . . . elegant color."—Hi Fi Review



218. Stranger in Paradise, And This Is My Beloved, etc. *



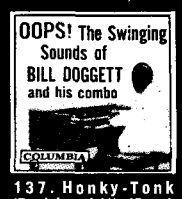
19. Casey Jones, Waiting for A Train, Chain Gang, 9 in all

Stars & Stripes er, Washington March, etc.

88. Performance is "most beautiful." —The Atlantic

111. Mama, Come Back To Sorrento, 'O Sole Mio, 12 in all

57. Stranger On the Shore, Midnight In Moscow, 12 in all



137. Honky-Tonk (Part I and II), 'Deed I Do, Buster, etc.

53. "Happy, zestful, clean . . . most captivating."—N. Y. News

177. "Brilliant performance . . . lush . . . rich."-Musical Amer.

65. Also: Malaguena, Sabre Dance, Perfidia, Mam'selle, etc.

lso: Puttin' On itz, Isn't It a Day, etc.

22. Also: Do-Re-Mi, The Children's Marching Song, etc. *

171. Stirring singing by the Metropolitan's great bass-baritone

52. Splish-Splash, Gravy, 10 more. (Not available in stereo)

59. Also: A Tear Fell, Empty Arms, You Send Me, etc.

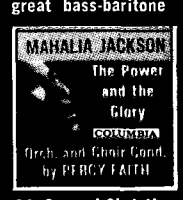
167. "Bold splashes of color, tremendous warmth."—HiFi Rev.

60. "Strong appeal... lush instrumental treatment."Billboard

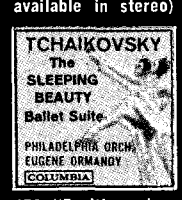
168. "Richness of the harmonies...gorgeous."—HiFi Review

Cathy's Clown, le, A Change of , 12 in all

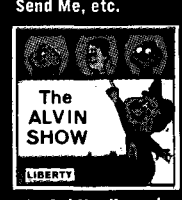
15. Featured on the Beverly Hillbillies' television show!



64. Onward Christian Soldiers, Rock of Ages, 12 in all

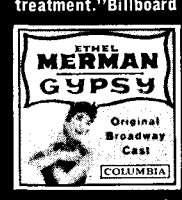


178. "Faultless playing,fabulous sound." —Washington Post

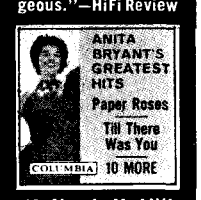


51. A hit album by the Chipmunks for all the family to enjoy

110. Includes: She'll Have to Go, Someday, Four Walls, 9 more



161. Ethel Merman's "most dazzling moment."—N. Y. Times

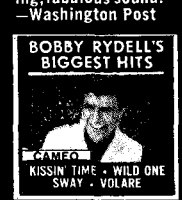


13. Also: In My Little Corner, Pretty Lies, The Wedding, etc.

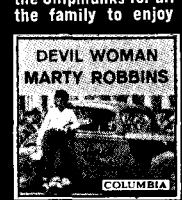
reenfields, My Green Leaves ummer, 9 more

47. Also: The More I See You, Talk To Me, Where Are You, etc.

42. "Most lavish and beautiful musical, a triumph."—Kilgallen

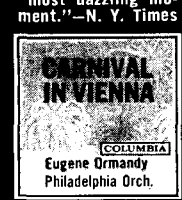


7. Also: Swingin' School, etc. (Not available in stereo)

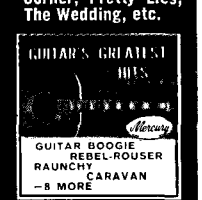


123. Little Rich Girl, Worried, Progressive Love, 12 in all

220. Also: St. Louis Blues, The Sweetest Sounds, Misty, etc.



87. Wine, Women and Song; Explosions Polka; 11 in all



121. Also: The Third Man Theme, Rumble, Honky-Tonk, etc.

1. Andy also sings: Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing, Maria, Tonight, Three Coins In The Fountain, 7 more

11. Vibrant folk songs: If I Had A Hammer, Lemon Tree, This Train, 500 Miles, It's Raining, Cruel War, 12 in all

74. Irving Berlin returns with another great hit: "Delightful performance . . . first-rate score." —Show Magazine

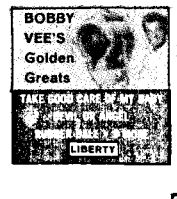
82. Magnificent performance: "Quite possibly the greatest piano recording yet made!" — HiFi/Stereo Review

29. Also: Love for Sale, Candy Kisses, etc. "This ranks with the best he's ever done." — N. Y. Journal American

23. Conniff's musical magic at its best: Lady of Spain, Malaguena, My Romance, Love Walked In, 12 in all

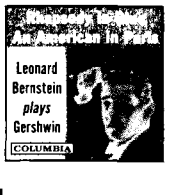
86. Five waltzes: Voices of Spring, Emperor Waltz, etc. "Ormandy has an infectious way with a waltz."—High Fid.

38. 76 trombones lead a glorious melody parade: "The music is exuberant with splendid tunes." —New Yorker



2. Bobby Vee swings with: Suzie Baby, Sharing You, Run to Him, Please Don't Ask About Barbara, One Last Kiss, etc.

99. Gershwin's immortal masterpiece is played with: "Fierce impact and momentum."—N. Y. World Telegram



18. This dazzling duo also plays: Near You, Exodus, Autumn Leaves, Canadian Sunset, Quiet Village, Bewitched, etc.

34. By popular demand—The Platters include: Harbor Lights, To Each His Own, Don't Blame Me, My Secret, 8 more

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New York Times music critic Schonberg began his reviewing while still in college, then served as a paratrooper in World War II. His third book, "The Great Pianists," will be published this fall.

The national "culture explosion" is phony

By Harold C. Schonberg

Hogwash, says a leading critic to the experts who brag that U. S. culture is booming.

Culture! It is the new fad, the very latest status symbol. We Americans seem desperate to be told we are cultured. And so specialists are obliging us by leaping to rostrums, assuring us that the new renaissance is at hand.

How do they prove their case? By statistics, naturally. We spend X dollars on the theater, Y dollars on music, Z dollars on art: *ergo*, we are cultured. How we spend the dollars, what aesthetic values result, if any—this does not interest us very much. But we love those statistics.

The new culture spiel goes something like this: The speaker fixes the audience with the look of Zechariah receiving the Word, and proclaims that this country is in the midst of a cultural explosion. The United States, he says, boasts of 1,200 symphony orchestras. (Applause.) In existence, or on the way, are some 70 cultural centers. (Applause and cheers.) More people attend concerts than baseball games, and Van Cliburn is a greater folk hero than Mickey Mantle. (Laughter and cheers.) America has the world's best pianists, the best orchestras, the best drama, the best artists. What other proof is needed that our culture is flowering? (Frenzy of enthusiasm, backed by the sound of *Stars and Stripes Forever*.)

So everybody goes home in rosy contentment. All those cultural centers! My, my! Over a thousand symphony orchestras! My, my, my!

Soul-stirring numbers, these. Statistics to bring a thrill of pride to every American. Statistic: *Publisher's Weekly* tells us that in 1961 the American public spent $1.7 billion on books and maps, as compared with $1 billion in 1956. Statistic: Broadcast Music, Inc., tells us that in March of 1963 nearly a third of all AM and FM radio stations in America programmed a weekly total of 16,116 hours of concert music for an average of 11.1 hours a week, as against 6.5 hours shown in a 1955 survey. Statistic: According to *Fortune*, we are spending $100 million annually on serious recorded music.

Thus enthralled by the figures, America prides itself on being cultured—prides itself with the urgency of a wallflower persuading herself that she is the most beautiful girl at the dance. This is the New Glamour, and everyone is primping his hair and peeking into mirrors. The New Glamour extends all the way up to the White House, which throws big parties for musicians and poets (big-name musicians and poets, of course), and also has appointed a cultural liaison man to go around saying culture is a good thing.

Yet a cold, hard look at the facts indicates that a good deal of the cultural explosion is as phony as a hobo in a full-dress suit. The external trappings are there, but not the content. Indeed, if Broadway is an example, a good case can be put forward that the American public will support only light entertainment. The serious, thought-provoking play is generally the one with the shortest life—if it ever gets to Broadway at all.

And what about the "boom" in reading? Of the $1.7 billion spent on books, the greatest percentage went for paperbacks; and among paperbacks the best sellers are of the Erle Stanley Gardner-Mickey Spillane genus. Last February Gallup found that fewer than half of those interviewed had read a single book during all 12 months preceding the survey.

Or look at that figure of 11.1 hours a week of classical music on the air. Taking a broadcast day as 19 hours, that gives 133 hours a week, which makes 11.1 pretty small beer. (And incidentally, is Kostelanetz counted as "classical music"?) Anyway, did you ever try to pick up good music on your car radio while driving through America? Try. And consider the money we spend on classical recordings: $100 million annually. This sounds substantial; yet in the *Billboard* weekly survey of best-selling records it is very seldom that a classical disc appears; and when it does, it is 35th or so on the list.

Look at the orchestra situation. Strictly speaking, the United States *does* have over 1,200 symphony orchestras. This is not only an imposing number; it is a spectacular number. Or it is, until one realizes that of those 1,200, perhaps a dozen—if that—can support their musicians with a living yearly wage. The vast majority of the 1,200 are semi-professional groups that give very few concerts—five, six, ten a year.

We do have some of the best opera singers in the world—but they are not in America. Most of them are solidly entrenched in European opera houses. Naturally. Where else can they go? The sad fact is that America has only one major opera house—the Metropolitan. And there is only one ballet company in America with any sort of international standing.

Since the end of World War II this country has produced a dazzling crop of instrumentalists, especially pianists. But, cultural explosion notwithstanding, young pianists today are a drug on the market. Of some 50 unusual talents, perhaps six can make a living giving concerts.

One answer to the problem of surplus musicians might be to let them perform in those 70 cultural centers that the culture boosters are always prattling about. The cultural center has captured the imagination of America as the symbol of the explosion. From all over the country come reports of new centers, most notably the $160,700,000 project at New York's Lincoln Center. The centers would keep a lot of musical talent busy—if the centers existed. But the 70-plus cultural centers turn out to be as phony as the 1,200 symphony orchestras.

Last September *Back Stage*, a publication concerned with show business, made an elaborate survey. Reading it makes one's heart sink. It becomes apparent that any city erecting a building—any building—can call it a cultural center and have it accepted as such no matter if the project has as much to do with culture as Yogi Berra has to do with Einstein's physics. Thus, included in the *Back Stage* listings as cultural-center sponsors are such cities as Santa Ana, Calif. *Back Stage* has this to say about Santa Ana: "Included in the city's Civic Center are the recently completed police and library buildings and a proposed new city hall. The possibility of a new civic auditorium has been discussed, but immediate construction would have to be financed by private funds." This is a cultural center?

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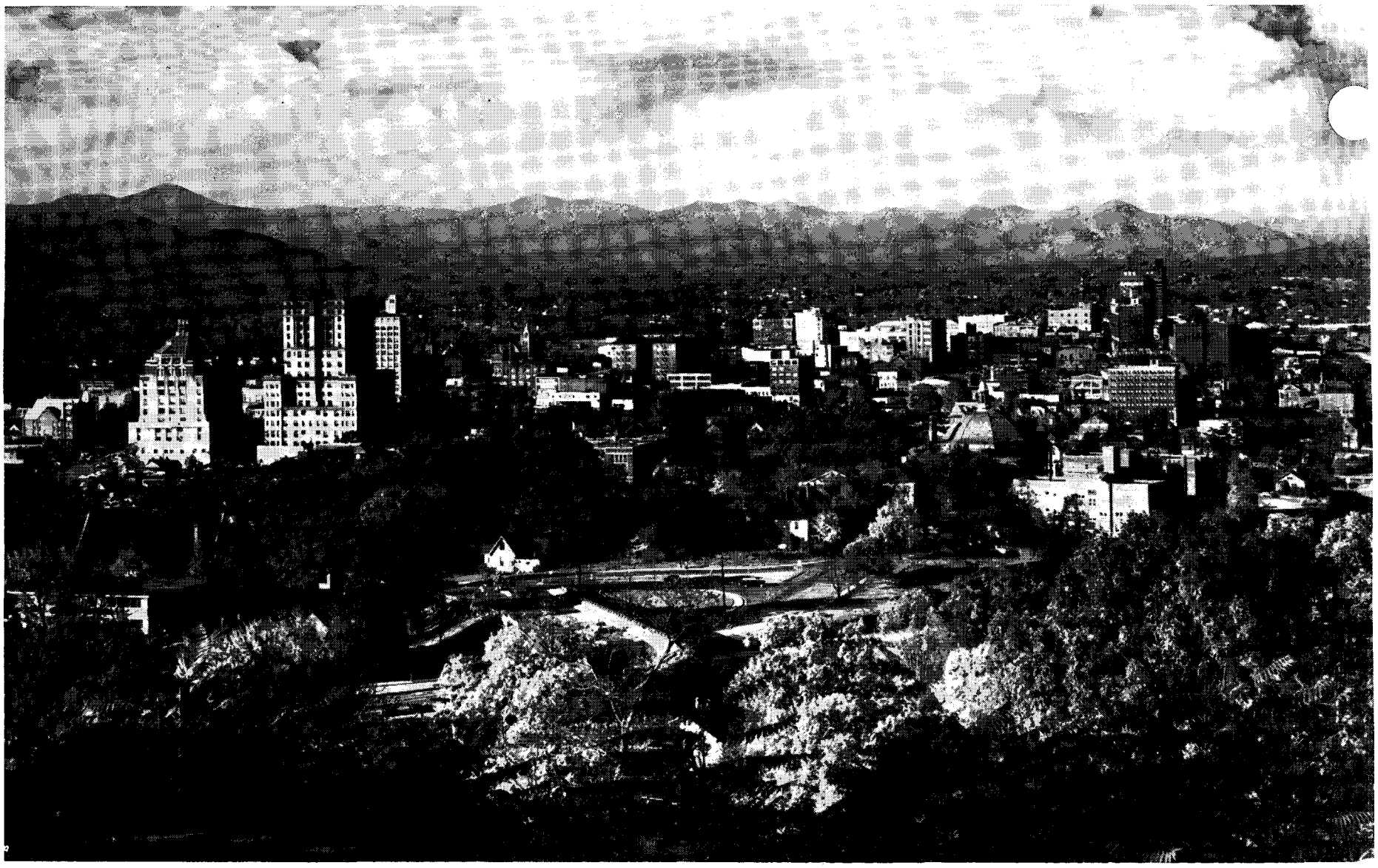

Asheville, North Carolina, in the beautiful "Land of the Sky." Once it stood on th brink of water famine. Today it enjoys a water surplus and unlimited future potentia

54,000 people in the city—

Asheville, North Carolina, knows the meaning of water shortage . . . of dust-dry streams in its watershed . . . of round-the-clock pumping and emergency dams to impound water flow from every available source. 25 new industries studied Asheville—and settled elsewhere. Residential growth and job opportunities declined alarmingly. Yet, today, the people of Asheville have a water surplus of 10 million gallons a day, enviable industrial and residential growth, and minimum fire insurance rates. This is their story.

Wide-awake officials and citizenry have given Asheville, North Carolina, a continuing water development program that is a classic example of how to prepare a city for an unlimited future.

In 1948, Asheville's City Council met to discuss a water problem that had become intolerably acute. The city's 20-year-old water supply and distribution system—whose scheduled expansion in the 40s had been interrupted by World War II—was totally inadequate. Asheville's population had grown to over 50,000 in 1948—far exceeding the figure for which the water system had been designed. Daily water consumption often exceeded the system's capacity. One major crisis followed another. Industries threatened to move. Every fire threatened major conflagration. Asheville, plainly, was dying from lack of water.

To solve the problem, City Council had to make a choice. It could take high-cost temporary measures or live with the situation a few more years while implementing a long-range program to provide a flexible, high-capacity water system capable of growing with the city. Asheville chose the latter course.

Twice as much water—but no tax increas

Plans called for a 5.75-billion-gallon rese voir in the city-owned 20,000-acre North Fork Watershed; a 17-mile 36-inch water transmission line; and expansion of water distribution

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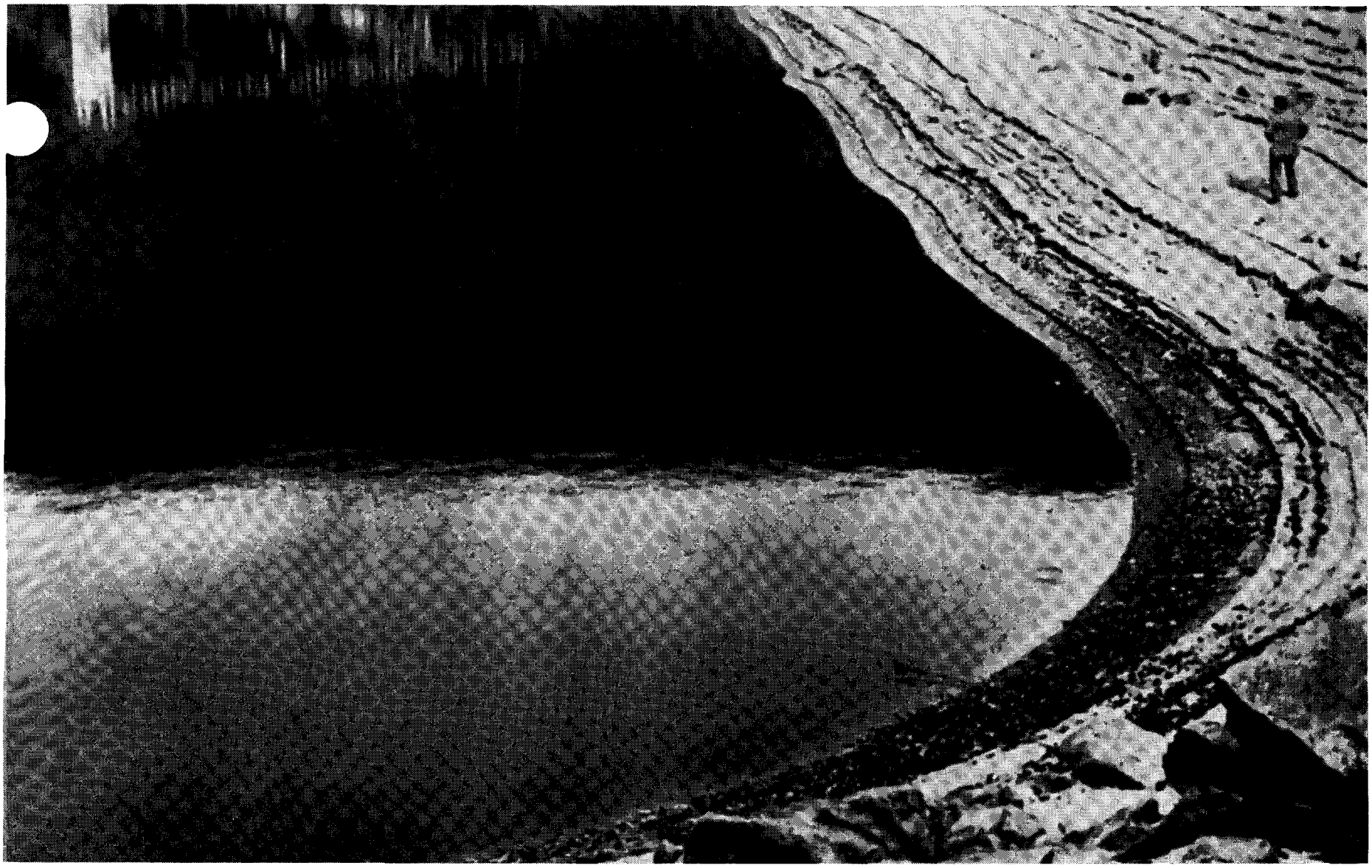

Bee Tree Reservoir—built in 1927. In the fall of 1952, when this picture was taken, the water level was 30.5 feet below the spillway—less than a 10-day supply for the city's 54,000 residents.

two feet of water in the reservoir!

facilities in and around Asheville to open up new areas for residential and industrial development. When the project was completed, the city would be able to deliver 25 million gallons a day—enough until at least the 1970s, when the water delivery system could again be expanded.

Step-by-step financing of the 7¼-million-dollar program kept costs at a level where they could be paid by water users. At no time were taxes raised. The heart of the program was summed up recently by Asheville's City Manager, Weldon Weir: "Asheville's water development program was sound, steady, and unspectacular. Local economy was never disrupted. Our water system expanded with our residential and industrial prospects, and nobody sought or gave special concessions."

Asheville's future now unlimited

Since completion of Burnette Dam in 1954, 17 new industries—each employing 100 persons or more—have come to Asheville. In fact, now that the transmission line is completed, Asheville's water surplus is 10 million gallons a day. Population has increased 9.3%. 7000 new homes have been built. A few years ago, Asheville saw bottom in its distribution reservoir, and the city's prospects for growth were even lower. Today—a new city, with an unlimited future.

How about your community?

What happened in Asheville has happened in many cities across the country. The problems and solutions may have differed, but in Dallas, Texas; Savannah, Georgia; and Bloomington, Indiana—to name just a few cities—officials and citizens cooperated in correcting ruinous water problems.

Action often begins with farsighted individuals and groups who know a problem exists, and that the time to act is now. Our country will need—by 1980—more than twice the water we use today, and the problem is one that involves all of us.

For a better perspective on the nationwide water problem—and how it can be solved—send for the new booklet, "Water Crisis, U.S.A." Write Dept. U, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U. S. A.

Burnette Dam, completed in 1954, impounds 5.75 billion gallons of water—enough to meet Asheville's needs for at least the next 40 years.

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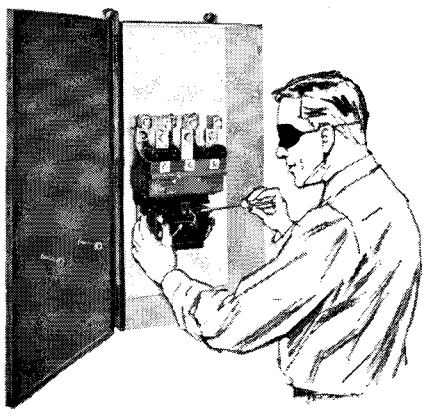

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SPEAKING OUT

Of the 140 entries in the *Back Stage* report, the overwhelming majority have to do with cities erecting exhibition halls or a single building or a theater. We really do not have 140 cultural centers on the boards. We do not even have the 70-plus. If a cultural center is supposed to be what the words mean, a center for culture in which all the arts are represented on a continuing and healthy basis under optimum conditions, the United States can boast of how many? Ten? Five? Probably none—not until Lincoln Center and the Los Angeles Music Center are completed. So what is all the excitement about?

The concept of the cultural center is a noble one. Here the sisterhood of the arts can have its home. Musicians, painters, dramatists, actors, dancers can work together, creating and re-creating the inner vision that gives meaning and dignity to the life of man. But unless a cultural center is activated by that vision, it is nothing more than a piece of real estate. It is not enough to erect a building or a series of buildings and call the result a cultural center. It needs the efforts of intelligent, determined, creative, imaginative and—yes—moneyed people to give it point and direction. Otherwise it sits there: a building for rent. A building to house touring Broadway plays and musicals. A building that is nine tenths glass and no tenths soul.

Thoughtful people in the arts are beginning to wonder if all the activity concerning the so-called cultural centers is leading anywhere. They are worried about the concentration on building rather than on artistic results. They cringe when they see some of the names connected with various cultural projects. They do not see any great signs that local governments are taking much of an interest in the actual well-being and operation of those cultural centers already on the way. They are afraid that the cultural centers may turn out to be undemocratic. They wonder if the centers are going to be controlled by conservative cliques that will close the doors to avant-garde experimentation.

Already there are indications that all is not working for the best in the cultural-center concept. Even Lincoln Center, with its colossal financial resources, has found it necessary to make compromises. What has been happening is that economic necessity has been bumping, at high speed, into cultural necessity. When that happens, the guardians of economic necessity are not going to back off. It is culture that is going to be battered, dazed and perhaps made a little bloody.

Take the problem of the physical plant. Economic necessity in the United States demands that music halls be of a certain minimum size. Opera, ballet and symphony simply cannot appear in small auditoriums unless ticket prices are jacked up to maniacal heights—and then hardly anybody could afford to come. (If we want culture so much, why don't we furnish subsidies on Federal, state and local levels? No; we don't want it *that* much.)

Sponsors of cultural centers have been trying to get around the problem by erecting so-called all-purpose or multi-purpose halls. These seat 3,000 or more and are intended to take care of everything from a major opera company to a solo recital. But such halls seldom work. For one thing, the bigger the hall, the worse the acoustics. For another, the bigger the hall, the more trouble musicians, especially singers, have performing in it. Opera singers are usually born of human stock and do not have amplification built into their vocal cords. In a 2,000-seat house any well-trained vocalist can comfortably produce enough sound. In a 3,000-seat house very few can.

The Metropolitan Opera, with its [illegible] seats, is a graveyard for singers. And [illegible] many Metropolitan singers turn cold with fright when they talk about the forthcoming Lincoln Center. That auditorium is going to have even more seats—economic necessity again—and unless the acoustics are miraculous, singers will be forced to yell. Which means that their careers can be shortened by as much as 10 years. Seattle, whose new opera house turned out to be death on singers, is resorting in embarrassment to electronic amplification of the sound. If this is where cultural centers are leading us, we'd better forget the whole idea.

New York stranglehold

But even with a perfect, all-purpose hall—if there will ever be such a thing—a cultural center will not mean much unless it nurtures the talent in its community and then builds an audience for that talent. Presenting touring artists simply will not do. Touring talent is important, but the first duty of a cultural center is to the talent in the community that (hopefully) will sustain the center. If this means a reorientation, so much the better. Audiences throughout America are much too apt to let New York and the other big cities control their cultural thinking. The sooner this practice is snapped, the sooner native talent will begin to thrive.

This New York domination is especially true in the theater, where the big city exerts a stranglehold on the country. Only in very recent years, with a few exceptions, have community theaters sta[rted] poking their heads up. With the adv[ent] of cultural centers, *if* they are really cultural centers, there will be at long last a wonderful opportunity for local drama groups to form their own companies, nourish their own playwrights, build up their own audiences and ignore the gook Broadway often serves. There's no reason, too, why cultural centers should not form their own opera and ballet companies.

All this should be in the thinking of cultural-center sponsors. And avant-garde experimentation should also be included. At present experimentation is not included anywhere, except in painting; it is on the outside looking in. Yet it is from the avant-garde that many of the great aesthetic movements in history have come. Item: As part of its first season in Lincoln Center's Philharmonic Hall, the New York Philharmonic commissioned a few composers to write music for the occasion. Who were those composers? With one exception they were veterans of international fame who need a commission the way the Atlantic Ocean needs a cup of salt. What about the talented young American composer who really needed the recognition? Why wasn't he invited to contribute? Is he to get his share of the cream only after the big boys have lapped up theirs?

So all is not as pictured in the cultural explosion, and let's not fall for the cultural numbers game. Instead, let us concentrate on quality rather than on quantity. Numbers are all very well, [but] it is scant consolation for a bri[ll]ant young pianist, dramatist or choreographer to realize that he and his fellows, struggling to make a go of it in an America that apparently does not want them, are part of a statistical lie. THE END

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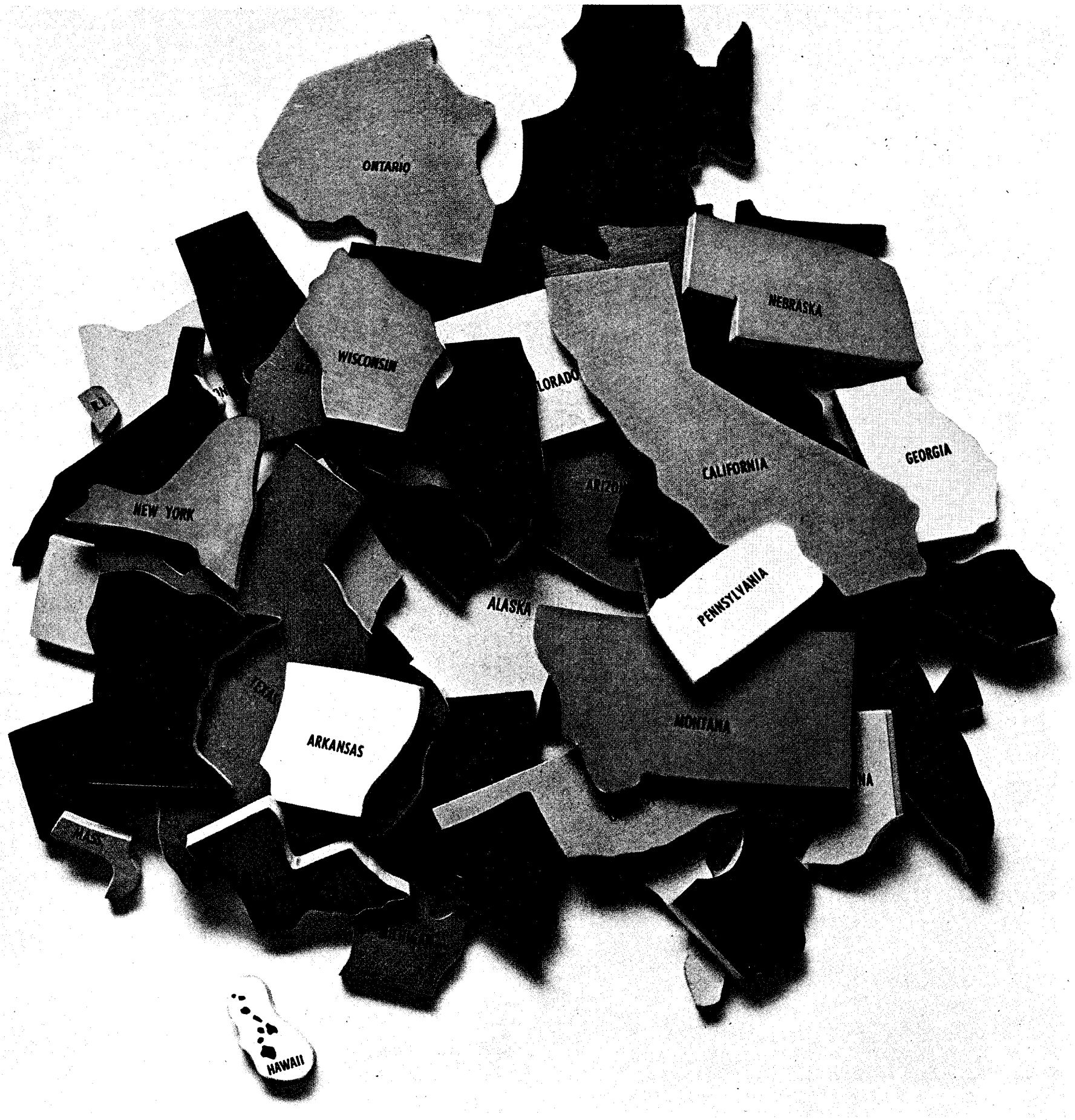

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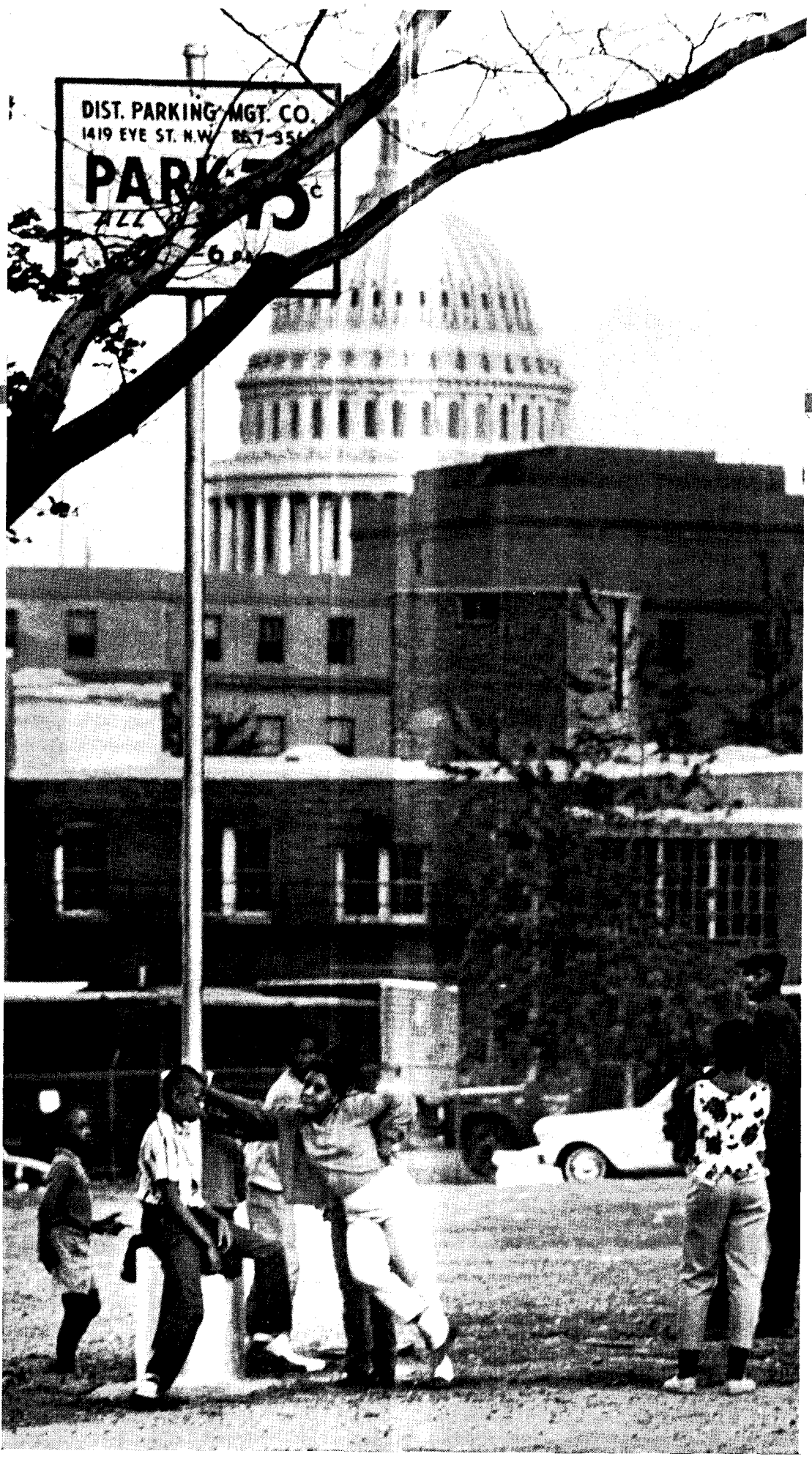

THE MESS IN WASHINGTON

A CITY IN TROUBLE

By BILL DAVIDSON

Although "crime wave" reports in the capital have been inflated, the harsh rule imposed by die-hard segregationists in the House invites an explosion.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JIM MAHAN

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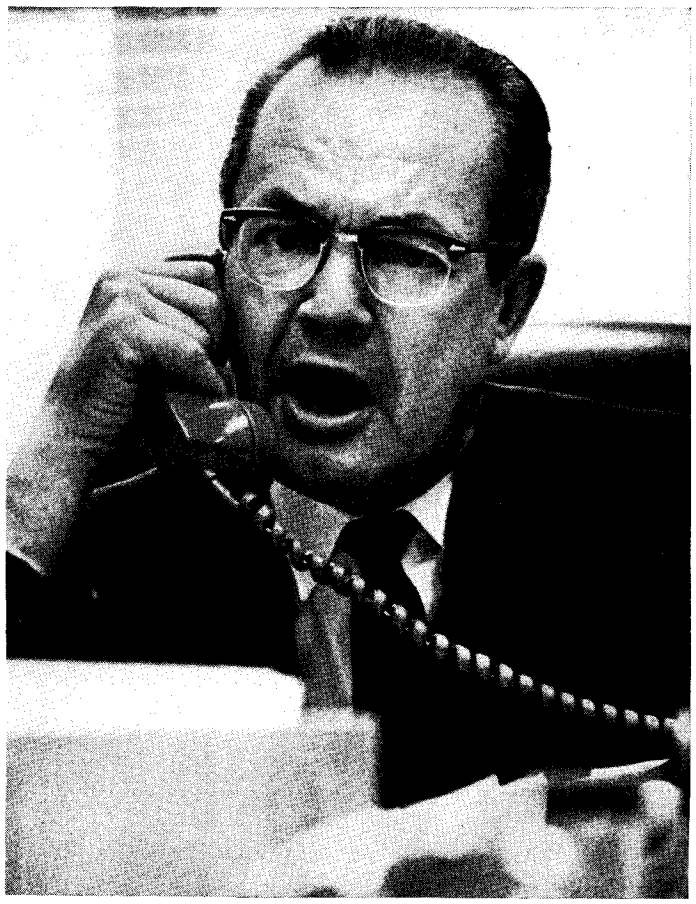
Congressman John L. McMillan, as chairman of the House District of Columbia Committee, is the capital's real ruler.

"The nation's biggest predominantly Negro city is ruled by enemies of the Negro."



Senator Alan Bible of Nevada chairs the liberal Senate District of Columbia Committee, favors capital home rule.

WASHINGTON MESS

Not long ago, after the Brazilians had completed construction of their brand-new capital, the city of Brasilia, they sent a delegation of experts to Washington, D.C. Bursting with inter-American amity and the zeal of blissful ignorance, the experts arrived almost unanimous in their intention to copy the District of Columbia form of government for their own new federal enclave. When they left, they were ready to adopt anything else *but*, up to and including anarchy.

The reason for this dramatic change of heart was the reaction of Washington's most respected governmental leaders to the Brazilians' plan to emulate us. D.C. Commissioner Walter Tobriner, for example, clapped his hand to his head, and bellowed, "For God's sake, don't *do* it!" Sen. Alan Bible, chairman of the Senate's District of Columbia Committee, was equally incredulous and even less suave in his reply. "You must be kidding!" he exclaimed. "Why, the mind of man has never conceived of a more complicated, more fouled up, more inefficient, more troublesome way of running a city!"

In a way, Washington has practically no government at all. It is like a monster with 50 heads, snapping at one another instead of serving the great body to which they are attached. A typical result of this administrative futility is Junior Village, an institution for orphans and other dependent children who are wards of the city. At the Village, 800 youngsters are jammed into facilities created for a maximum of 300. Despite the utmost efforts of the sympathetic and dedicated staff, Junior Village is a horror. Double-decker beds are only eight inches apart, toilet facilities are deplorably inadequate, and the stench is overpowering in summertime. Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, visiting Junior Village recently, learned that the upper stories of the dormitories were deathtraps, with no fire escapes. "Back in Minnesota," he stormed, "the man responsible for these conditions would go to jail."

But in Washington it would be almost impossible to determine *who* should go to jail. Says a noted Washington sociologist and private-welfare-agency executive: "Junior Village is run by the Director of Welfare, who is responsible to the three District of Columbia Commissioners, who are appointed by the President. The commissioners must go to the District of Columbia committees of both the House and the Senate for welfare legislation, and they must get their money by appealing to the District of Columbia subcommittees of the House and Senate Appropriations committees. They cannot buy a light bulb without going through this process.

"Even more important, the dreadful overcrowding at Junior Village is caused by repressive relief rules instituted by white southern congressmen who think they know how to deal with a largely Negro population. They have, for example, made payments to foster parents so low—$53 a month compared with an average of $85 in other cities—that we can't get foster homes for children and they have to go to Junior Village, where, incidentally, it costs $185 a month to keep them. So, in answer to Humphrey's expression of outrage: Who will you send to jail—a couple of hundred members of Congress?"

Perhaps the most dramatic manifestation of the fruits of Washington's hydra-headed system of government is the city's recent crime wave. It has been reported with scare headlines in the local press and echoed, with suitable magnification, in some national magazines. Since Washington is the only major city in the United States with a Negro majority (as much as 60 percent of the population by some estimates) and since most of the criminals, accordingly, are Negroes, the crime wave has had ugly racial overtones. The wife of Presidential aide Brooks Hays was robbed and injured in her home by a 17-year-old Negro thug; another Negro hoodlum robbed and stabbed the secretary of a New York Congressman as she knelt in prayer one afternoon in St. Peter's Roman Catholic Church near the Capitol; there have been yokings (muggings), school disturbances, purse-snatchings and housebreakings by Negro toughs, who also were responsible for the riots at the D.C. Stadium at last year's Thanksgiving Day high-school championship football game and at a Washington Senators baseball game on April 13.

Less generally reported is the fact that 85 percent of the victims of the criminals are also Negroes. Furthermore, some of the most spectacular crimes have been committed by whites. Last January, for example, a white ex-convict named Charles Kreyger forced his way into the car of a teen-age tourist from Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, as she left a downtown movie theater and raped her in the car in the presence of her horrified girl friend, tied up in the back seat.

Despite such shocking cases, the fact is that Washington's "crime wave" has been inflated out

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Improvised play momentarily relieves the drab life of some of the 800 dependent children shoe-horned into facilities for 300 in Junior Village.

of all realistic proportions by lurid accounts in the press and magazines. Crime in *any* degree is bad, of course, but it astonished this reporter to learn that, according to official FBI reports, Washington rates no higher than 27th in overall per-capita crime among the 52 American cities with populations of more than 250,000. In crime it is far below the major cities, such as New York, Detroit and Chicago, and is even outstripped by such seemingly tranquil smaller metropolises as Denver and Newark, New Jersey.

I discovered, moreover, that Washington's all-time crime peak came in 1952 (when there was no public outcry comparable to the current one), that the current crime rates in Washington have risen far less than the national average and are still considerably below the 1952 peak, and that the Washington police force has one of the finest records in the nation for arrests and convictions.

I was told it was unsafe for a white person to walk on the streets of Washington at night, but I roamed the city at will for six weeks, even in the worst of the Negro slums, without so much as a belligerent finger being raised against me.

I then spent the better part of one night riding in a police car through the brooding slums that almost completely surround the magnificent public buildings of the nation's capital. Manning the car were Detectives Joseph Preli and Rex Downey, and they were almost embarrassed at the lack of action. From nine P.M. to two A.M. we had only two flurries of action. One involved a 13-year-old Negro boy whom we spotted walking alone on a downtown business street at about 11 P.M. He was taken into custody, and we drove him to his home to interrogate his family. It turned out that the boy had gone to the Mayflower Hotel to meet his grandfather, who worked there, had missed him and was walking home. The boy finally was released to his grandparents with stern warnings of future action if the child ever got "in trouble" again.

Our second call was to a robbery in the 10th Precinct, Washington's worst for crime. We sped there, and the robbery turned out to be the theft of 60 cents by one small, frightened 14-year-old Negro boy from another. The child was booked for an appearance in Juvenile Court and became a crime statistic.

"Where's the crime wave?"

To round out the uneventful evening, we went to the Ninth Precinct (population 73,000 Negroes, 9,000 whites, in the area surrounding Capitol Hill). Apart from the cells filled with drunks, it was quiet there too. Lt. J. B. Southard pulled out the precinct's monthly crime reports for April. Listed were six purse-snatchings, one yoking, three forcible holdups and one attempted robbery. Since I have seen this much lawlessness committed in a single block on a single night in other cities, I asked, "Where's the crime wave?"

Lieutenant Southard shrugged. "A crime wave," he said, "can be caused by six men. For example, we picked up a fellow name of Wendell Bostic, a confirmed narcotics addict. We have charged him with committing nineteen housebreakings, but the public doesn't know that. They think it's nineteen different criminals. We make one arrest of a kid on a yoking charge, and suddenly there's no more yokings in that neighborhood. It turns out that he was the cause of all of them, maybe sixty or seventy."

Why, then, all the stories about a city given over to lawlessness?

A high Government official explained, "You can only get away with this kind of exaggeration in a city that is ruled by dozens of men instead of one. There is no single authority to refute the exaggerations, so we have a lot of people making use of the crime wave to pursue their own ends. Many southern Congressmen, for example, are delighted to latch onto the stories so they can point out back home that this is what happens when you desegregate the schools and give a large Negro population some measure of freedom. The Negro extremists, such as the Black Muslims, turn the crime statistics into stories of police brutality and exert pressure by threatening a major race riot. The Black Muslims have even sent Malcolm X, their Number Two man, to Washington; he has said that he has come to take over leadership of the Negro community from 'the Uncle Toms who have blackmailed the white man into giving them positions in the community.' All I can say is, it's a mess."

A mess it is—in nearly all areas. Actually crime, which has been so sensationalized, is far

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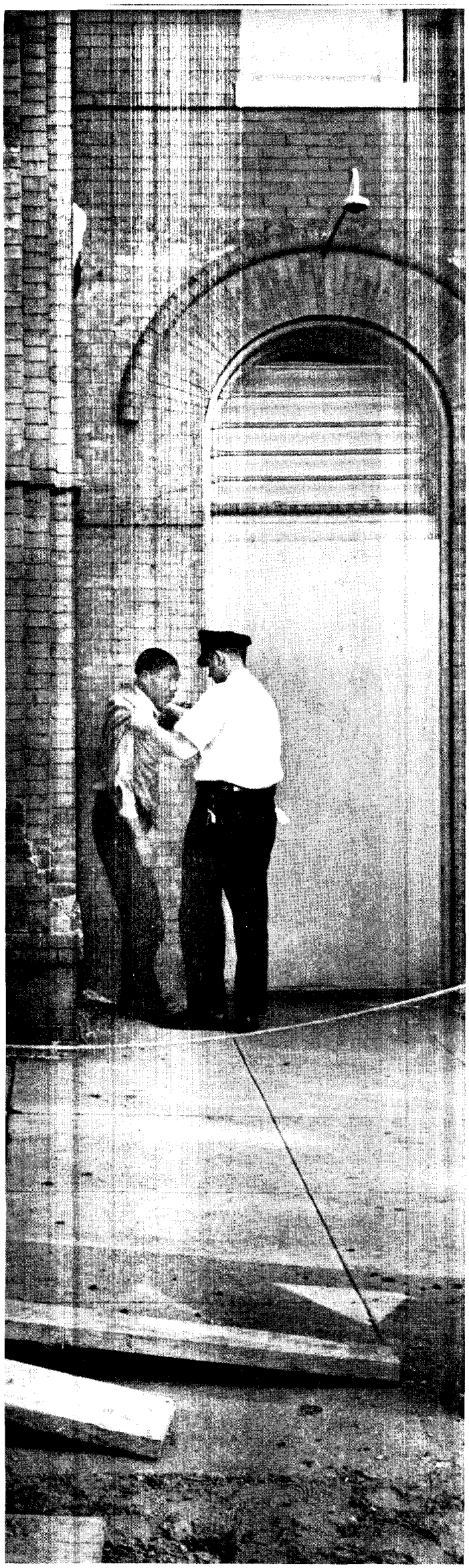
"Pictures of some of the city's schools, spr



Policeman holds an unresisting Negro on the street of a slum section not far from Federal buildings.

less a problem for Washington than are such basic ills as political anarchy, social injustice and neglect. Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy told me, "We've got the finest public buildings in the world here in Washington; but our school buildings are shameful. We have the world's greatest books in our archives; but the books in our schools are fourth-rate. It's easy to get action here when there's an explosion in Saigon or Caracas, but you can have an explosive situation a few hundred yards from the Capitol and key officials look the other way."

Chuck Stone, militant young editor of Washington's Negro newspaper, *The Afro-American*, says, "This country has had its Little Rock, its Oxford, Mississippi, and its Birmingham. We could have the same thing here—up to and including the use of vicious police dogs by the police, which they already have turned against us. If police brutality and lack of opportunity and planned discrimination against the Negro continue, it could happen here this summer or next, in the capital of the United States. Wouldn't that set a fine image for the rest of the world!"

In answering Stone—and other Negro leaders who have made the same charges—Police Chief Robert Murray says, "We *do* use dogs, but they are always handled by two-man teams of policemen, one of whom is always a Negro. When you get into the question of police brutality, you have the age-old problem of a cop sometimes having to subdue a person resisting or fleeing arrest. That's a fine line, and we *have* had rare instances in the department of cops being tried and convicted of using unnecessary force. But in 1957, when the NAACP brought wholesale charges of brutality against us, we had twelve days of public hearings before the D.C. Commissioners and a full investigation by the FBI and the Civil Rights Division of the Justice Department—and we were fully absolved in all twelve of the cases that had been cited." The record supports Chief Murray, but the bitterness and despair among Washington's Negroes remain—especially since Stone's other charges of lack of job opportunities and planned discrimination in private facilities are undeniably true.

The root causes of this bitterness and despair are complex ones. One of the roots goes back to the Constitution of the United States, which has been used to deprive Washington's citizens of the right to vote for their own city officials.

The Eighth Section of the First Article of the Constitution gives Congress the power "to exercise exclusive legislation in all cases whatsoever over such district . . . as may become the seat of Government of the United States. . . ."

At first, this provision of the Constitution had little or no effect on the city of Washington; Congress more or less delegated its authority by allowing the capital to be run by a mayor appointed by the President, and by a city council elected by the people of the city. The Presidentially-appointed mayor lasted only from 1802 to 1812. In the latter year Congress gave the city council the right to elect the mayor. From 1820 to 1871, the mayor was allowed to be elected directly by the people, along with the city council, every two years. During this half-century, in fact, Washington was no different administratively from most of the other cities of the United States.

Curiously enough, it was the Civil War—the second root cause of today's chaos and bitterness in Washington—which ended the democratic process in the Nation's Capital.

After Lee's surrender, freed Negro slaves flocked into the capital and quickly made up one third of its population. By voting with the Republicans, the Negroes were able to control the city's government. Although no Negro was elected to high office, scandals racked the administration as white office seekers bought the votes of uneducated ex-slaves in wholesale blocs.

As a result, the returning Southern Congressmen found enough disillusioned Republican allies to abolish popular suffrage in Washington and install a territorial form of government in 1871. In 1878 the combination of segregation-minded Southerners and economy-minded Republicans in Congress replaced the territorial government with the present ruling body of three Presidentially-appointed commissioners (one of them an Army engineer to run public works), financially and legislatively subservient to Congress itself.

Ever since, the Southerners have managed to retain their grip on the government of Washington by holding key places on either the House or the Senate District of Columbia Committee. Thus, as Sterling Tucker, distinguished Negro leader and head of the Washington Urban League, puts it, "We have the anomalous situation where America's only predominantly Negro city is ruled by enemies of the Negro. It's almost as if the United Nations had sent the South Africans to run the Congo."

Stronghold of segregation

After its brief period of near-total freedom for the Negro at the end of the Civil War, Washington became as segregated as any city in the Deep South. Until recently, Negro Congressmen from northern states were not even able to use the washroom facilities set aside for Congressmen in the Capitol. The key positions on the House and Senate District of Columbia committees were jealously preserved by the seniority system for men such as the avowedly racist senator from Mississippi, Theodore G. Bilbo, who flatly stated, "I wanted this position so I could keep Washington a segregated city."

The official segregation barriers have fallen one by one as the result of court edicts and administrative orders by Presidents F. D. Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy; and under the chairmanship of Sen. Alan Bible of Nevada, the Senate District of Columbia Committee now is dominated by liberals and moderates. But the last stronghold remains—the House District of Columbia Committee, headed by Rep. John L. McMillan of South Carolina. Manning the bastion with him are such chief lieutenants as Thomas G. Abernethy of Mississippi, Howard W. Smith of Virginia, John Bell Williams of Mississippi, George Huddleston of Alabama and Basil L. Whitener of North Carolina. Even on the Republican side, McMillan has the able

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...oughout the world, would make wonderful propaganda for the Communists."

assistance of Joel T. Broyhill, a staunch segregationist from the District's neighbor, Virginia.

These are the ultimate rulers of Washington. Under the grotesque system of government set up by Congress in 1878, the three D.C. commissioners (who share their limited power with other agencies, such as the Board of Education, which is appointed by, of all people, the Federal District judges) must come hat in hand to McMillan and Company for legislation—even for the money which the city collects in local taxes. These funds go directly into the general Treasury of the United States and can be given back only through specific acts of Congress.

In recent years the commissioners have seemed fine, dedicated men, but all have buckled under the strain of the McMillan inquisition. Commissioner Walter Tobriner wearily says, "I've been questioned for days about such things as why we use sixty-watt bulbs in our street lights instead of forty-watt bulbs, before they pass my lousy little budget. When I try to get paper clips for the schools, I have more trouble in the committee than the Pentagon has getting a billion dollars' worth of missiles from Congress."

John B. Duncan, the first Negro commissioner (appointed two years ago by President Kennedy), says, "Going before this committee for everything, we just can't carry out the will of the people. We can't even begin to tackle the major problems that face all big cities these days."

A Washington newspaper executive explains, "It's not only that many members of the committee are segregationists and want to do everything they can to make Washington less attractive to Negroes and a prize example of the failure of integration for the benefit of the voters back home, but they also are cornballs. They come from rural areas or small towns and they know nothing whatsoever about the complexities of running a vast metropolis the size of Washington. When it comes to the highly technical problems of modern urban management, they don't know what the hell anyone is talking about and they suspiciously bottle up the measures in subcommittees—the same as they do anything they think will benefit the Negro community."

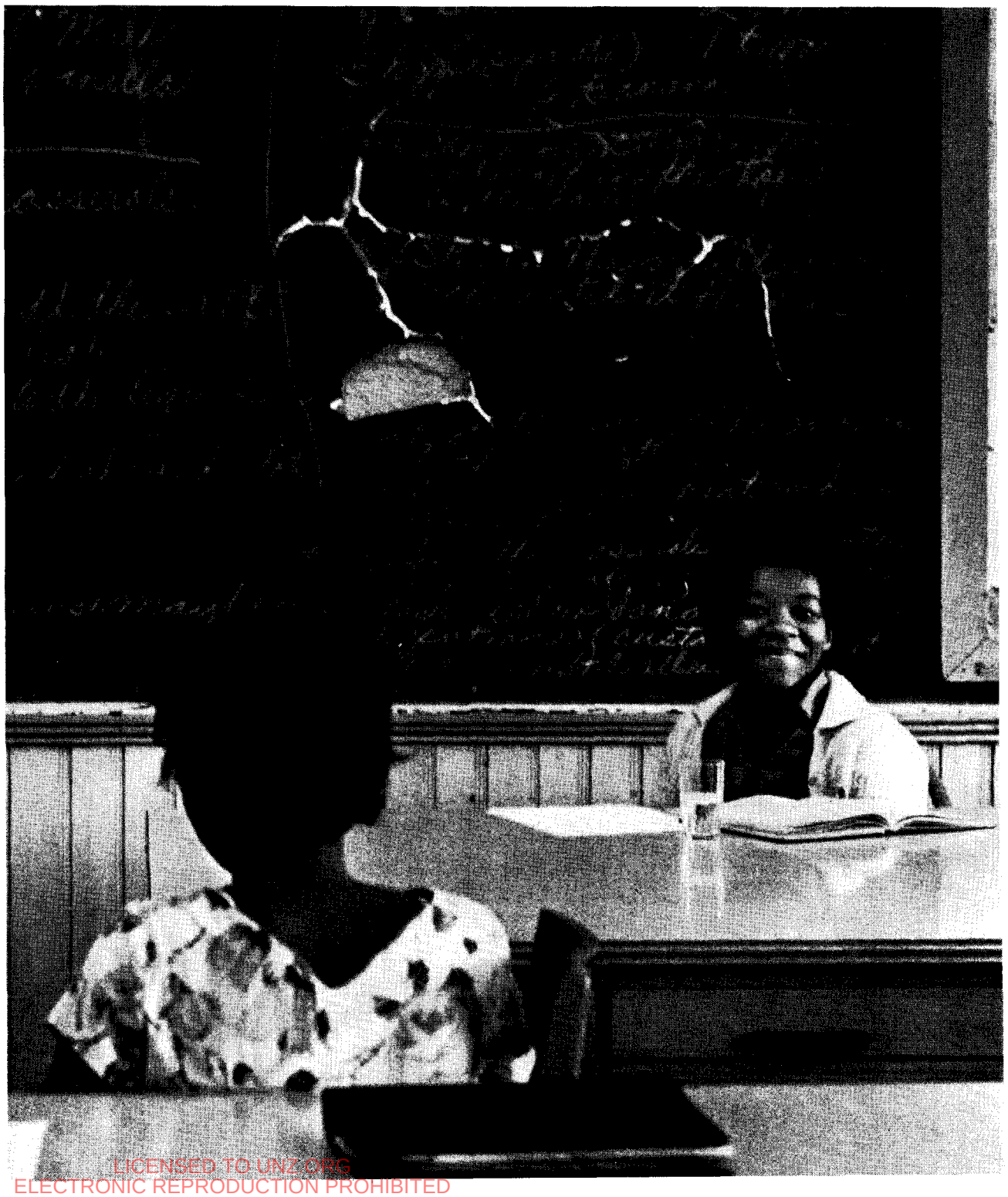
Typical of the attitude of the committee was a recent dialogue between hard-pressed Commissioner Tobriner and Rep. Joel Broyhill. Tobriner said, "Our police records disclose that few people who are arrested and charged with crime here have jobs at adequate pay. I think one of the things we need here in the District is free job opportunities and training for the skills the jobs require." Congressman Broyhill snorted, "I don't think that would improve it one iota. What's needed is more police and more police dogs."

Under the McMillan reign—because of the withholding of legislation and funds—there has been little slum clearance (though urban rehabilitation has been going on at a rapid rate elsewhere in the country); there are no maternity-care centers for large sections of the Negro population. Washington's infant-mortality rate is, hockingly, the highest among major American cities; the city hospital is an antiquated disgrace, with patients sometimes lined up three deep in the waiting rooms and many turned away because they can't prove, with rent receipts, that they have lived in the District of Columbia for the congressionally imposed minimum period of at least one year.

Many of the schools—such as Shaw Junior High, known in the city as "Shameful Shaw"—are so dilapidated that Assistant Superintendent of Schools John D. Koontz recently said, "If I were Khrushchev, I would take pictures of Shaw and spread them throughout the world. They would make wonderful propaganda for the Communists." Shaw's ceilings are crumbling, its lighting and toilet facilities are primitive, its students are jammed into dungeonlike rooms reminiscent of the 19th-century workhouses described in the novels of Charles Dickens.

Even the occasional new school building gets shortchanged in the Congressional process. Says Ben Gilbert, executive city editor of the Washington *Post*, "We finally got a new elementary school in a Negro area that desperately needed it, and the building, to our delight, included a fine library room. The only trouble is that there are no books for it."

Probably the most harmful result of the rule of Congressman McMillan and his predecessors is Washington's welfare system, which has horrified visiting sociologists from all over the world. The key to the system—presumably designed to curb immorality and illegitimacy among the lower classes—is the so-called Man-in-the-house Rule, which forbids relief payments to any household, and its children, in which *any* man resides. Instead of curbing illegitimacy, it has only caused abandonments by the man-in-the-house, with children going to Junior Village, thus destroying the already weak fabric of family life among poorer Negroes. It also does not distinguish between a man who will not work and a



Cracked blackboard typifies the dilapidation of Hines Junior High. There are many worse.

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"Just give us an equal chance to attain middle-class standards, and we'll give it

Nominally, three commissioners govern the District: John B. Duncan, Walter N. Tobriner, Fred J. Clark.

Charles Horsky was appointed by President as his Adviser for National Capital Affairs.

WASHINGTON MESS

respectable husband who cannot get a job in a glutted and racially-restricted labor market.

Sen. Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut says, "We give money to every state of the union to help those on relief find new ways to solve their difficulties and so leave the welfare rolls; but there is no money for the people of the nation's capital. Instead, we force men to desert their families so their wives and children can become eligible for help."

There is one department of the District government which has no trouble whatever in getting all the money it needs from Congress. This is the Police Department. Although Chief Murray is nominally under the control of the three D.C. Commissioners, he seems to spend more time testifying on crime in Washington before the House District of Columbia Committee than he does at his desk. Says ace Washington *Post* crime reporter Alfred E. Lewis, "The chief knows who his real bosses are. The Police Department has a stronger lobby on the Hill than the American Medical Association."

Ordinarily a big-city police chief has two bosses—the director of public safety and the mayor, who must answer the will of the local electorate or be kicked out of office. Murray, in effect, has 535 bosses in Congress, who are responsible only to the electorates in their own far-off states. With any group of 535 people there are always some who will get in trouble. They will be picked up for drunken driving or perhaps even for consorting with a prostitute in a Negro slum alley. The police are quite discreet about such occurrences in Washington, and when it comes time for police appropriations and legislation, a grateful Congress remembers.

For years the Police Department recruited mostly in the Deep South (a practice recently halted because of Negro protests) and the leadership of the department is now generally white-southern-oriented. Murray, who himself is not bigoted, has made some sincere attempts to correct the imbalance, and the force today is composed of 1,035 men from southern states, 598 from the District of Columbia, 1,210 from the North and seven who are foreign-born. A remaining sore spot, however, is that of the 2,850 men on the force, only 432 are Negroes, and none has risen higher than the rank of lieutenant. Only one police scout car of 30 is integrated.

Chief Murray offers an explanation as to why only 15 percent of the cops are Negroes in a city whose population is nearly 60 percent Negro (New York, by contrast, has approximately 7 percent Negro cops in a population that is about 12 percent Negro) by saying, "They won't study and they can't pass the written examinations." But according to one acting sergeant (recently promoted after 20 years in the ranks), "You can score one hundred on the written exam, but what good does it do you if you get a low efficiency rating from your white southern superior officer, or if they find some imaginary ailment in your physical exam?"

A city that lives in fear

The D.C. commissioners do score occasional victories by administrative edict, such as the now-total integration of the Fire Department. Yet they are nearly helpless in the face of the police lobby—and other powerful lobbies—that work their way with the House District of Columbia Committee. In the meantime, the crisis in the nation's capital deepens. Poorer Negroes are pouring into Washington from the South, and they cannot find work in the still largely segregated private labor market; the relief rolls grow steadily bigger; the great circle of slums surrounding the beautiful Federal buildings gets ever more crowded and more sordid; the middle- and upper-class Negroes, the largest and best-educated such group in the world, are pinned in the ghetto because of the racial restrictions in the Maryland and Virginia suburbs; Washington crime and juvenile delinquency, although exaggerated, continue on the rise. For all these reasons, much of the city lives in a tense atmosphere of real or imagined fear.

There are only a few bright spots in the generally gloomy picture. First and most important has been the active intervention of President Kennedy and his brother, the Attorney General—the first in many years by a national administration. The cornerstone of the Kennedy program is the so-called Home Rule Bill he is pushing through Congress. It would allow the citizens of Washington once again to vote for their own mayor and city council, and give them direct control over their own fiscal affairs and the local taxes they collect. The Federal Government would pay approximately what the city would derive in taxes if the Government were a private industry. (As of now, all Federal property is off the real-estate tax rolls.)

Both the Washington *Post* and the Washington *Star* are enthusiastically in favor of home rule, and so are the present D.C. commissioners and even the Senate District of Columbia Committee. Chester H. Smith, staff director of the Senate committee, says, "If you believe in democracy, how can you withhold democracy from the people of *any* city, let alone this one? Our committee has reported out home-rule bills no less than five times in the last nine years and the Senate has passed them. It will pass this one too. The problem does not lie with us."

It lies, as usual, with the gentlemen of the House District of Columbia Committee, which has not allowed a home-rule bill to get on the floor of the House or even onto the floor of the full committee, where the die-hard Southerners actually are outnumbered, 14 to 10. Rep. Abraham Multer of New York, one of the frustrated northern liberals on the committee, says, "The McMillan technique is to keep such a bill bottled up in one of the subcommittees controlled by his friends, so that it dies there and we never get a chance to vote on it."

In the face of McMillan's Thermopylae battle to retain control and "to keep Washington out of the hands of the Nigras," the President has made interim outflanking moves. For the first time in history he has created the position of Presidential Adviser for National Capital Affairs. To the job he has named Charles Horsky, a brilliant lawyer who gave up a $100,000-a-year practice to take on the assignment. Scholarly and gray-haired, Horsky has become the behind-the-scenes mystery man of Washington's governmental affairs, darting about on such missions as persuading private employers and unions to break down the barriers of segregation in hiring, getting summertime jobs for potential teen-age troublemakers and pressing for police reforms.

A second bright spot in the otherwise dark Washington picture is that the President's intervention has now made it more respectable for

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of middle-class morality."

Washington people to talk of the root causes of the city's crime—poverty and neglect and unemployment—rather than hewing strictly to the McMillan solution (hit-'em-with-the-stick-and-sic-the-police-dogs-on-'em). Even the Washington Police Department has gone through some remarkable changes lately. Intelligent young officers with college training in sociology are being moved up into positions of second-in-command, from where they might soon take over from the old liners in the precincts. New recruits are being given a course in race relations. Two recently appointed inspectors, Howard F. Mowry and George E. Causey, earned their promotions by working out a remarkably amicable program of community relations with Negro leaders and citizens in the 14th Precinct. Causey, who believes in attacking crime at the roots by recognizing and treating social ills and predelinquent behavior with the help of teachers, ministers and social workers, is now being allowed to extend his program to three other precincts.

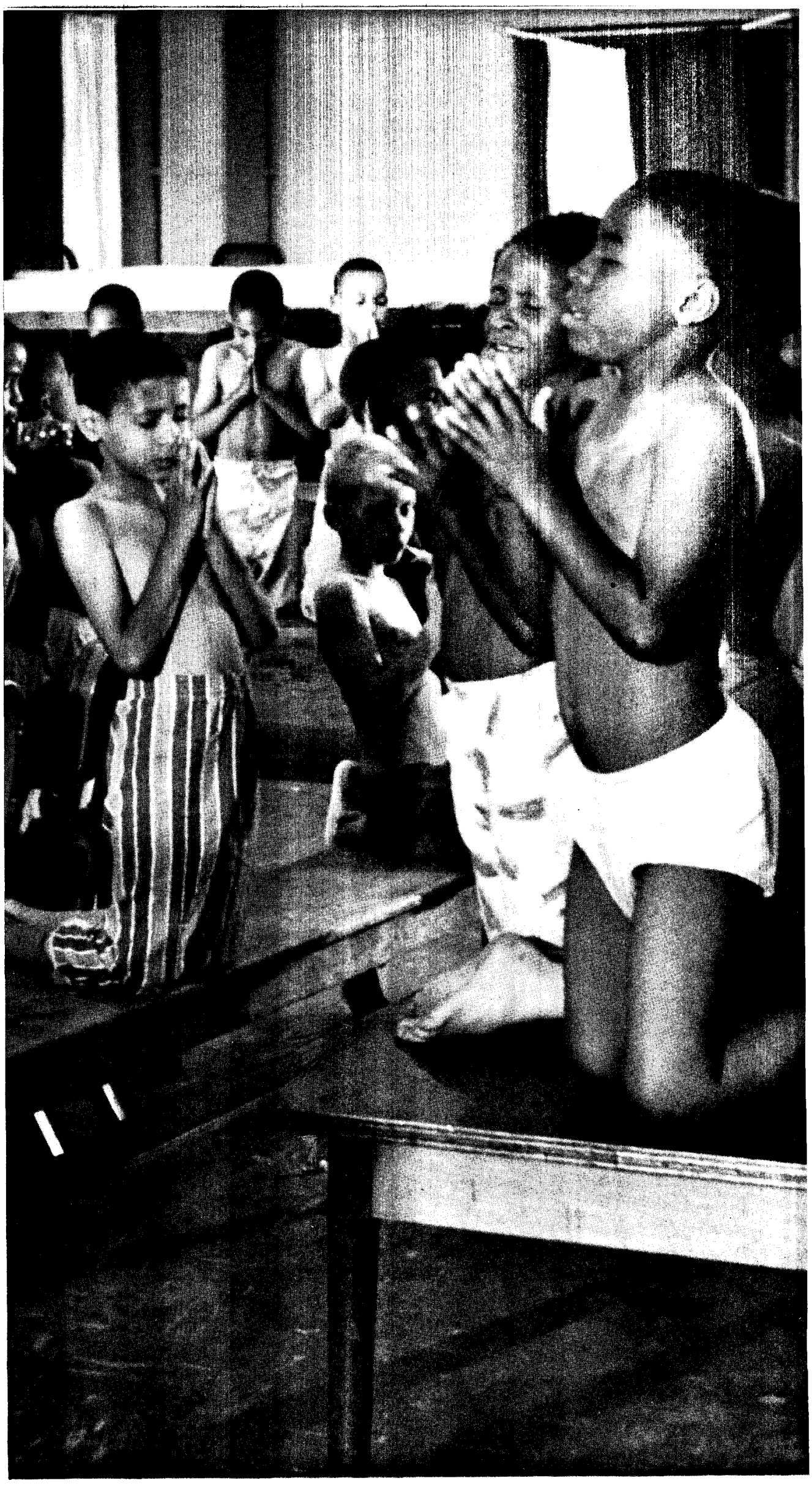
Innocent victims of a war

The third bright spot has been the general attitude of the embattled Negro population. Aside from the two teen-age riots, there have been no major racial outbreaks in Washington despite the growing militancy of Negroes generally all over the United States, and also despite the attempts of such extremists as Black Muslim leader Malcolm X to stir them up. Instead, there is a growing desire on the part of well-to-do Washington Negroes to help their own poor—for example, by working as volunteers at Junior Village; to help reduce crime by setting up their own anticrime councils in each police precinct; and to work with the District's many sympathetic white citizens to gain self-rule and make the city a better place in which to live.

As a Negro teacher told me outside Cardozo High School, "I keep reading that Washington is a jungle. *We* don't consider it a jungle. It's our home, so the problem is closer to us than anybody, and we want to solve it more than anybody." Added Negro editor Chuck Stone, "Just give us an equal chance to attain middle-class standards, and we'll give you all the middle-class morality you want."

And so, the Second Battle of Washington is joined. In the House Office Building, one of the most influential members of the District of Columbia Committee has hung a drawing of a Confederate soldier over his door with the caption, "Forget, hell!" At the White House and at the Justice Department there are unprecedented numbers of local Washington visitors, invited by the President and the Attorney General to solicit their help in the war. And at Junior Village there are the innocent victims of the war. I saw them one day—two dozen Negro girls and one white girl, all seven years old and all bewildered and frightened, huddled together in a cramped and shabby playroom, singing the Negro spiritual *Jesus Loves Little Children.* THE END

Boys in Junior Village say prayers at bedtime. They may live to see home rule in Washington.



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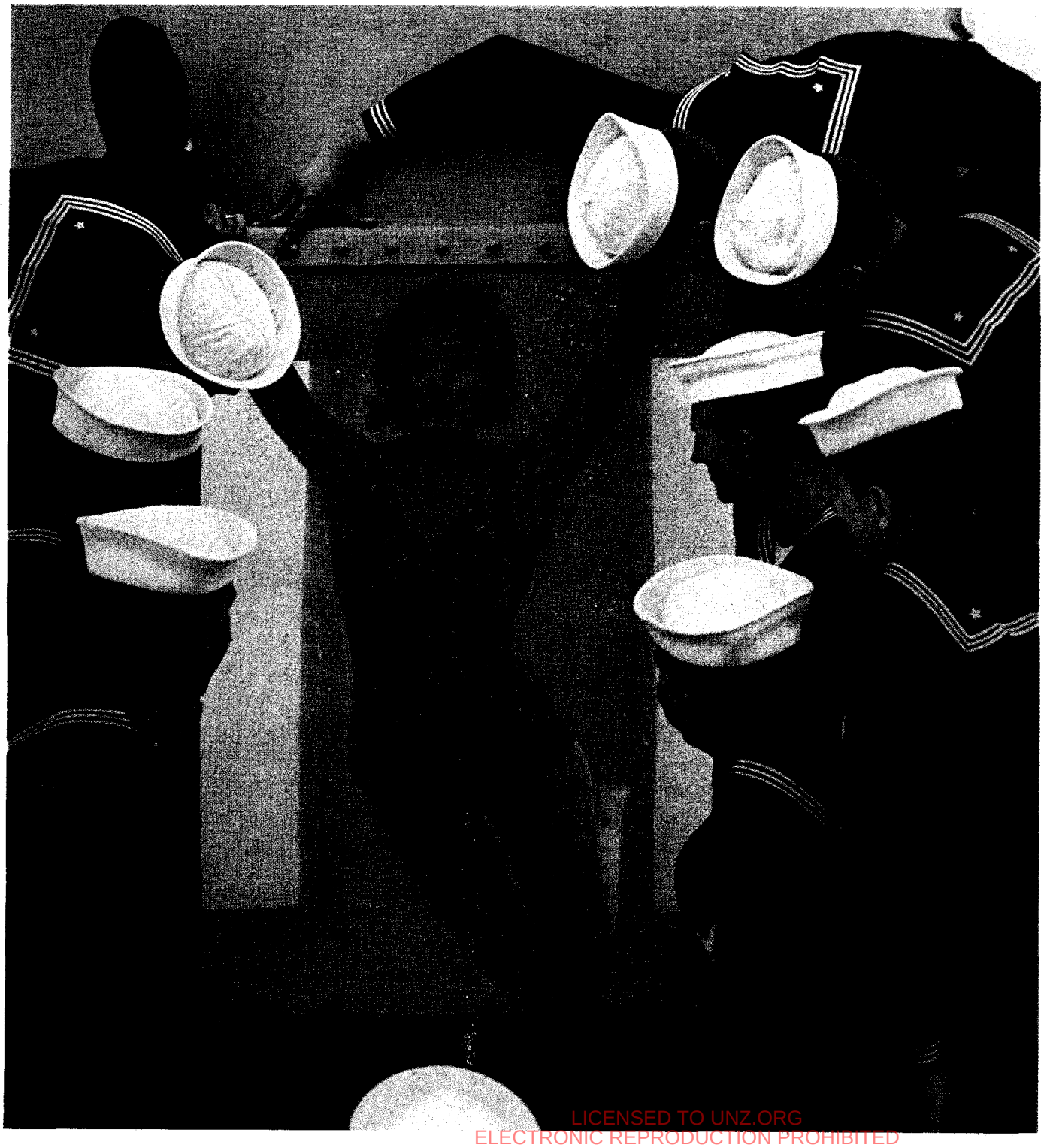
On the waterfronts

Trim new swimsuits for summer maneuvers

An exclusive preview of the bathing outfits soon to hit the beaches shows midriffs in exposed positions while the bikini achieves a strategic advance and fabrics make critics wonder if the suits are really immersible.

LYCRA SUIT BY ROXANNE RECEIVES TANK TEST AND ATTENTION FROM SEABEES OF A NAVY AMPHIBIOUS CONSTRUCTION BATTALION.



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MAKING PRACTICE LANDING, CAMP PENDLETON MARINES ENGULF MODELS IN AVANT-GARDE SUITS. RED-WHITE OUTFIT IS BY COLE, STRIPER BY CATALINA, PINK-GRAY BY REID.

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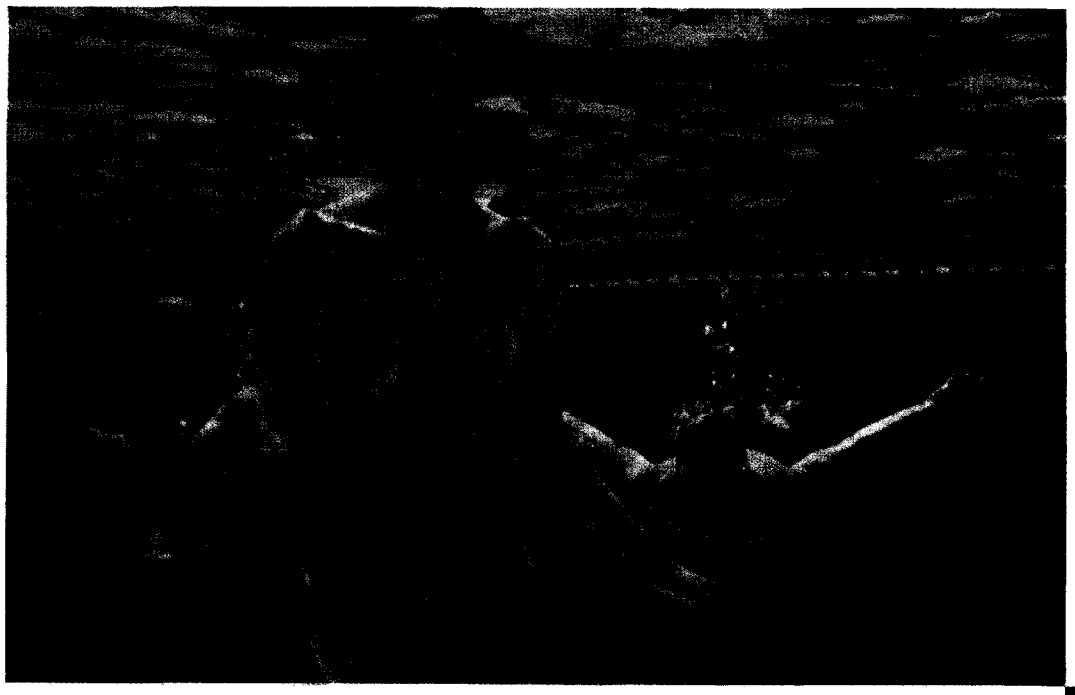
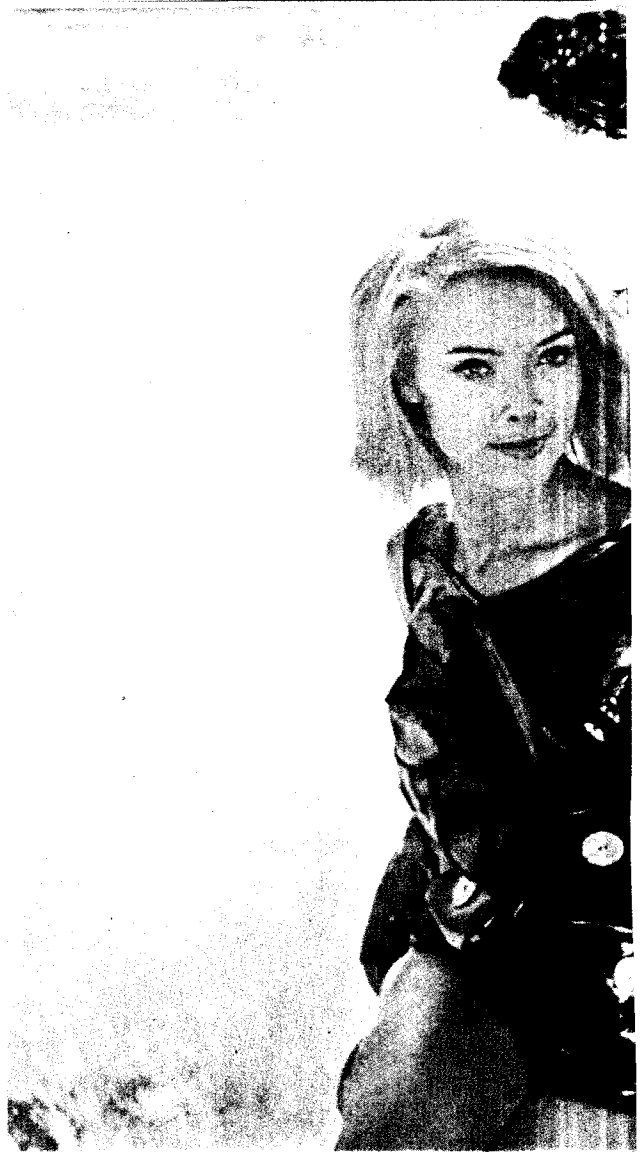
A girl may still be found in the water,
but swimming can seem almost irrelevant
in the fashion-minded swimsuit trade.

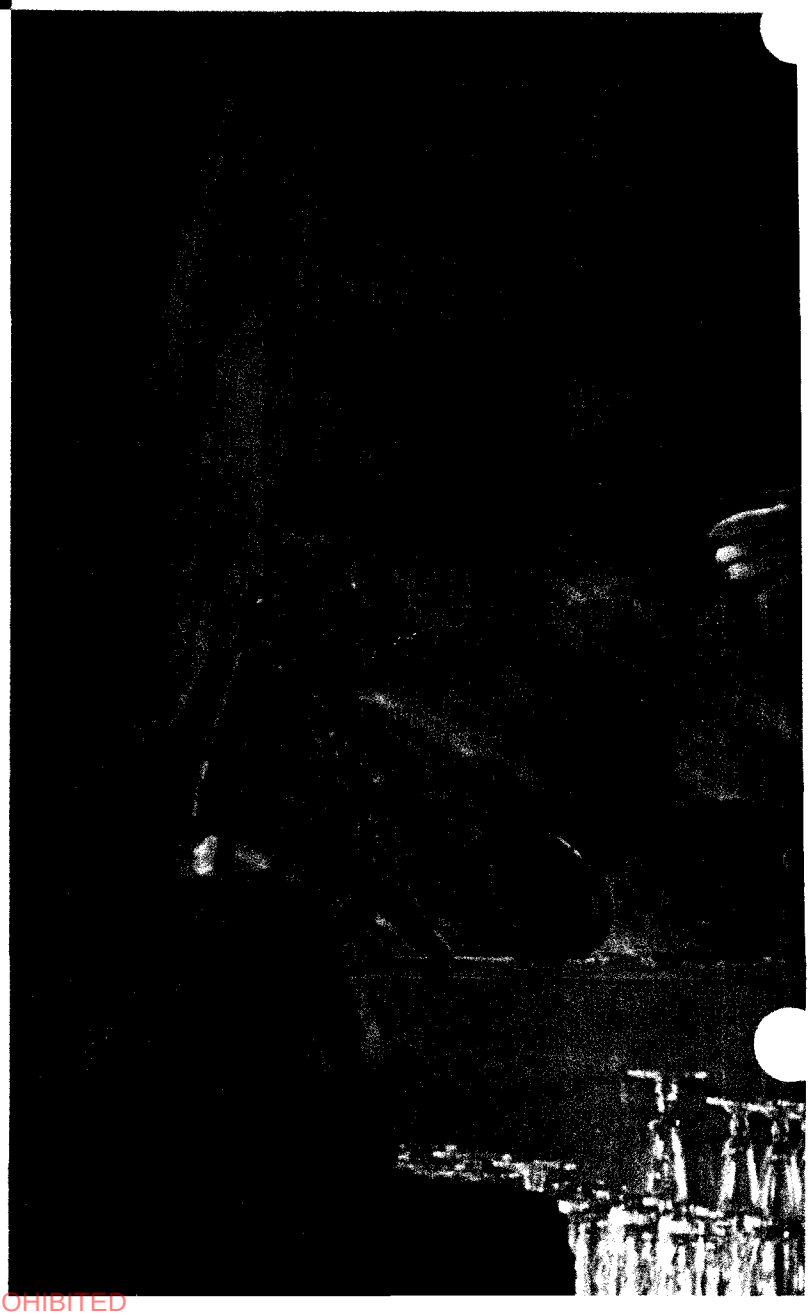




TWO-PIECE PRINT SUIT MADE BY ELIZABETH STEWART PASSES UNDERWATER INSPECTION.

By sea, lake and pool, the beachheads have been established, the navel action is furious, and modesty is in full retreat. It is the time of year when millions of females shed their inhibitions in favor of snippets of cloth called swimsuits, flock shoreward to bask in the heat of the sun and the glow of male attention. The flimsy garments go by odd and exotic names, such as "Truffles" and "Marzipan," for example, or "Lush Life," "Eureka," "Capital Gains" and "Executive Sweet." Females wearing them may even be found in the water, as these pictures prove—although swimming seems almost irrelevant in the promotion-happy, fashion-ridden swimsuit business. The 1964 collections, previewed exclusively for this report, foreshadow styles which will begin to appear on beaches this month and will prevail through next year. They show a continuing trend to two-piece suits, a swing to bigger and gaudier prints and to lines of new fabrics like *matelassé*, mohair, silk and lace that scarcely seem immersible. Swimsuit designers have borrowed other ideas from dry-land garment makers, such as cowl collars, shirred necklines and similar dressmaker touches. In fact, the most avant-garde numbers have a loose-fitting blouse which disguises a woman's shape from the hips up, aping the dress styles of the past few seasons. Some swimsuits even come with matching hats. But the big news is in the midriff. While the American woman has yet to embrace the bikini unabashedly, a few strategic tugs on a 1963 two-piecer can produce a reasonable facsimile—and make any Orchard Beach a little St. Tropez.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY SCHILLER



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ABOVE: MEMBERS OF NAVY'S UNDERWATER DEMOLITION UNIT 1. TRAINING IN SAN DIEGO, CLAMBER UP CORONADO ROCKS AMONG SUNBATHERS WEARING VINYL SUITS BY GERNREICH AND A MATELASSÉ BIKINI BY COLE. BELOW: CUSTOMERS OF STARDUST MOTEL IN MISSION BAY GET WATERY VIEW WITH DRINKS. PATCHWORK SUIT BY GERNREICH IS FOR BEACHNIKS.

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DESPITE DESIGNERS' ASSAULT ON TRADITION, THE MAILLOT—A ONE-PIECER—REMAINS A CLASSIC. FLAME SUIT BY CATALINA HAS GATHERED, BELTED WAISTLINE.

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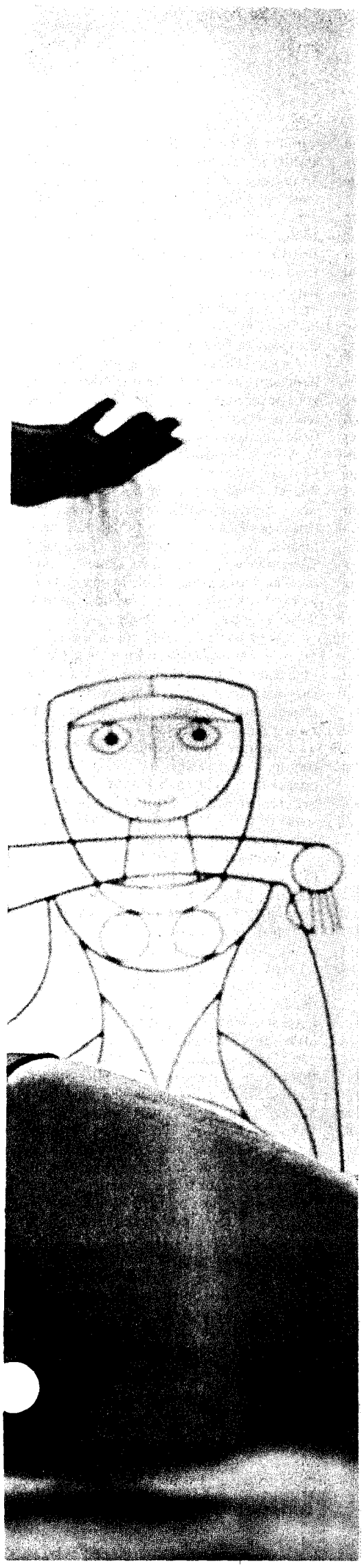

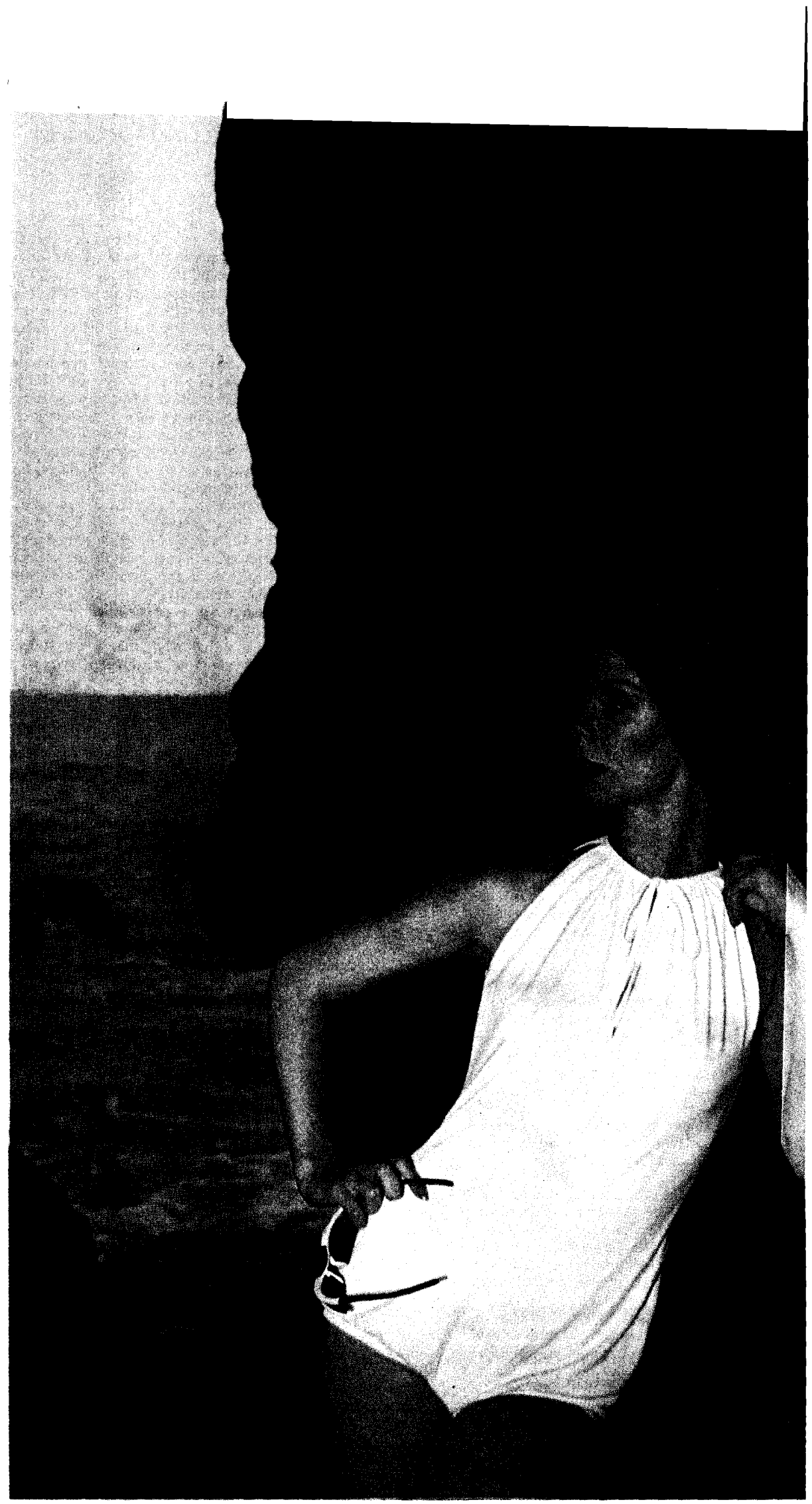

ANCIENT BLOOMER SUIT TURNS INTO HIGH FASHION WITH DRESSMAKER TOUCHES (BY REID) AT THE NECKLINE.

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The big boom in bathing suits

It's model-change time, and the swimsuit business is selling more to cover less.

By WILLIAM TROMBLEY

The beach at Santa Monica, California, was a cross-section of beaches everywhere this summer weekend, with a few extras thrown in. There were domestic groups clustered around picnic baskets, small boys kicking sand, muscular young men performing acrobatic feats, and a scattering of pale white strangers in dark glasses (the Hollywood crowd). And there were girls—acres of girls in an infinite variety of colors, designs and degrees of tanned exposure. There were girls in gold lamé and girls in flower prints, girls in mohair and girls in electric blue something-or-other, girls in what seemed to be nothing at all but really was. "Mother doesn't want me to show my navel in public," said a curvy, 17-year-old blonde explaining the virtues of her two-piece "modified bikini" bathing suit. "So I wear the trunks this way when I leave home (displaying trunks which hid most of her midsection) and this way when I get to the beach (folding down the top of the trunks a fetching four or five inches). You see—instant Bardot!" Out in the surf, some girls were even swimming.

For those who want to swim, of course, the best way is to go naked—ask anyone who has plunged into the midnight warmth of a lake or dashed into the moonlit surf. For those who want to be seen, the best way is not to swim at all—ask any girl sashaying across the sands in lace-embroidered bathing suit, exotic beach shift, matching beach bonnet and high-style coiffure. By emphasizing ostentation over mere immersion, ladies' "swimsuit" makers sold $200 million worth of suits and accessories last year, and expect to sell even more as this July's heat melts the sales resistance created by a chilly spring. They have, in fact, more than quadrupled their sales volume in the last ten years to make the "wet-rag game" one of the fastest-growing segments of the garment industry. They have managed to convince millions of women that two, three and often as many as a half dozen swimsuits is a minimum wardrobe. They have suggested strongly that a bather in last year's bathing suit looks like something washed up by the tide.

While the style center for almost everything worn by American women huddles in the concrete warrens of New York's Seventh Avenue garment district, swimsuits are the exception. The U.S. and world swimsuit center sprawls, not huddles, in rambling one-story factories within a 50-mile radius of Los Angeles' City Hall, and the "Seventh Avenue West" location could hardly be more fitting. Los Angeles is known for wide beaches, tall palms and excessive quantities of beautiful, tanned young people; there are times, as the smog lifts a bit, when the whole metropolis seems to smell faintly of suntan lotion.

It is a fast-moving, competitive town, and a great place for frilly promotions. People in Los Angeles are constantly turning on klieg lights, staging beauty contests or holding poolside press conferences, with beverages served out of hollow pineapples.

For Catalina, Cole of California and Rose Marie Reid, the three major Los Angeles swimsuit makers, such activities are all in a day's work. Together with Jantzen of Portland, Oregon, they are known as the "Big Four," and account for more than half of all the ladies' swimsuit business. But they are pressed on every side by such New York-based firms as Roxanne, Darlene and Peter Pan, by newer, fast-growing California companies such as Elizabeth Stewart, DeWeese Designs and Sirene, and by customers' demands for ever more kaleidoscopic arrays of swimsuit colors and styles.

"I used to carry just three lines—Catalina, Jantzen and Reid," says a buyer for a big Los Angeles department store. "Now I carry twelve." Nor do the Big Four act precisely like Musketeers among themselves. Cole and Catalina compete savagely even though they are under the same corporate roof, as divisions of Kayser-Roth Corporation.

"It's not like that dog-eat-dog stuff in New York," protests George Sobel, vice president of merchandising for Rose Marie Reid. "Why, people from other companies are always coming over to examine our I.B.M. procedures." And what if a visitor were to stray from the computer to peek behind the closed doors of the designers' back rooms? "I would throw him in the pool!" shouts Sobel, pointing out the window to the large swimming pool where Reid tests new suits for shrinking and sagging.

Design is the basis of the business, and "pirating" its way of life. If Cole sells 50,000 suits of a certain style, Catalina, Jantzen, Reid and others are almost sure to copy it the following season or to "knock it off" in the very same season if there is time to whip patterns together before cold weather hits the beaches. A successful 1963 Cole suit called "Lush Life" ($25.95 in most stores) was picked off early this season by a small Florida company which now offers its own version of the same suit for $10.95. A fabric can be a state secret. "Can I show her next year's secret fabric?" asked a designer as his boss guided a fashion editor through the plant last month. Trapped by the question, the boss arched her eyebrows and agreed. "But you've got to keep it a secret—we wouldn't want anyone to know we are using pastel mohair until September, when we show the resort and cruise line in New York."

Even more treacherous than pirates are the fickle tastes of the beachbound female, who will seize wildly on this bougainvillaea print and arbitrarily turn a cold, bronzed back on that one. Since manufacturers must order fabric six to nine months before they can deliver to stores, designers live by a separate calendar. While seamstresses are turning out this year's suits on rows of sewing machines in the vast production rooms, the backroom boys are currently putting the final touches on next year's models. In fact, they began thinking about 1964 last winter, checking 1963 model sales at such resorts as Miami Beach and Palm Springs to spot trends and incorporate them in 1964 designs.

They knew as early as last February that the two-piece suit was still gaining ground, as it has for three years. They found that knitted fabrics and bright colors were still popular, that American women were demanding more and more of a "fashion look" in bathing suits, and were still moving slowly toward ultimate acceptance of the bikini.

In the flux of fashion and the vast profusion of swimsuits—Reid makes more than 200 different models and even such a small firm as Elizabeth Stewart makes 40—the manufacturer must react instantly to market trends. "The key to this business is to get on top of the fast movers and get off the slow," says president William Frazier of Cole, currently reputed to have the hottest line in the industry. "If you've got a disaster," says Frazier, "you've got it long before July Fourth, and you have to know it."

It may be that the stablest element in swimsuits is a small, wispy Austrian named Rudi Gernreich. An independent designer in his early 40's who works out of a crowded second-floor studio in West Hollywood, Gernreich is given to wearing Harpo Marx wigs and making sweeping pronouncements ("In five years every American woman will be wearing a bathing suit that is bare above the waist"). He has managed to establish himself as a kind of pilot fish for the Big Four and all other sharks of the swimsuit reef.

He began to design knitted suits 10 years ago when the knits were supposedly passé; they now dominate the market. The relaxed "blouson" look featured this year was a Gernreich innovation several seasons back. Three years ago Gernreich did suits with high fronts and low backs, and this year the major manufacturers are doing the same.

Gernreich's suits are, to put it mildly, avant-garde, and swimmers complain that some are unswimmable. They have no bras or other inner construction. Their exotic materials often stretch or shrink with appalling results. (Gernreich once designed a swimsuit of cashmere wool, retailing for $100.) But he has been accepted by the high fashion stores as a watery combination of Dior and Balenciaga, and manufacturers are content to let him lead the way. "There's no question," says one swimsuit maker. "We wait and see which of his designs are going to catch on, and then we do our own versions of them." Gernreich this year features a cutout knit suit with maximum exposure and a vinyl suit shaped like a sandwich board. It makes women look like "wet seals," according to a Los Angeles store buyer who stocked the suit all the same.

The rise and thrall of Gernreich symbolize the vast change in the business since World War II. Before the war the industry was dominated by two firms—Jantzen, with its familiar diving-girl emblem, and Catalina, with its equally familiar flying fish. Swimsuit design was about as fashionable as the design of dungarees, involving little more than covering female swimmers from shoulders to thighs with elastic fiber. Then, in 1946, an imaginative designer from British Columbia named Rose Marie Reid and a hustling Seattle salesman named Jack Kessler formed a company under her name and began to push a fashion look spiced with extra service and competitive pizzazz.

At just about the same time a lean, handsome ex-actor named Fred Cole began pushing his own line of swimsuits with a series of flamboyant promotions. Cole has been called "a soggy C. B. DeMille." He dwelt in a $250,000 house with an Olympic-size pool overlooking Sunset Strip, and both house and pool were normally filled with schools of tittering, splashing girls. Poseidon only knows how many magazine layouts and TV shows were set against a background of Cole cuties, but Cole's name soon worked its way into poolside patois. Sales responded accordingly.

Shaken to their lastex cores, the older firms have responded in kind. In a Catalina sales training film, for example, a lady narrator with a voice like hot fudge insists that "America is a land of bosoms," suggests "a suit for the woman who wants to minimize that tubby tummy," and works up to a candied crescendo: "Sell to her sense of color! Sell to her sense of touch! Sell to her sense of quality! Sell to her sense of delight, all part of the fashion look of Catalina swimwear, part of the art of Eve!" (Staggering to the exit after witnessing this not long ago, a fashion editor was greeted by a crew-cut VP who mercilessly continued the message. "It's the young look, the active look," he declared. "Yessir miracles on the beach!")

Even Jantzen, the elderly (53 years) maiden aunt of the industry, has dropped its sedate image and begun to kick up a little spray. It has a zingy new slogan—"Just wear a smile and a Jantzen"—and this month is sponsoring a "Miss Smile" contest that will assemble 17 "Miss Smiles" from various parts of the U.S. in Cyrpess Gardens, Florida, for a mass display of cheesecake and teeth. Whatever the outcome, Jantzen has some solid insurance against the vagaries of the swimsuit business in its profitable sportswear, sweater and men's swimming-trunks divisions, and the rest of the Big Four are seeking similar hedges. Taking advantage of the blurring lines between swimming and nonswimming garments, they are cutting some of their swimsuit fabric into an assortment of sports and leisure wear, including lounging culottes and other about-the-house items known to the trade as "private lives."

But the real bonanza is still the female body bared to public view near a body of water. In summers ahead, American women will probably spend more and more to cover less and less. THE END

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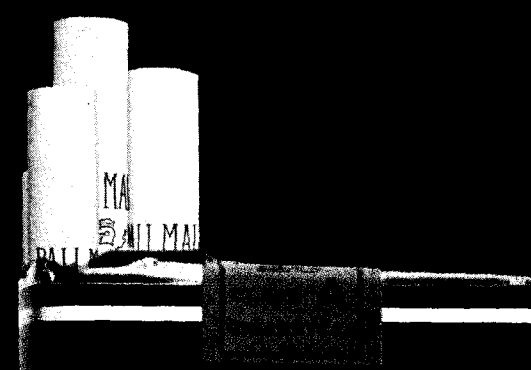

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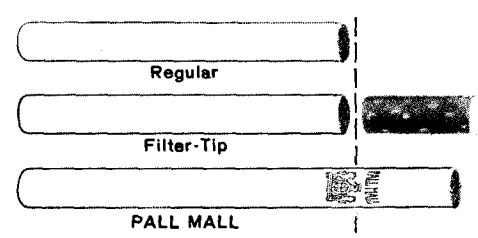

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THE DEATH OF WILLIAM FAULKNER

By HUGHES RUDD

All his life he remained an enigma to the little town his novels had made famous. Even his death, a year ago this month, was attended by an atmosphere of mystery.

He had been in pain for several weeks, wearing a brace to support the injured back, and people around the square said maybe that was why he started drinking again. The bourbon came down from Memphis, although the nearest bootlegger was 17 miles from town and Memphis was more like 70. But the bootlegger has a very limited stock and, besides, if you buy from him, everybody knows how much you're drinking. They know you're drinking anyway, but they don't know how much, and that can be a matter of some satisfaction—or of pride—in Oxford, Mississippi.

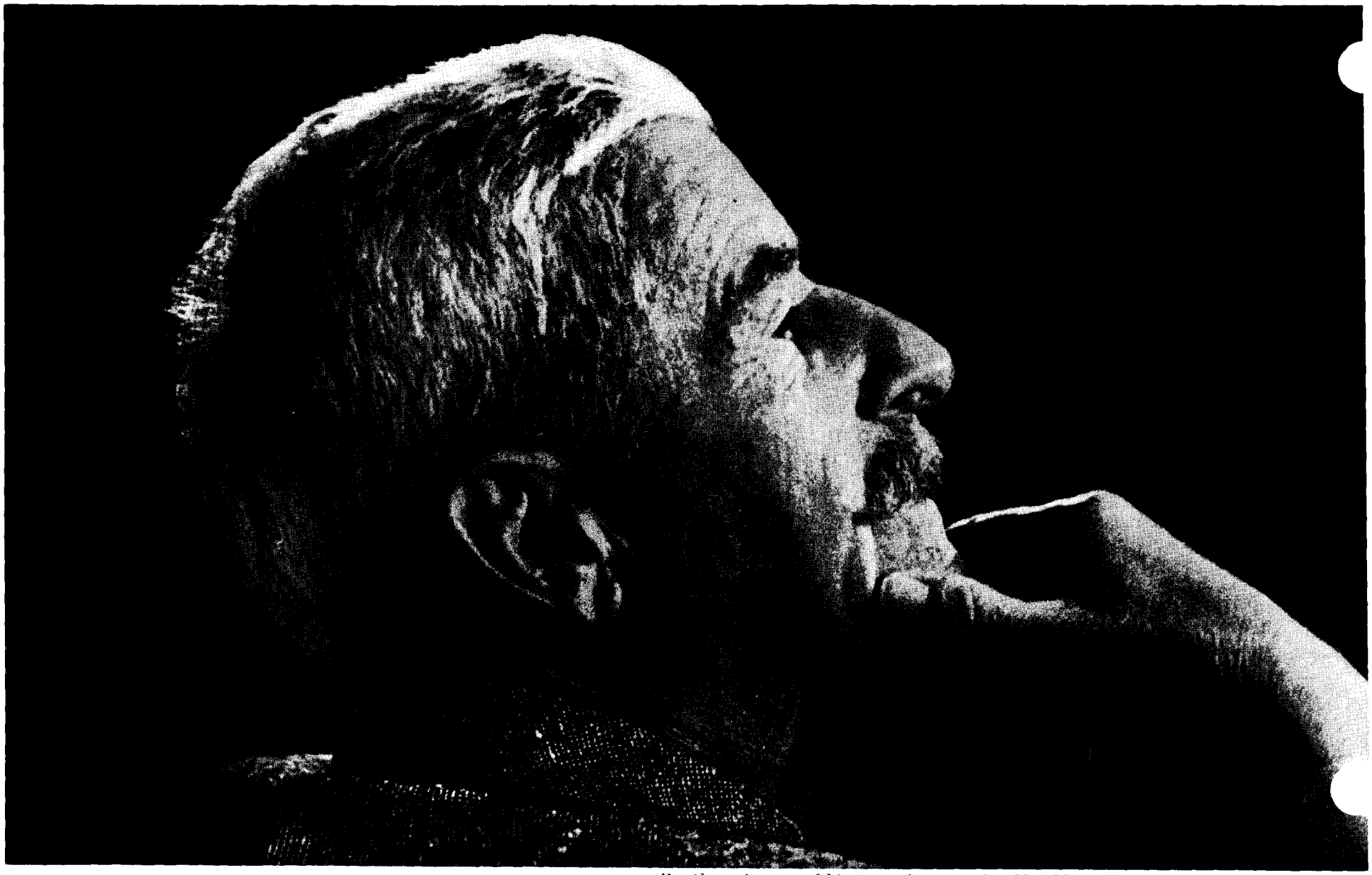
He had been trying to quit drinking altogether, and he had; but two weeks before, he'd gone out on a new horse, and the horse came back without him. The cook saw the horse come back and told his wife, and she found him in the red-clay cut where the new highway was going in just south of town. He said the horse had "roached its back" and thrown him, and it hurt, and he told a friend of his, "A horse ain't got much sense. A mule has more sense. A mule will take care of you as well as himself."

But anyway, that started the drinking again, said the people around the square, because his back hurt him, and he'd taken a couple of bad falls from a horse not long before that up in Virginia. He got medicine for the pain at the drugstore on the square, but it wasn't enough, so the bourbon started coming down again from Memphis. That's what they said.

"He used to come in every day to that medicine," the druggist says. "Walk all the way in from the house. It was that damn horse. Which horse was it?" says the druggist, who is not a horse-loving man but a courthouse-square man, in a starched white shirt and a bow tie. "Was it that mare—that big, old one?"

"No," says a man at the counter, drinking Coca-Cola and eating Nab crackers of peanut butter and cheese. "That's Temptress, the mare. This was a new horse, way I hear tell it. Temptress wouldn't never of throwed him. His niggers call her Tempie."

The man who knows about Tempie wears khaki trousers and a blue work shirt, and the back of his neck is red and cracked. He knows the family, but at a distance, the way most of the town knows the family. He does not know the writer, the famous man. He knows Mr. Bill, the member of the family, but knows him as he knows the other members of the family—at a distance, because this family, and a few others, are aloof from the town. They move through it and above it, doing things which are often incomprehensible to the town but which are never really questioned, because there are some families you just don't question: You nod and say hello if you are spoken to, or, if not, you get out of the way.



Faulkner in one of his last photographs: Neighbors found him "not too sociable."

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"His great-granddaddy, now," says the druggist. "He built a railroad all the way down from Memphis, and it never made a dime. Lost his shirt. But that's how they are. Don't seem to give a damn one day, just as nice as they can be the next. You never know where you stand. But fine folks. Just not too sociable."

No, not sociable with the town, maybe not even with each other: withdrawn, and brooding, and then smiling, nodding, tipping the hat or the old tweed cap, strolling uptown in khakis and an old Burberry trench coat with the bloodstains of long-dead deer on it. On those days you could say hello and even stop to visit awhile on the street about the weather or the crops or horses or the government, but on other days you stepped aside and you didn't say hello. And sometimes the presence would vanish from the streets and the town for days or weeks or months and everybody said, "Ah, yes, it's started up again," and some of them smirked in private. The town's famous son, who was never the favorite son, who would not have the honor were it offered because—some said—he was too modest. Modesty, perhaps, or perhaps an aristocratic contempt, but anyway, no favorite.

"There's not a lot of our people read too much," says the town librarian. She sits in the library, a small room upstairs in the courthouse, in front of a glass-doored bookcase with the famous man's books locked inside. "He didn't come up here often," she says apologetically. "He had quite a few books himself, and of course he could use the university when he needed it. We're all very upset. It was that horse, wasn't it? That Tempie, that old mare of his?"

"I was out fishing with him, just a couple of weeks ago," says Aubrey Seay. Mr. Seay has white hair and a scarlet face, and he owns The Mansion restaurant in Oxford. The Mansion is a sort of compressed version of an antebellum mansion, with white columns out front, but they are just short columns, not much more than one-story high.

"His back was hurting him then," says Mr. Seay, sitting in one of the back booths of The Mansion. "We went out to the lake and used my boat. He was crazy about boats, you know. Not many people outside of around here know that. Sailboats, especially. But that day we just went fishing and had a couple of drinks. A few drinks, I guess you might say. Nothing out of the way. We just talked when he wanted to talk, mostly about fishing and about politics some.

"He said that if there was any trouble when it came time for that Meredith fellow to enter the university it would be folks from Beat Two that caused it. Beat Two? Beat Two is the rough part of town, kind of like what you call up north a precinct. Instead of precinct, we say beat, just like we say high sheriff instead of just sheriff. I don't know exactly where the word comes from. Probably it comes from the old days, when a night watchman walked a beat, wouldn't you say? Mr. Faulkner would've been able to tell you about that in a minute.

"It was amazing how much knowledge that man had. It used to tickle me when I'd read in some magazine or book about how he had never really had much education. Shoot, he was one of the most educated men you ever saw, and one of the most gentlemanly. He and Miss Estelle, that's Mrs. Faulkner, you know, they used to come in two or three times a week for supper. He always had a filet mignon, and they sat in the same booth every time.

"Before we got the Muzak we had a jukebox and I always had to disconnect it when he came in. He didn't like it. And once, I remember, oh, it was years ago, he and Miss Estelle came in and I disconnected the jukebox and some college boys went over and connected it up again and started playing it, and he and Miss Estelle got up and left without a word, and do you know, they didn't come back for about a year, maybe longer. I felt terrible about it, but I couldn't go up to him on the street and say it was just an accident. In some way or other he blamed me for it, and he'd just nod to me, real short, on the street, for all of that time. Then one night they came back in for supper, just as pleasant as could be, as though nothing had happened. After we got the Muzak I always turned it off as soon as he'd come in."

In the back of The Mansion is a large, high-ceilinged, rather empty-looking room where service clubs hold their luncheons. High along one wall runs a balustraded balcony, and Mr. Seay likes to recall that the only time the Faulkner family ever gave a party in living memory, they gave it in that room.

"It was for his daughter and some of her friends," Mr. Seay says, looking up at the balcony. "The children danced down here and the Faulkners sat up on the balcony, watching. It was strange, like something out of the old times, I suppose. I hate to say it, but it wasn't a very lively party. I think the young folks were kind of held back, having the family up there looking on that way."

The formidable family. St. Peter's Cemetery is full of them, lying under curious, Victorian monuments; a cenotaph bears two white marble portraits of a man and woman: under one is the word, MOTHER, under the other, FATHER. Near them a small stone set in the grass:

DEAN SWIFT FAULKNER
1907–1935
I BORE HIM ON EAGLE'S WINGS
AND BORE HIM UNTO ME.

Dean Swift Faulkner: brother of William, killed in the crash of a Waco biplane near Water Valley, south of town. William had given him the Waco, and there was mystery in its crash, something no one wants to talk about, even now.

If you stay in Oxford long enough, you see that the incidents in Faulkner's novels are, to an astonishing degree, taken from the life of his family and his town. In *Sartoris*, the novel about the aristocratically doomed family which appears to approach his own most closely, and the one about which he wrote most romantically, the death of Dean Swift Faulkner appears in altered form: There was a Sartoris in 1918 who flew his Sopwith Camel up where the Fokker D VII's waited, knowing they would kill him; there was another Sartoris who deliberately flew an experimental aircraft past its point of endurance, and died at Wright Field. The aristocratic Sartorises, willfully bent on defying Heaven itself, or fleeing Heaven itself, or determined to outdo other mortals even if to die. The Sartorises never say why; they never explain. Neither do the Faulkners. The talkiness and blabber of self-explanation are too modern, not Faulknerian at all: Except for airplanes, William was not a very modern sort of man, everybody says, and perhaps to him the airplanes of his youth were just chargers of the air, beasts to bear young knights to battle.

The hearse with Faulkner's body passes courthouse on way to the cemetery.

He did not even like telephones. He was slightly deaf in one ear, and when you called the house it was always Miss Estelle you talked with.

"I remember when we were making arrangements about the portrait," says Dr. James Webb, chairman of the university's English department. The idea of the portrait came about because a 70-year-old painter named Murray Lloyd Goldsborough was in town for an eye operation. "I made this appointment with Miss Estelle for them to come over and talk about it, and just about the time they were due she called up and said they would be a little late, because he was out in the paddock then, spreading manure.

"Mr. Goldsborough had almost lost his sight," says Doctor Webb around his professorial pipe. "He had done portraits of some of the university officials in the past, and once he painted Kaiser Wilhelm's portrait, but he was losing his sight and he'd come here for an operation by Dr. Joseph Rogers. When he felt better, he said he'd like to do a portrait of Faulkner. I approached Mr. Faulkner, and he said he didn't mind one way or the other but if we wanted it done he'd sit for it. He and Miss Estelle drove over that day in their red Rambler station wagon, and I remember Mr. Faulkner had a bourbon and Miss Estelle had coffee. I had a cognac. I remember Faulkner lit his pipe very ceremoniously, not just like any man lighting his pipe. There was something impressive about it. Then he discovered his chair was on a floor register and he moved it, in case the heat came on.

"Mr. Goldsborough and Mr. Faulkner talked about mutual friends for a

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The novelist once said, "If I were reincarnated, I'd want to come back as a buzzard."

while, and then Mr. Goldsborough said he thought it would be a good idea if Mr. Faulkner posed for the portrait in an academic gown. The university had discussed giving Mr. Faulkner an honorary degree but never had, and Mr. Faulkner said he'd refused several honorary Ph.D.'s because he'd never earned one, as others had. He was wearing an English tweed jacket and a pair of dirty khakis that day, so I suggested he pose in that, sitting in some favorite chair. Faulkner said, yes, he had a favorite chair, one he could 'just squash down in' and be comfortable. So that's what he sat in. It's a pink chair, really, but in the portrait, it's green. Miss Estelle said she was pleased the university was having the portrait done, and I remember she talked about how she protected him from visitors so he would have time for writing and riding. For some reason he never wrote in the summertime, you know.

"Then I recall we started talking about horses and somebody said you should use French to women, Italian to men and German to horses. Mister Faulkner said he used Anglo-Saxon and he thought the horses understood him. Even his small talk was sententious. We began talking about French participles, which he knew very well, and from that we got onto the subject of animals, and Mr. Faulkner said the rat was the smartest of all animals. Then Mrs. Goldsborough started talking about how difficult it is to save money, and she said she even cut her husband's hair. Mrs. Faulkner asked Mr. Faulkner if he'd let her do that, and he said he'd pay what it was worth."

Doctor Webb sits in his study, in the basement of his house out near the university, and recalls in fine detail his encounters with the great man, the great writer. He has kept copious notes, including a description of Faulkner's living room. These show that it contained, among other things, a wood carving of a human head, some Japanese vases on the mantel, and on top of a bookcase, a stuffed horned owl sitting on a sweet-gum branch. When Callie Barr died about 1940, her funeral was held in that living room, and Faulkner conducted the service himself. Callie was the Negro mammy who raised William, and for years she had a favorite rocker in the living room which was inviolate. Earl Wortham, the Negro blacksmith who shod the Faulkner horses, remembers seeing William with Callie 50 or 60 years ago, walking down the street.

"She'd say, 'Now, you get up here on the sidewalk, Billy,' and he'd say, 'I ain't gonna do it.' He liked walking in the dust of the road."

A reporter from the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* named Edwin Howard asked Earl if he knew Mr. Faulkner's last book was about the livery stable where Earl worked as a child and about a horse race, and Earl said, yes, Mr. Bill had told him he was writing about a race up in Tennessee. Since that last book, *The Reivers*, is also about a wild trip to Memphis in a Model T, the reporter asked Earl if he remembered ever making such a trip, and Earl said, no, he never had done so.

"But Chester Carruthers did," Earl said. "He was the Colonel's driver. The colonel was Mr. Bill's granddaddy. The Colonel's car was made right here in town out of an old buggy. A man named John Buffalo, used to live right up there on the hill, built it."

Oxford is Jefferson, and Lafayette County is Yoknapatawpha County, there is no mistaking it, standing in the July heat of the courthouse square, the galleried buildings around the four sides, the lawyers' offices above the drugstores and drygoods stores and hardware stores, the courthouse as white as fresh plaster, the Confederate soldier on his column a little streaked and graying now, and, under the trees of the courthouse lawn, the Negroes selling melons and tomatoes and ears of sweet corn: It is astonishing how much Oxford is Jefferson. Wrought-iron railings run around the galleries up above, and you climb tilted, splintered wooden stairs to peer through dirty glass into deserted offices. One windowed door has JOHN FAULKNER, ATTORNEY, painted dimly on it in fading, peeling paint, and beyond the cobwebbed glass is an empty room, thick with dust and heat.

Everything from the novels is in Oxford, either present or remembered: There are families with names Faulkner might have used, such as the Fudge family. There is Basil Fudge, Buren Fudge, Earl Fudge, Euphus Fudge, Glynn Fudge, Jack Fudge and James Culley Fudge. Where is Frenchman's Bend? Mr. Seay smiles and says he thinks he knows. And the store from *Intruder in the Dust*? "Why," says a man in the drugstore, "that's out at College Hill, ain't it? Always heard it was. No, I never read the book." And perhaps for those who live in Oxford reading the books would seem merely repetition, the events part of the town's shared experience and recollection, experience and recollection immediately familiar to the Southerner no matter where he may be; always strange, Gothic, bizarre and melodramatic to those outside the South. And even now, in this death, there was something strange, and the reporters knew it.

The first wire-service stories said William Faulkner had died in Oxford, and we came to Oxford believing it. But soon, in guarded conversations, in looks, in smiles, we were not quite told the truth but pointed toward it. No one could say which hospital Mr. Faulkner died in; no one could say he died at home, the big white house behind the trees on the south end of town. Could one ask at the house? No, there was a policeman stationed at the lane leading to it, standing there beneath the old cedars, sweating in the heat and keeping everybody out.

Finally someone discovered the body had been brought to Oxford early on the morning of Friday, July 6, in a hearse belonging to the Douglass Funeral Home. Before the funeral director could order him not to talk, the driver said. yes, he had gone to Byhalia early Friday morning for the body. Where in Byhalia? At an alcoholic clinic there, the driver said. Byhalia is on the road to Memphis, north of Holly Springs, and in Oxford everybody knows about the clinic. And it seemed everyone knew that Faulkner had died there, some said in a convulsion, some said in a fall downstairs. Mrs. Faulkner was with him when he died, everyone said. As for proof, there was none. The superintendent of the clinic wouldn't talk, and the death certificate gave Oxford as the place of death. The family wanted it that way, everyone said.

In a room at the Ole Miss motel the reporters gathered and talked about it, and—already impressed, perhaps, by the implacability of that formidable family—agreed to forget Byhalia. You couldn't prove it, and besides, what difference did it make? We were there because a great man was dead, not because a man had died in an alcoholic clinic.

The family. Two of William's brothers asked to see the reporters the night before the funeral and we met in that dimly lighted empty room at the back of Mr. Seay's Mansion restaurant, at a table with ice and bottles and glasses and the remains of the reporters' steak dinners. J.M. Faulkner came, a Marine colonel, a spare, taut-skinned man with a Marine haircut, and with him his older brother Murry, heavier, looking tired, not as frightening as the colonel. Murry is an FBI agent in Mobile, Alabama, and the family spokesman. Mr. Seay introduced everyone, and the Faulkner brothers murmured politely and shook hands.

We all sat down, and Murry said the family wanted to make certain there would be no unpleasant scene, no disturbance at the funeral. For him to meet us at all was obviously distasteful: He did not approve our presence or our occupations, and he politely declined a drink. Nobody mentioned Byhalia. Someone asked if the casket would be open, and both brothers spoke together: Absolutely not. Paul Flowers, a vast, jovial, red-faced and sweating man who writes a column for the Memphis *Commercial Appeal*, told the brothers they could count on our decorum.

Decorum at all costs

What about the services? They would be private, at the home with only family and close friends, no reporters. Another brief service would be held at the grave.

"Ordinarily, in a matter of this kind, we would not tolerate the publicity and notoriety which will attend my brother's funeral," Murry Faulkner said. "However, we are well aware of his fame and of his accomplishments, and we understand that you gentlemen are here from a sense of duty to your employers, rather than morbid curiosity. We wish to help you all we can. But decorum and dignity must be preserved. I know you all appreciate that."

We assured him that we did appreciate that, and, after once more declining a drink, the brothers left the restaurant.

The burial was to take place Saturday afternoon. Saturday morning two Negroes were digging the grave, in the "new" section of St. Peter's Cemetery. The old section is a rolling turf, with mossy, dignified headstones and Victorian cenotaphs and a grove of ancient cedars near the Faulkner burying ground where Dean Swift Faulkner lies. There are crepe myrtle, boxwood and magnolias there, but that burying ground is full: They were burying William in the new section, a raw slash of bulldozed clay and sandy soil below the hill, treeless except for a small clump of oaks.

Below the oaks Elbert and Will Houston dug by turns with long-handled shovels. It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning, but the temperature was already in the 90's, and their shirts and overall straps were dark with sweat. Richard Elliott, the mayor of Oxford who is also the director of the Douglass Funeral Home, stood under the awning over the grave site and watched, wearing a straw snap-brim hat, spotless starched white shirt, polka-dot tie and dark trousers. On the ground lay the raw lumber box which had held the casket and which would be used to shore up the sides of the grave, once the Houstons had dug it. A tag was tacked on the box: TEXARKANA CASKET CO., TEXARKANA, TEXAS. FUNERAL SUPPLIES. DO NOT DELAY. Well, they were not delaying. Some people around the square said it seemed a little peculiar, burying a famous man in such haste. There wouldn't be time for people to come from all over the world, they said around the square, people you know would want to be at the funeral. Besides, this haste was not in the southern tradition, and there was to be no viewing of the deceased in the casket. Peculiar, said the people around the square, but Mr. Elliott said the family wanted it that way.

"You know," he said, his face a little troubled. "You know how they are. They're a proud family, have reason to be. An old family. They don't necessarily do things the way other families do. They don't have to. And we all respect them for it here in Oxford. The headstone? Well, they haven't said anything about one yet, Well, yes, that might be a little peculiar for some families, not picking out a stone, but the Faulkner family . . ."

("If Bill had his way," says a man on the square, "they'd carry him out to the burial yard in a wagon behind a mule and drop him into the ground. He didn't give a damn for all this folderol of funerals, and caskets and taking on. He wasn't much for church either.")

"No," says the Rev. Duncan Gray Jr. of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, "Mister Faulkner did not attend services regularly. Mrs. Faulkner more frequently, perhaps."

"One time he said," says Aubrey Seay, "'If I were reincarnated, I'd want to come back as a buzzard. Nothing hates him, or envies him, or wants him, or needs him; he's never bothered or in danger, and he can eat anything.' He loved a good joke and a good story, and he could tell one too. One of his favorites the last time I saw him was about the farmer who was down plowing in the field when his little chap came running up to him. 'Daddy,' says the little chap, 'They's a preacher up to the house and Mama says for you to come up right away.' Well, the farmer studies awhile, and then he says to the boy, 'You run on back up to the house, and if it's a Episcopal preacher, you tell your Ma to give him a cup of coffee. If it's a Methodist preacher, tell her to start frying up a chicken. But if it's a Baptist preacher, you set in your Ma's lap till I gets to the house.' Oh, he did love a good story. We're all sure going to miss him."

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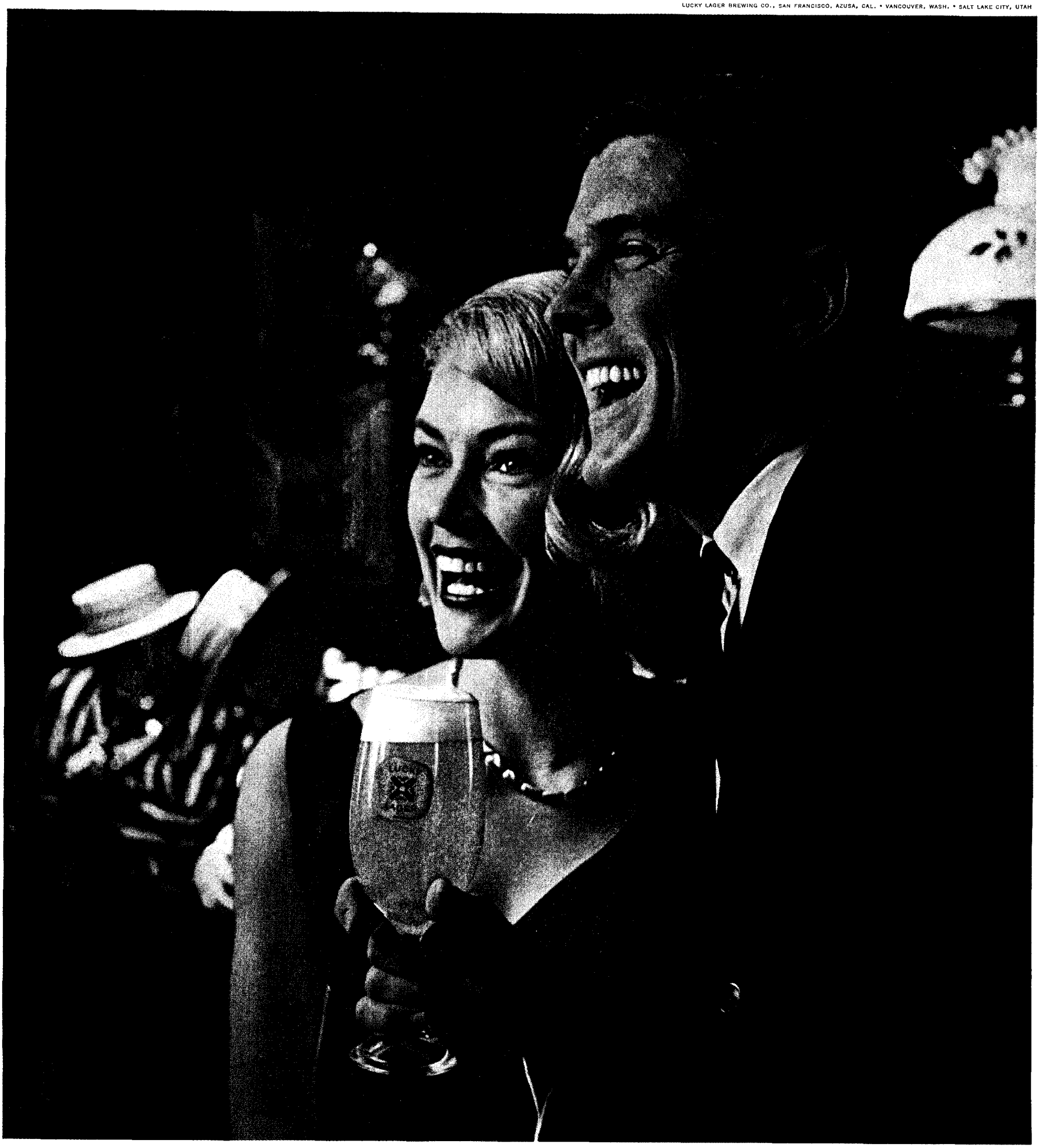

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Some of the townsfolk thought

it was a little peculiar to bury a famous man

like Faulkner in such great haste.

FAULKNER

Elbert Houston hands his shovel over to Will and climbs out of the grave for a drink of water. He says it's harder digging than it looks, because of the roots of the oaks.

"But they'll shade the grave all the while except maybe just at noon," says Elbert. "He was a mighty nice man—to me, at least. I used to handle his horses some, and then I took care of his daughter's ponies, Miss Jill's ponies. He was always a good man."

"Elbert, we got to get it done before the flowers come," says Mr. Elliott.

"Yes, sir," says Elbert, and goes back into the grave.

"The flowers are coming in from everywhere," says Mr. Elliott. "I don't know where we'll put them all."

The body is lying in the back room of the Douglass Funeral Home and no one can see it. No one in Oxford will see it, except for the man who drove the hearse and Mr. Elliott.

"The casket," Mr. Elliott says, "is gray steel. It will be closed, because the family wish it closed. They asked me to tell you that for these last few hours he belongs to them; after the service, he belongs to the world."

He belongs to the world. An accurate statement, perhaps, but pompous, nonetheless. The reporters are a little annoyed, not at Faulkner, but at the family. You think of Addie Bundren's death and the journey of her corpse in *As I Lay Dying*: no pomposity of "belonging to the world" there, but only the pathetic, desperately comic trial of the Bundren family, trying to move that rotting flesh across the earth to a burying place, the husband false to her life and incomprehensible to her sons, and all of them toiling across the countryside, burdened with the corpse, an embarrassment but a duty. In a wagon, behind a mule. And now there is gray steel from Texarkana and more flowers than anyone knows what to do with, and the morning paper says Bennett Cerf is in Memphis, talking to reporters at the Peabody Hotel about how great was William Faulkner and how Bennett Cerf had always wanted to visit Oxford but never had. "Bill kept asking me to come down," says Bennett Cerf in the *Commercial Appeal*, "but I never got around to it. I'm sorry now I didn't."

But he will be in Oxford for the funeral, and so will William Styron and Shelby Foote and Donald Klopfer and many others. President Kennedy has sent a telegram expressing his regret at the death of one of the "great creators of his age," a man who "sought to illuminate the restless searching of all men," and nobody is going to get up in public now and tell about the time he said that he'd like to be reincarnated as a buzzard.

At the house, there is a private ceremony: Styron attends, as the guest of Bennett Cerf, and writes about it later. At the cemetery the other reporters wait on a little knoll above the tented grave and the folding metal chairs. The black Cadillac hearse comes down the drive from the house on the other side of town, moving slowly over the naked roots of the giant cedars, turns left and then left again, coming up the street toward the courthouse in the square. There are not many people on the streets. Everything is quiet. The hearse goes around the courthouse, past the Confederate soldier on his column, and on to the cemetery.

A family in mourning

The cameras grind and whir in the silence as the gray metal casket is lifted from the hearse and the family and friends follow it. Mrs. Faulkner—Miss Estelle—is in a beige-and-black dress, with a broad-brimmed black straw hat which hides her face. She is supported by two male relatives to her seat beneath the canvas fly and sinks into a chair, her head lowered. The daughter Jill is bareheaded, blond, solemn. Nobody speaks. The heat is violent, beyond belief. Sweat is dripping from the reporters' noses as they stand in the sun, splotching their notes; sweat shines on the high forehead of the Rev. Duncan Gray as he reads from *The Book of Common Prayer*, and then it is over. The family drives away; outsiders stand in the heat and tell each other of their departure plans. The town has not attended the funeral, just as the town did not much attend the life. Almost without notice the casket is lowered, the dirt is shoveled in, and the mound is heaped with gaudy, crisp and brilliant flowers until the grave itself is hidden, and everyone departs.

The reporters are ashen with heat and hangover, suddenly agitated by their deadlines. Styron is off for Martha's Vineyard; Claude Sitton of the *Times* says we'll all be back in September, when Meredith will try his luck at the university, and we scatter; so much we have not told, so much we have not learned, can never learn now, about that complicated family and its greatest, most complicated son. When we return in September, there is still no marker on his grave, so that those who were not present for his burial might not indeed know where he lies. Since then a large and handsome monument has been placed there, but it is for the living—the family and the world—not for the dead. Oxford's famous son, say the people on the square, would have liked it better the other way. THE END

Elbert and Will Houston dig Faulkner's grave below a clump of oaks.

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It was some ride back in those days, friend. You wouldn't even believe things like that could happen to a man. There I was on my way to get married. I hadn't slept for two days and I had this guitar player next to me, crowding me, and we were stopping every minute, it seemed like—wherever they found a real good bump.

HAVE YOU EVER RODE THE SOUTHERN?

By WILLIAM PRICE FOX

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID PASSALACQUA

The guitar had red roses painted on it, and the name of every town he'd been in.

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Coralee and I had been writing pretty hot and heavy back there in 1943 while I was in advanced training, so when I got my commission, my wings, and the thirty-day leave that went with them I decided to get home and marry her before someone beat me to it. The planes were booked up so I rode the Santa Fe all the way from California to Dallas. Now the Santa Fe is a pretty good line and even though it was day coach for sixty-eight hours, I got there feeling pretty good. It was forty-four more hours from Dallas to Atlanta, and while I didn't get much sleep I made that part all right too.

But by Atlanta we had changed over to the Southern.

Brother, have you ever rode the Southern from Atlanta to Columbia, South Carolina?

The first fifteen or so miles went by fast. Then we started stopping. We made three stops out in the dark before we reached Buford, Georgia. There a tall guitar player with a red bandanna around his neck got on. He looked at the seat next to me.

"Lieutenant, you mind if I join you?"

"Sure thing."

"That's mighty considerate of you."

I sighed to let him know I was too tired to talk and leaned against the window. My eyes were closed, but I was wide awake. I hadn't slept more than minutes for two days and now I was too tired to talk or sleep.

The guitar player sat with his guitar across his knees. It was an expensive Gibson guitar with a vine of red roses and leaves painted around the edge. On the black frets down the neck he had a list of all the towns he'd been to: Atlanta, Savannah, Mobile, Charleston, Muscle Shoals, Columbia, Macon and Augusta.

I glanced at him out of the corner of my eye and that was all he needed. His Adam's apple rose and sank before he spoke. "This shore ain't much of a car, is it?"

I was too weary to look up, but he was waiting for my answer.

"Not much."

I looked outside. We were finally leaving Buford.

"Where are you heading?"

"Columbia," I said.

"That's a fine town. Fine." He moved his hand off of the guitar neck to make sure I could see Columbia was listed. Then he said, "You know, I've been riding the Southern since I could walk, but I 'spect this is the sorriest car I've ever seen. Look at those old gas spigots up there. They made this car before they had electricity."

The train hit a bump and bounced. Ash dust from the big iron stove in the middle of the aisle shot out into the air and drifted over us. I didn't brush it off.

He went on. "Well, I reckon them boys overseas are riding in cars a heap worse than this."

I was staring outside. The black fields seemed to relax me. I counted the hours since I'd slept last. It came to forty-seven; I figured five and a half more wouldn't matter.

"Lieutenant, I'd be obliged if you'd let me pick my guitar a little." He smiled. "My fingers are getting itchy."

I spoke toward the window, "Go right ahead."

He looped the guitar cord around his neck. He cocked his head to one side as he played and kept time with his big brogan. He wore no socks. When he sang, he seemed to be singing to the red roses on the guitar. He sang *I Recommend the Lord to You* in a low voice that carried the length of the car. When he finished the song he strummed some more.

"How'd you like that?"

"Fine."

The lights were on in the coach and he looked around and exchanged nods and smiles with the other passengers. No one was sleeping. A man in a glare blue suit, across the aisle, had some whiskey concealed in a brown paper bag. He offered us the bottle. I took a drink, but the guitar player shook his head and went on strumming and tuning up the Gibson.

The man took his whiskey back and said, "Musician, you know any fast music? I don't mean fast hymns. Something besides hymns."

The guitar player smiled. He picked the E string hard and listened close. Suddenly he brought his foot down hard on the floor. "How about this?" His fingers flew into *Salty Dog*. He played it fast and kept grinning.

The man with the whiskey shouted, "Sing the words! Sing the words, guitar man!"

He played faster and shook his head in time with the music. "Can't do that—ladies present."

The man said, "That's good! Let's have some more of that! That's very good!"

The guitar player strummed down to a whisper. "All right. Time for one more. Then I got to get me some sleep. This one's for my friend the lieutenant here."

He tuned the G string, and his smile faded. He looked white and dead serious. Then he began *The Air Corps Song*, singing the words in a low, nasal tone right at the side of my head. "Off we go, into the wild blue yonder . . ." He sang the entire song. He knew every word, every word for all the verses. He softened toward the middle and then began to rise again, and at the end he shouted, "NOTHING CAN STOP THE ARMY AIR CORPS!"

My head was splitting, but the man with the whiskey applauded, and the guitar player stood up and beamed at the rest of the crowd.

"I feel a lot better now," he said. "How about a little something to eat?"

He reached into his zipper bag and handed me a pepper-sausage sandwich. "These biscuits were fresh-made this morning. I just can't sleep on an empty stomach."

I couldn't tell if I was hungry or not, but we ate the sandwiches. The biscuits were heavy but the meat was good.

When he got through eating, the guitar player wiped his fingers on his red bandanna and laid the guitar carefully across his lap. The minute he closed his eyes he was asleep. He slept sitting straight up with his hands on the guitar strings. The guitar neck brushed my leg, and I moved closer to the window.

The lights were still on and the car seemed warmer. I was thirsty. The window began to rattle and I leaned against it to make it stop. I tried to sleep straight up like the guitar player, but the window noise was too loud. I shifted away from the guitar and tried crossing my left leg over my right. Then I tried crossing my right leg over my left. The window had to be held tight and my legs kept going to sleep.

The train kept on stopping in the small towns and out in the dark between the small towns. I never saw anyone get on or off. I gave up trying to figure out why we made so many stops. With my knees wedged up into the seat in front of me, and leaning hard against the window, I rooted down into the bottom of my backbone. Somehow I got to sleep near Toccoa, Georgia. I don't know how, but I did.

We were coming into Greenville, South Carolina, and I had been sleeping for an hour or two when the train bounced hard and then stopped hard. Everybody woke up. It was quiet and I thought we were getting water or coal or something. All of a sudden the door burst open and this terrible racket came at me. I thought it was a holdup—maybe some crowd like the Jesse James gang.

You know what it was at 2:17 in the morning? It was a band. Must have been seven of them. They were all about ten years old and they had cornets and little tambourines. They paraded up the aisle and back and you never heard such a racket in your life. They seemed all to be playing different tunes. One of them did a little dance while the others came around collecting money. Everybody was groggy, but they were nice kids and they said they needed the money for uniforms for their baseball team, so we all chipped in dimes and quarters. Then the train started moving again, and the kids jumped off into the dark.

I began to doze again, in little short nervous snatches, leaning against the window.

At Piedmont, a new conductor got on. He examined every ticket and every passenger. He got in close to peer into my face. He had a breath like a cat.

Another few miles and we stopped so hard I thought we'd hit another train. Everybody came wide awake. The lights were on full blast and someone was shouting. A whistle sounded ten feet away. It was the new conductor. He shouted, "Belton! Belton, South Carolina! Everybody out for Belton, South Carolina!"

I was delirious. That whistle screeching had given me palpitations and my hands were wet. There were no lights outside. We were in the middle of a swamp.

I shouted at the conductor, "What do you mean waking us all up for this mudhole?" He looked me in the eye and shouted again, even louder, "Belton, South Carolina! Everybody out for Belton!"

I began getting up. He was too old to hit, but I figured I'd shake him a little bit. The guitar player touched my sleeve. "He can't hear. He's deaf. Stone deaf. Don't do a bit of good to holler at him."

I was really sweating now. The palpitations were stronger. I knew I'd never get to sleep again.

It was 3:47. We were due in Columbia at 7:50.

The passenger in front of us got off, and the guitar player swung the back of his seat forward. We each had a full seat now.

"You better lie down, Lieutenant. You look like you could use some rest."

I stretched out. The window was chattering away, but it didn't bother me anymore. I was desperate for sleep. I put one hand under my head and one hand in my pocket. Oh, that is one tough position to sleep in! There's just enough room in those seats to confuse you. You can't lie down, but still you feel that something can be worked out. But it can't unless you can go to sleep in a hurry. I lay there awhile with my feet and legs asleep and nothing else. I could feel the imprint of the woven cane seat on my hand and face, but I was too weak to care. Finally I dropped off. It was like sinking into a hot black well.

I hadn't been asleep more than twelve minutes when the conductor started shouting that we

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were in Shoals Junction. It was 4:30 and it was still dark. When the train stopped, two colored kids came running through the aisle selling fried chicken in a box. I thought I was going to be sick. I was trembling all over now. When I sat up my feet were puffed and bulging inside my jodhpur boots. They prickled, and when I put them on the floor the pain was terrible. The bones in my face ached, and the hand I had kept in my pocket was paralyzed there.

Before I knew what I was doing, I bought a box of chicken. The train sat there in Shoals Junction for fifty-two minutes and twenty seconds. The conductor shouted several times that a bull was sleeping on the tracks and they were having trouble finding the owner. The guitar player and I ate the chicken and the lettuce and the tomatoes and the French fries. There wasn't anything else to do. The guitar player said, "Lieutenant, when you lay back down you better turn the other way. That cane pattern has kind of messed up the side of your face."

Finally the train started again and I knew the chicken had been a terrible mistake. The heavy grease stayed on the roof of my mouth and I could taste it all the way down my throat. For some strange reason I began to giggle. I lay back with my head on the armrest and my knees toward the window and watched the farms go by.

It was peaceful. The moon was still up and I could see tin roofs shining out in the black fields. I tried to think about Coralee.

I'd wired her from Atlanta and told her to meet the train. I was going to propose right there on the platform when the train got to Columbia. If she accepted, we would be married in two days and have twenty-two more glorious days and nights together. But when I closed my eyes I couldn't make her face stay in focus. I had to have some sleep. The guitarist was sleeping again. His mouth was wide open. His left index finger was on the fret marked MACON. I began to think. When had I slept last? It seemed like a hundred hours. It was getting light outside and I'd be in Columbia in a few hours. I began to panic. *I had to have some sleep.* I felt like shouting it. I didn't want Coralee to see me like this. *I had to have some sleep.* My hands were soaking wet again and I could hear my heart pounding. Every fourth beat sounded different, like it was leaking. Maybe I was dying. Everything seemed blurred. The lights looked orange. They had strange purple halos spreading around them. The chicken grease thickened on the roof of my mouth, mixed with the whiskey taste. I was in a coma. My legs and left arm were sound asleep. I tried to figure how I could make the sleep come up from my legs to my head. It seemed simple. It was down there, sleep was down there in my legs, all I had to do was pull it up. I opened my belt to let it flow up. I was clean out of my mind.

I shook off the dizziness and tried to think. Lord, I was so weary! I was so tired and miserable. All I wanted to do was lay my head down and cry. But second lieutenants don't cry.

There was a light in the east, and I tried hard to keep my eyes shut. I knew what it was. It was the sun and I didn't want to see it. But I did. It was tipping up beyond the cotton fields and I knew that the night was over. I began to pray. I actually began to pray. *Lord. Please, Lord. Please let me sleep. Please, Lord. . . .*

He must have heard me right outside Dyson, because there a calm sweetness passed over me and I slept. Yes, the Lor heard me and let me sleep on that South ern Railway car! The sun was in my eyes and sparkling on the red and green shellacked roses of my friend's guitar, and my legs were jackknifed up in the air, and my head was lolling out in the aisle, but I slept. What a fine, fine sleep! My head was in Coralee's lap and we were under the big loblolly pine on Laurel Hill. There were soft clouds in the sky, there was a soft, sweet smile on her lips. My fingers were on the hem of her blue-and-white dress, and her fingers were gently stroking my hair. . . .

Yes, the Lord got on that day coach right outside Dyson and stayed with me all the thirty-eight flat miles to Pomaria. But at Pomaria, He left me. I had slept forty-eight minutes. It was 7:45.

I woke up jumping. The train had stopped. A vendor was shaking me.

"COFFEE!" he screamed. "Coming into Columbia! Get your coffee while it's hot!"

I shouted back, "What's that?"

"Columbia, next stop! Get your coffee now! Last chance!"

The sun outside was high and hot. It blinded me and I couldn't see. Every bone and muscle in my body was shaking.

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I shouted, "How far to Columbia?"

"We're right at it."

I looked down at my hands. In my right hand was a Dixie cup of coffee, in my left a package of raisins.

I stared at the guitar player. "How'd I get these?"

"You bought 'em—fifteen cents for the coffee, ten cents for the raisins."

He pointed at the coffee. "You better make haste and drink that. Them cups melt fast and you can't hold 'em long."

And then I noticed my fingers were burning up. I dropped the coffee and watched it spread off my boots out into the aisle. I wiped my burning fingers on the raisin box and started to get up.

And then I saw the sign outside. We weren't even close to Columbia. We had another hour yet. We were in Pomaria.

The vendor was leaving the car. I hollered at him, "You told me we were in Columbia. You lied to me. I could have slept another hour."

"Lieutenant, where you going?" the guitar player asked me.

"I'm going after him, that's where I'm going."

I took a step and had to stop. My feet felt like a thousand needles were piercing them. I stood in the coffee, holding onto the back of the seat.

"Lieutenant, you better sit down before you fall down."

"No, leave me alone. I'm going to get that lying monkey. I'll be all right in a minute."

But I wasn't. I was too weak to walk. My strength had been taken away in the night and there was no getting it back. The guitar player took my arm and

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lowered me to the seat. I put my head between my knees and breathed through my mouth. Tears were in my eyes.

I said, "If I had any sleep, you hear, v sleep at all, I'd fix him. I'd make ı wish he never ——" I gritted my ..eth and clenched my fists.

The guitar player said, "He knows."

"He knows what?"

"He knows you been on this train from Atlanta and he knows you're pretty weak."

My head was clearing. "You mean he does this all the time?"

"He shore does. Oh, once in a while some young buck like yourself will jump up and raise hell. Usually he just touches them on the shoulder and they sit back down."

Out the window I saw the vendor coming down the platform toward our end of the car. I got the window open just as the train began moving. I stuck my head out and shouted, "Hey, coffee man!"

When he saw it was me he stopped.

"Listen, you rat!" I yelled. "I live in Columbia! You hear that? I live in Columbia and I'm going to get me a car and come back here tomorrow and find you! You hear that? Just wait! Just wait!"

He put his coffee bucket down on the platform and began to count his money.

The train pulled out, and I sat back and began figuring how much sleep I'd need to get him. I said to the guitar player, "He does that all the time? Tells people that they're coming into Columbia so he can sell them coffee and raisins?"

"I swear, Lieutenant, I ain't lying. Sometimes he sells folks Cupid dolls."

He looked down at the roses on his guitar and then back at me. "Lieutenant, ' ain't going to sit here in front of you ıd criticize the Southern Railway. No, ..ır, I'd never do a thing like that. I been riding it too long and it's been right good to me. But I'll say one thing."

He seemed embarrassed.

"I know every inch of every spur and every roundhouse on this line. And I don't believe I've ever had cause to enter what you might call a formal complaint. But it shore do look like maybe the Southern Railway could make some improvements on this Atlanta-to-Columbia run."

When we got to Columbia the guitar player helped me off. My feet were still asleep and wet with coffee. My arms were so weak I dropped my B-4 bag. The guitar player shook my hand and got on the Charleston train across the platform.

I heard a shout, and Coralee came running toward me. She was directly in the sun and I couldn't focus on her until she stood before me. She took both my hands and looked at me, and then she had to look away. My eyes were bloodshot and I looked a great deal older than I really was. Something about my eyes had frightened her. Then she looked at me again, and this time something in her eyes frightened me.

And then I saw the big Cadillac parked over near the taxi stand. Behind the steering wheel sat a captain. It was Monroe Mason, Coralee's old flame.

She talked fast. "Billy, there's something I been wanting to tell you . . ."

I didn't want to hear it.

". . . getting married tomorrow at the reen Street Methodist," Coralee was saying. "And guess what?"

I didn't guess.

The guitar player was leaning out of the window of the Charleston train, watching us. He had a drawn and serious look on his face.

". . . want you to be the best man. Oh, please say you ——"

I had my right hand over her mouth. I don't know what I was going to do. Just squeeze it shut, maybe. Then a giant cloud of steam blew out from under the Charleston train across the platform. When the steam cleared, I looked down and there was Coralee sitting on my B-4 bag, pulling down her skirt and starting to cry.

The guitar player was still leaning out the window. "Come on, Lieutenant," he said. "Come on down to Charleston with me."

He met me on top of the train steps and helped me with the bag.

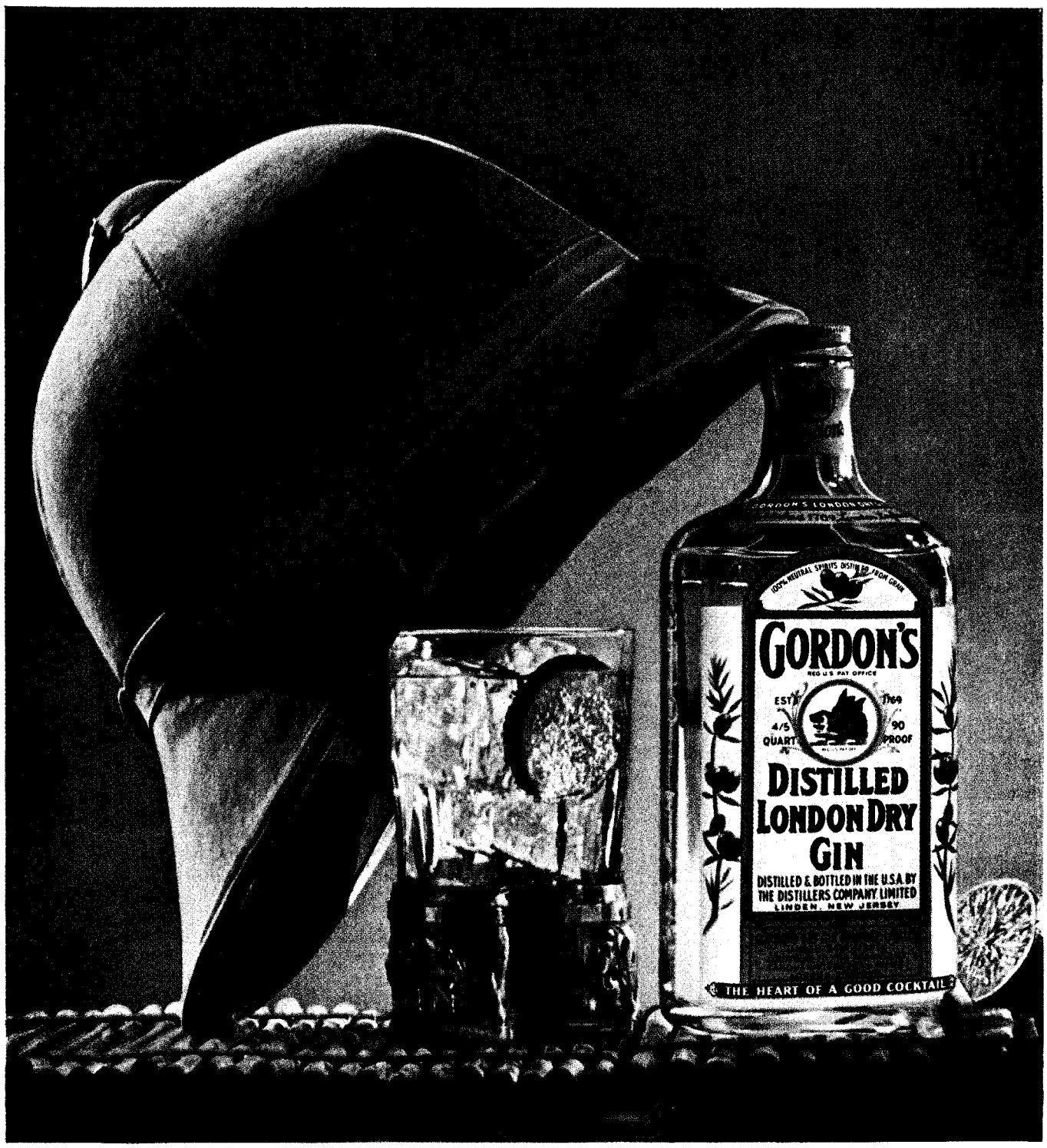
As the train moved out of the station, the signs on the rat-colored houses that lined the tracks seemed to run all together: Grove's Chill Tonic, Eat Bit-O-Honey, Tom's Toasted Peanuts, Chew Brown Mule, Drink Dr. Pepper. The guitar player began tuning up for the long flat stretch to Charleston and my head began to clear. "Play something fast," I said.

He whipped into *Take Me Back to Tulsa*, held it for a minute, then stopped.

"You like that?"

"That's fine," I told him. "Fine. Play it a couple of times."

He smiled and leaned down close to the strings to watch his flying fingers, and the train made a wide swinging turn through Colored Town and headed out for Charleston and the sea. THE END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I like the idea of a father and son sharing. *Your mother knows nothing of this, mind you.*

RAIN IN LAREDO

By Paul Horgan

Well, Billy. It's nice of you to meet me. I didn't expect to see you here. I gather that you must have received your driver's license while I was gone.

I did. Mother wanted to send Douglas with the car, but I said I'd celebrate my license and come for you myself.

Yes. Well, I guess it's a sort of coming of age. You can drive us home, just for that. Let's go.

Did you have a nice flight?

Uneventful. Jet to Chicago nonstop, and then another to Buffalo.

How was Texas?

All I saw was Laredo—and a little bit of Mexico.

Gosh, father, I'd like to go to Mexico.

I was only a year or two older than you when I saw it first. Did I ever tell you —— No, I never told you about it. I really could never tell anybody anything about it, really, before now. I mean this trip just now has made the difference.

Why? Did something happen?

Something happened long ago, on that other trip to Laredo, when I was a boy, and until my return this time, I never knew what, really.

Do you have to keep it private?

Do you care about hearing about it?

Well, sure, for Pete's sake, father. It must have been sort of something, the way you seem about it.

All right, Billy. If you will do me the favor of keeping it between us.

Of course I will.

I believe you. And I rather like the idea of a father and his son sharing an old secret. Your mother knows nothing of this, mind you.

OK.

Well, then, when I was only a little older than you, as I say, your grandparents got completely fed up with me here at home. I was having a rocky time growing up. I hated everything we were here in Buffalo and wanted to be anybody in the world but W. Borden Dryden III. Nobody ever knows all there is to know about anybody else, much less a son about his father, and I don't propose to go into my growing pains too deeply now. I'd only embarrass you, and maybe you'd get to thinking about yourself instead of listening to me. Anyhow, I had an odd and disturbing experience or two, and didn't know what to do about anything, except to feel like smashing up everything around me because I couldn't smash myself up.

I developed a passion for freedom—by which I suppose I meant escape. I was a revolutionary, a genius of liberty. You can imagine what your grandparents, if you remember them, God rest them, thought of my acting like a beatnik, as we say now. I told them I would never go back to school, and I said I had written to Princeton to cancel my enrollment which we had made some years before, and I wrote remarkable poetry all in vowels, leaving blank spaces where the consonants were supposed to go, on the theory that accidental meanings would emerge if a choice of consonants were possible, for to me, then, the accidental was the ruling design of life. I sent my work, as I called it, off to little magazines, and some of it was printed. Some of the accidental meanings were pretty gamy, as of course I meant them to be. My mother showed the stuff to our pastor, Monsignor McGranary, and he sent for me to give me hell. I refused to go. That was the last straw.

Last straw? What happened?

We had cousins in Laredo, Texas, then—something to do with a hat factory where they made those cheap straw hats worn on both sides of the Rio Grande. My father said if I would not abide by the life he worked hard to provide and maintain for our family, of whom he was proud and for whom he had just built our house on Delaware Avenue, he saw no reason why he should put up with my bad manners and bullying ways at home. He called Laredo and arranged to ship me off there to work in the hat factory and live with the cousins, until such time as I might come to my senses.

Your poor grandfather. He couldn't have pleased me more. The Rio Grande. The Mexican border. Texas. What could be more romantic—more suggestive not only of liberty but of license—to a New York State boy?

The cousins were named Borden, easygoing and calmly respectable. I arrived on a Pullman but, for the way I looked, it could have been a boxcar. Basically I suppose I looked something like you but, of course, your hair isn't turning up in thick knots over your collar, and you don't carry your jacket hooked by a finger over your shoulder, and your shirtsleeves aren't rolled up above the biceps, and you don't have a piece of clothesline tied around your middle for a belt, and I don't imagine you'd have thrown away your brogans and put your feet into Mexican huaraches within an hour of arriving at the border. My only luggage was a portable typewriter, for my poetry, and I carried a toothbrush and a fifty-cent razor in the typewriter case. One thing—I didn't let my beard grow. Perhaps I couldn't have raised enough of one.

They put me to work in the factory, and I came and went as I pleased and, just because the Bordens didn't keep a time check on me, I did, more often than not, go back at night to the little room they gave me. But I went to Nuevo Laredo every night with my new friends who worked at the hat factory, and I will not describe my discoveries of that time in that Mexican border town.

Laredo, Texas, was a small, quiet city, with a brick downtown district and straight streets with low boxy houses stretching back on the level plains from the river. Nuevo Laredo, across the river, in the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico, was a jumble of dusty adobe-and-plaster buildings by day, and by night a maze of electric signs and sudden dark alleys and then again blazing doorways to places of pleasure. Everything seemed the color of sherbet—lime, raspberry, orange, lemon, or else the color of burned-out wood. Charcoal. Heat. The heat was something. They had had no rain for months. The Rio Grande was a wide, shallow, sandy trough, with a trickle of pale brown water wandering from side to side toward the Gulf of Mexico over 200 miles away. I was making fourteen dollars a week—this was in the middle 1930's, and that was good pay. I could afford all the liberty I thought I wanted across the border. . . . Tell me, Billy, do you see me in any of this?

Gosh, I don't know. Sure, yes, I guess I do. I guess I could have gone that way myself, if things were all the same. You know: people can do the damnedest things.

Yes. Thank you, Billy. You're a polite fellow. Well, I just wondered. Anyway, it wasn't too long before I was up to my neck in another interest that knocked all the rest of it over the fence, so far as I was concerned.

What was that?

I joined a Mexican revolutionary movement.

You—a what?

I did exactly that. One night at the Bordens I was in my room retyping some new poems I had written in Spanish—Spanish was the only true poetic language in the world because, even if spoken without inflection, it was melodic—when Cousin Letty Borden came to my door and walked in and said her father and mother had a guest downstairs they would like me to meet.

Who was it, I asked.

It was Father Marchesi, she said.

I said I did not care to interrupt my work to meet any old priest they dragged in.

She said he was not any old priest, he was their old friend, and he was here in secret, because his life was in danger if he should be recognized.

Why was it in danger, I asked.

It was in danger, she said, because Father Marchesi was the secret but real leader of —— but she put her hand on her mouth and said perhaps she had already said too much. Anyway, he was downstairs, and they were all sitting around the dining-room table watching him eat ham and eggs and drink Carta Blanca beer because he had arrived exhausted and starving and did not dare go to his usual Mexican haunts for fear of being assassinated. Well, of course, all this was irresistible, wouldn't you think?

I'll say.

So I put away my *Pecados de Amor* for the moment and went down to the dining room.

Gosh. What was he like?

My first impression was of —— Have you ever seen pictures of those ancient Mexican sculptures of frogs? Huge doleful eyes above caved-in

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Illustration by Al Muenchen

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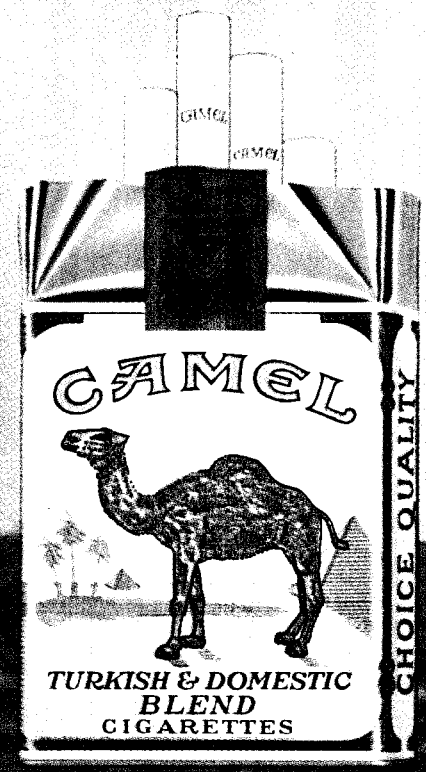

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cheeks, and a wide mouth and narrow shoulders and little arms and hands. He oked like that, under the strong light of e fringe-shaded lamp that hung down over the dining table where the remains of his meal were left. He looked up at me, all head and eyes, and he seemed to slam into me with his look—hard, serious and expert. The Bordens introduced me and, like a man in command in a field headquarters, instead of a hunted guest in a private house, he waved me to a chair. He was dressed in an open-necked khaki shirt, very dusty, and I later saw that he wore khaki riding breeches, much too large for his little haunches, and buckled cavalry field boots.

"You have been baptized?" he asked me in his thick, urgent voice.

"Yes."

"Confirmed?"

"Yes."

"Can you drive a car?"

"Yes."

"Ah." He sat back and grew easy. His intense, ugly, big face above his little body broke into a smile so charming that he was transformed. He lifted his beer glass and said, "*Salud!*" and drank a deep swallow to me. My cousins—father, mother, daughter—all tipped their heads at me with a family smile of satisfaction in their remarkable friend and his odd ways, and I seemed to gather that they had the same sort of kindly satisfaction in me as their peculiar relative from Buffalo.

"So I can talk to him?" asked Father Marchesi, indicating me, and they murmured that, as I was in their family, he could safely talk to me.

He threw himself against the table, leaning as far toward me as he could, and poured out his love and his hope. I listened with burning thoughts. He was in his mid-fifties, but as he talked he seemed like a boy my age. Passion shook his little frog-bones, and his winy voice—he was a Mexican of Italian parentage, and he had been a priest for twenty-six years—shook with eagerness and absolute conviction. He spoke fluent but heavily accented English. He began by saying that he needed every man he could find, and then he told me what for.

In his grand scheme he combined an old vision of Northern Mexico and a furious determination to break the bonds which held his Church in suppression. It was the time of the religious troubles in Mexico, and he believed that only another revolution could release the true will of the Mexican people to retain their faith in all its expression.

How, then, he asked, flourishing his egg-encrusted fork like an instrument with which to write prophecies in the air, could the true will of the people be realized? He bowed his head before the beauty and the power of his answer. He himself would lead a revolution of the North and create a new nation out of the great Rio Grande border states of Mexico and there, once again, the soul of Mexico would be free.

"Have you ever heard," he demanded, "of the Republic of the Rio Grande?"

"No," I said.

"Ha."

It had once been a nation, for a few weeks, and it would rise again under his leadership. Right here in Laredo you could see a tiny old yellow-stone hut which had been the capital building of the Republic of the Rio Grande in the early 1840's. The secessionist movement of that time rose against the rule of Santa Anna, and the Republic of the Rio Grande actually had had a president, a minister of war, and a cabinet of officers and a mounted army. Alas, it had been suppressed, but again and again in Mexican Rio Grande history, the idea of a separate republic of the north—perhaps, at one time, even to include Texas! think of it!—had come alive briefly, and now it was alive again and would this time succeed, under the banner of God, and win peace and freedom for all the people of the north Mexican states. He would lead the way to victory. Once this was done, he would disappear again to become a humble parish priest.

The Bordens listened to all this with the kindly interest of people hearing plans for a bazaar, but I—I was on fire. When Father Marchesi put out his hand across the table toward me and fixed his forefinger like a hook with which to catch me and asked me if I would join his movement, I actually struck the table with my palms, stood up and loudly said, "Sir, I am yours to command."

Remember that I was then a literary man.

"Good," said Father Marchesi. "Come with me."

He rose, shook hands around and, when the family fell to their knees, gave them his blessing and walked smartly to the kitchen door, which he carefully opened, peering to right and left. The sky beyond him was shaken with vast sheets of lightning. Amazingly, after the long drought, there was a strong scent of rain in the blowing, dusty air. The hour was about ten o'clock, I think, and I followed Father Marchesi down the back steps and into the alley, a full-fledged member of the revolutionary force which was pledged to reestablish the Republic of the Rio Grande. How trivial all my other recent rebellions seemed all of a sudden. You know?

I th-think I do, sort of.

So then Father Marchesi led me down alleys and long stretches of open country until we came through the dark to the Rio Grande, and there he said we must go cautiously upstream until we came to a willow island he knew, where someone was waiting who would let us know if it was safe to cross the river at that point.

"You mean we aren't going over by the international bridge?" I asked with a thrill.

"I would not dare. I am known."

"Where are we going, Father, when we get to the other side?"

"We are having a meeting in a certain house far out in the country. You will drive. My regular driver is gone."

"Gone?"

"Killed yesterday, when they thought I was in the car too. I was not."

"I see," I said, with what I hoped was the effect of a shrug.

"He was of our faith. All of my people are. This is a crusade for the freedom of the faith. You understand why I asked you certain questions."

We went through ragged groves of willows until we came to the place he knew. The lightning was wilder by the minute, and thunder began to roll like mountains coming down the river. In the blue-white flashes we could see the silhouette of the willow island across the almost-dry river bed. It would be no trick to walk across to Mexico, provided there were no border-patrol guards about. Father Marchesi sat with me on the crumbly riverbank and talked as he waited for his signal.

"Tonight some men are coming to talk to me—how many I do not yet know. But one of them, if he will join us, can bring almost the whole state with him." He meant, of course, not Texas but Tamaulipas. "The only worry I have about him is whether he will be serious. He is young and rich, and he may be waiting to see where he will gain most—by coming with us"—us!—"or by running to the government to tell what he knows about us. Poor fellow. I baptized him as a baby. He laughed at the water. He laughs at almost everything. But we have to take our chances. . . . Look. There we are."

On the willow island someone lighted a cigarette and flipped the match away.

"Come along. What is your name again?"

"Bordy Dryden."

"Come along, Bordy."

He led me at a swift crouching run into the riverbed and, when we reached the shallow wet run of the river, we went slowly and waded silently. We reached the island, there were greetings exchanged in the dark between Father Marchesi and two men who showed in a flash of the sky to be short, stocky, moustached Mexicans, carrying carbines, and then we cut across the narrow island and made the other side of the river and Mexico. A few yards away in a scratch of a road there was a Model T Ford touring car with a ragged top. Father Marchesi motioned me to the driver's seat.

"I will tell you where to go. I must talk with these officers."

They sat in back and held a conference, while I drove along hard ruts by the weak yellow flare of my headlights and the lightning's revelation of all north Mexico—that gritty flat plain where life was rushing to meet me, or perhaps even death. With a hand on my shoulder, Father Marchesi guided me. We gave Nuevo Laredo a wide bypass, taking country roads from which the lights of the town looked like pinpricks in dark paper. The wind was behind us now, and the dust of Mexico rolled up over us from under the car, and I tasted it and swallowed it, humping along as fast as I could, which was about eighteen miles an hour.

This speed was suddenly cut short when the heavens opened and the clouds hurled down their water as if they were bags suddenly cut open by blades of lightning. It was not rain. It was a solid body of water, a lake that had fallen through its own bottom.

"Faster, faster," said Father Marchesi, pressing my shoulder. He was one of those men whose only facts or circumstances are those interior ones by which they acted. A cloudburst did not exist when he must get to a meeting. I did my best, but now we slid and splashed where before we had bumped and dusted. I don't know yet why we didn't bog down, for the gritty white dust instantly turned to soupy clay in the flood, but in fact we did go on, and presently we saw now and then a wink of yellow light when the curtains of rain let us peer far ahead, and Father Marchesi saw it and said, "Ah," and I knew it was our destination.

As we at last drew near, the lightning showed me a great grove of trees—cottonwoods, I think—and a large low house, dark except for two windows lighted dimly at the east end. My passengers made sounds of rapidly summarizing agreements and policies—all in Spanish, which I was too busy to try to follow in my new language—and at a great gate we pulled up short when Father Marchesi grasped my shoulder and said, "Turn the car around here outside the gate, and leave it facing toward town." It was plain that this tactic was born of experience at other revolutionary meetings. "Stay exactly beside me," he added to me, handing me a .38 revolver. "Come."

Through the downpour we went to the house across a courtyard and after a quick inspection were admitted. What to do with my heavy pistol? I had never fired a pistol in my life. I tucked it into my belt against my belly, which felt hollow enough to accommodate it, though I wore a fierce scowl. We entered through a door which opened directly from outdoors into a long room. Two men were waiting for us. One man now pulled heavy curtains across the windows which had guided us through the rain, and the other brought us each a shot of tequila to keep off the chill of the soaking we had had.

Father Marchesi moved to a bench in the middle of the room, and I moved with him. His two other officers stood up behind us. Along the wall opposite—there was a closed door in its center—stood a long table covered with some written papers. There was an oil lamp at each end of the table, and near it several ornate armchairs were carelessly disposed.

The proceedings opened and continued in Mexican Spanish, while the men of the hacienda lounged against the chairs. The atmosphere was formal. I thought I detected bitter disappointment in Father Marchesi's voice when he spoke. He asked for someone who was not there.

"Guapo?" they said. Did he mean Guapo?

Yes, Guapo.

I knew enough Spanish to recognize this as a nickname, which meant Handsome. Handsome had not come yet.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's a hot line to the Chestnut Street Owls."

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RAIN IN LAREDO

He was surely expected?

Oh, yes, he was supposed to come, but he probably waited to see if Father Marchesi would come first.

"But here I am!" said Father Marchesi. "Where is he? We had an agreement!"—this was the sense of what they were saying. The other men were both middle-aged, moustached, I think, unshaven, without collars on their shirts but wearing collar buttons. They wore shapeless, old dark jackets, with riding boots and tight pants, and a number of gold teeth shining politely in the lamplight. The storm went on outside while silence fell over the gathering within. It was clear that Father Marchesi was not going to speak until he could speak to the man he came to see.

Silence is a great breeder of tension, isn't it? I could feel resentments building up on my side and on the other. Everybody eyed one another. Having nothing to say, they all got busy thinking, and what they thought of one another was unpleasant and perhaps in one case or two extremely potential of trouble.

Father Marchesi and our men felt betrayed and showed this.

The other men disliked being regarded as betrayers and showed this.

The rain sluiced down the tiles of the roof and made great smashing puddles on the ground. It was all we could hear, until far in the long dark house we thought we heard a shrill wailing laugh—a woman's laugh—and then the slamming of a heavy door.

Father Marchesi looked up.

"So. He is here after all," he said sarcastically.

The other men looked at one another to see what to say, for nobody had prepared them for this moment, but they did not have to say anything, for the door in the opposite wall opened and Guapo walked in, lighting a long cigar and showing his brilliant white teeth in the intermittent smile that came from making the first puffs.

He was well named. Looking as he did, he could not have been called anything but Handsome by everybody. He was dressed in leather *charro* pants, with boots and silver spurs, and a jacket over a white shirt. He was of medium height, heavy in the shoulders and chest and slim everywhere else. His eyes were light blue and, in his dark sunburned face set off by his dark lashes and thick, short, black hair, they crackled and sparkled with wonderful clearness. His nose was straight and short, and his mouth was chiseled and full. He wore a short but rather wide moustache. He came across the room and held out his hand to Father Marchesi.

"Welcome," he said.

Father Marchesi rose and shook hands abruptly. His riding breeches, dark with soak, sagged all about his field boots, and his little frame quivered with energies at cross purposes with each other. For one thing, he was furious at the casual air of the man he came to persuade, and for the other, he was eager to get on with his purpose.

"It is a poor beginning," he said, as I earnestly translated for myself.

"Oh?" said Guapo.

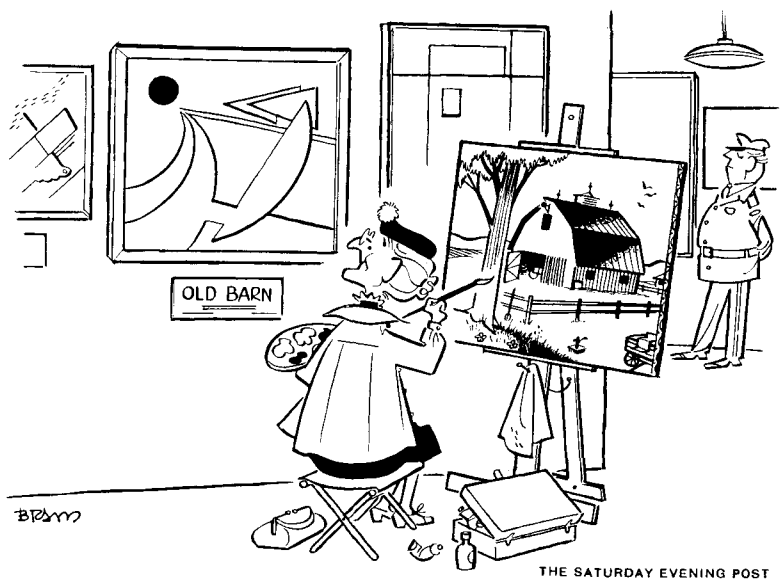
"Yes, to begin with lies."

"Lies?" said Guapo, with a smile that could not hide displeasure.

"They told me you were not here yet."

"Oh, I see," and he opened his arms apart in a shrug which said, What's the difference, since I am here now? He leaned down and put his arm around Father Marchesi's shoulders and drew him across the room to the table with an air of getting to serious matters. I started to follow, under previous orders, but Father Marchesi motioned me back to my bench, and there I remained to watch what I could not hear—the discussion which Guapo and Father Marchesi now entered into at the table.

They faced chairs about to sit down over the papers spread out there and, while Father Marchesi began to talk in his forced and forceful voice, Guapo listened, tilting his head lazily away from his cigar smoke which made his eyes shine. Now and then he nodded slowly, turning papers over to connect what he was hearing to what he was thinking and reading. He was elegantly calm, every movement he made was perfectly natural, and yet splendidly what: noble? I can't think of a better way to put it. If he was rich, he was also powerful in another way—the way of a man who is supremely confident and satisfied with his physical person. He could not have been many years older than I, and yet he seemed to me a great man, as I watched him in the damp room with the weak lamplight where the glorious fantasy of Father Marchesi went persuasively on in a driving monologue, and the gold collar buttons and the unknown minds of the waiting men seemed to take on each other's meaning—which meant that upright on my bench I was dozing in odd starts with



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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excitement, chill, tequila and wonder, under the drugging sound of the rain.

It all sounds sort of risky to me.

It was, it was, Billy. Let me tell you, because all of a sudden there seemed to be nent at the big table. Father Mar- . pulled a map out from under the papers on the table and made a sweeping gesture over the north Mexican states as if to say, *Here, and here*, and then he pointed to Guapo to show him what he must do for the cause.

"No," said Guapo, pushing Father Marchesi's little frog flipper away and making his own design on the map. "Not there and there, but here and here"—some plan of revolutionary mobilization, I suppose.

"You do not understand," said Father Marchesi.

"If not, then tell me exactly how you would do it!"

Father Marchesi looked at the other men of the hacienda and said, "In front of them?"

"Of course. They are with me."

"Well, then ——" and Father Marchesi told rapidly and powerfully what his great plan was. Guapo sat with his hands pushed inside his belt, and the men with him leaned forward, listening with ears and eyes. Father Marchesi was passionate and charming, the way an ugly person can be when the beauty of his spirit makes you forget all else. He held his listeners like a great actor. Their mouths were open, and their breath was hot as they stared at him. He made boys of them in his great flair for leadership. I did not understand in detail what he was saying, but the vision of his republic seemed to show in the air, and I was entranced like the others. When he was done, he shrugged modestly, as at the ' of a superb performance and sat k, taking little silent gulps of air through his wide mouth.

Guapo lazily stood up and turned to his men. "Did you hear it all?" he asked.

They awoke from their spell, and all nodded, and one said, "We heard enough to condemn him to death."

Father Marchesi jumped backward to me and our two other men.

"What does that mean!" he cried.

"It is our way of doing our duty," said Guapo, and at the same moment one of his men drew a pistol and covered us.

"You are from the government!" cried Father Marchesi in a high voice. "The door!" he called to us, and we scrambled for it. One of the men with Guapo fired, and one of our men fell.

"Bordy!" yelled Father Marchesi to me, and it was a command to fire. The others started toward us and, as the door swung open and Father Marchesi fell out to the wet darkness through it, I raised my revolver in the direction of the light between the two lamps, and I pulled the trigger. The explosion almost knocked me down, but I then fell out to the open air after the others and, just as I did so, I saw Guapo put his hands over a quickly growing stain of red on his white shirt, as if to keep it from spreading. He smiled sleepily and fell down behind the table. As I pulled the door shut, I saw his two men bend down over him.

It was still raining, but now in a steady drizzle. Father Marchesi was halfway to the car already, following the other man,

I ran to catch up. I heard him mut- g a prayer that the engine would start. It must have started at once, and I remember driving without lights on as we pulled away from the gate, and Father Marchesi murmuring, "Oh, no, oh, no," beside me, at the enormity of the betrayal at the hacienda, and all I could think of was that I had killed someone.

"I killed him, I killed him," I said.

"It is war," said Father Marchesi, leaning forward to make the car go faster. From the yard of the hacienda, shots came after us now, and someone turned on car lights there to start after us, but their car evidently was rained out where ours was not; and how, I cannot say, but we made our escape, and I kept saying to myself, "I killed him. I killed him," thinking of the sleepy smile on that face with the proper nickname, when it slowly fell from sight beyond the table, and the other men leaning down to see.

"You gave us our chance to get away," said Father Marchesi.

"I killed him," I said in what sounded like a sob.

"Drive on now with lights," said Father Marchesi.

I was shaking, but I had work to do, and I drove as he guided me. We drove for over half an hour before we came to the outskirts of Nuevo Laredo. The town was wet and still. A few wan lights winked poison red and green and yellow down toward the river, where the bars and night spots were.

"Turn here," said Father Marchesi at an alley, and I drove in a dark lane for a couple of hundred feet. "Now stop and get out." I did so. "Now God bless you," he said. "Leave me here. I will be safe here. Go to the bridge and pay your toll and go home. Never speak of this, unless I am able to succeed. But who knows? Who knows? They know everything now. Still, I shall try. You have done your part, but they would know you if you stayed with me. You are now dangerous to me. Good-bye. You have saved us. Do not worry about shooting that Guapo. They were shooting at us. Go home and pray for him and try to forget everything.

He gave me a rough and affectionate blow, and said, "My pistol."

I handed it to him.

"Go now," he said.

Did you go, then? What did you do, father?

I went. Shaking like a drenched dog and looking very much like one, I walked a mile or more to the international bridge. My teeth were chattering. It was still raining, but now there was a new sound in the storm—the roar of the river which was now bringing the storm down in flood. People with flashlights were watching its rise against the banks. The officers on both sides of the river looked at me suspiciously, but the flood interested them more, and they let me go, and I got across, and by two o'clock I was back in my room at the Bordens'. I didn't suppose I could sleep, with that shot from the .38 on my conscience, but I was so exhausted that I went off at once.

When I woke up late in the morning, I seemed to be cured of freedom.

What did you do then?

I quit my job at the hat factory and asked Mr. Borden for a loan to get home on, and I was on a train the same day for Buffalo.

Well, goll-ee.

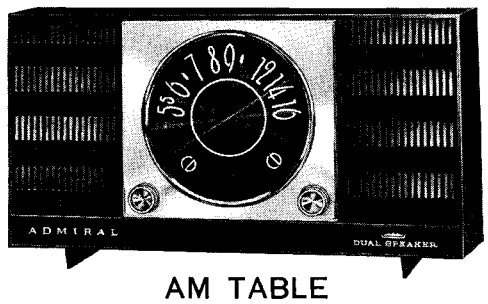
Well, Billy, what do you make of all this?

Gosh, I don't exactly know. I never killed anyone.

No, I'm not joking.

No, sir.

I can see you are shocked. I don't blame you. I was. So much so that whatever it was I was supposed to get out of my system was out, all right. I could not put out of mind the look and the pain



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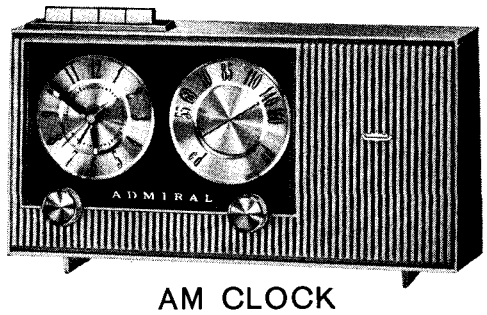

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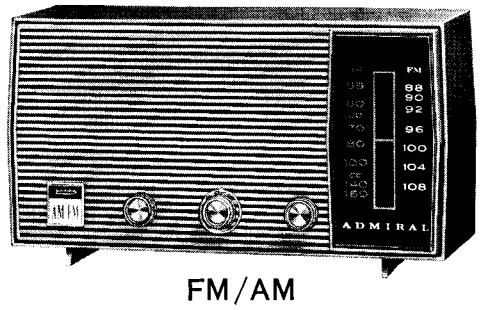

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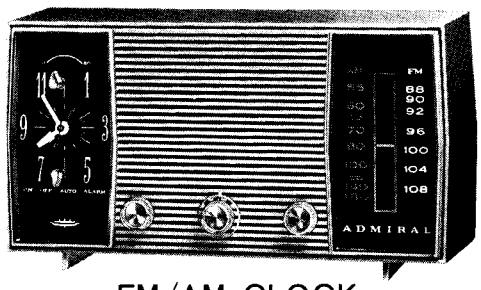

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RAIN IN LAREDO

and the ruin I caused in another life. I felt I owed a life—perhaps my own life—to the world.

Well, sure, I can see how that was.

But how do you manage it?

I don't know.

Neither did I. So people just begin to do what is expected of them when they don't know what else to do. I settled down pretty well. I got back into school and college. To look at me nobody would know about all that in Mexico. I guess I just became W. Borden Dryden III after all, and quite painlessly, really. Quite happily, at times. I married your mother, for one thing. You came along. And Margaretta. And all the rest. We've done fairly well. But you know?

No. What?

I don't think I ever really knew anybody deeply, because I never let anybody know *me* that way. And I think it came from that thing in Mexico.

You mean, killing the guy?

Yes. It was always in the back of my head. Your mother used to ask sometimes—she got over trying long ago—she used to ask what it was I kept thinking about when I was supposed to be right here and now. At parties. Out on the boat. On our trips to New York. She used to say I was not really *there*. Well, I knew what she meant. But, of course, I couldn't tell her.

You couldn't?

Do you think I could?

No, I guess not, father.

Maybe I should never have told you. Should I?

I think you should have. I think I ought to know my own father as well as I can.

So do I. It isn't so important for the father to know his son that way. But the other way round—yes. Yes. Anyway, we'll keep hold of this, Billy.

Sure. But father?

Yes?

You know? Maybe you didn't kill the guy. Maybe he got over it. You know?

Yes, yes, I often thought of that. But not knowing, I couldn't be sure. I wasn't sure till two days ago.

Two days ago? How do you mean, sir?

Two days ago I was back in Laredo.

I see.

I finished up my business—something to do with our cousin Borden's estate, settling it up legally—and when I was done with business, I did what always seemed to me the most fatuous thing an aging man can do, and that is, try to get back into his past and pick up various pieces that might be lying around. Nevertheless, I did try it.

Yes, that's what we always think when we see old alumni coming back to school at Homecoming. Gosh, they look sort of lost, and at the same time they look determined to be having one great old hell of a time.

Thanks, my boy. You'll never see me there again.

I didn't mean——

Mean me. Nevertheless, I went to see if I could get it all back, and how it would feel.

You said you found out?

Let me tell you. For one thing—and it struck me as uncanny—it was pouring the other night when I decided to rent a car and go over the bridge to Mexico again and try to find the hacienda. Everything felt like that night long ago, and I didn't know if I'd ever find any of it again.

Did you look for Father Marchesi?

No. I don't know what became of him, nothing ever happened to him, as far as I know and, of course, his famous Republic of the Rio Grande never got anywhere. But I drove down the main street where the neon lights made puddles of color in the gutters, and I thought I found the alley corner where I had left him that other night, before you were born. Then I said to myself, the road goes off that way—but it is all built up now, and I took much longer to get to open country than I remembered before. But I did find a dirt road like a river of puddles leading off to the empty darkness, and I followed it, peering ahead for the grove of trees where the hacienda stood. Well, I drove for an hour and a half, trying every little road, and I never found a thing. Not even a tree. You know? I began to wonder if I had imagined the whole thing.

What did you do?

I drove back to Nuevo Laredo and thought I would look for my youth in another place—one of the bars which I used to go to. It was called *La Mariposa*, and it stood on a corner. It was still there. I parked my car in front and ran in through the shuttered swinging doors, and the place looked much the same. A new bartender, but the same old bar, with etched mirrors and lamps made like bunches of colored grapes and overhead a wooden-bladed electric fan slowly turning below the pressed-tin ceiling which was painted baby blue. All that was familiar enough, and everything seemed so clear to my mind's eye that I felt eighteen years old all over again. I went to the bar and ordered a tequila daiquiri and wondered about Guapo. I could remember exactly how he looked. Maybe it was a mistake to come back. I didn't know. But when I raised my glass to take my drink, my eyes traveled up the mirror behind the bar, and there, sitting alone at a table behind me, and reflected clearly, with a glass of Carta Blanca beer in front of him, there he was.

There he was? Who?

Guapo.

You're kidding.

No, there he was, looking exactly the same—lively blue eyes, dark lashes, dark hair, chopped moustache, the same mouth—everything. I turned around to see if he was really there, and he was. But the thing that really scared me was that he did not look one day older than the night I killed him over twenty years ago.

Why, then, was he a ghost?

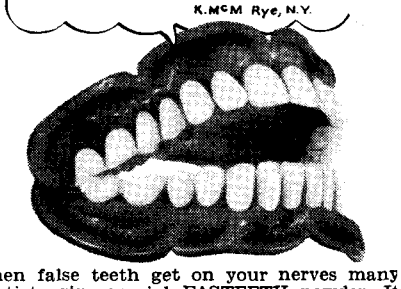
Well, I had to think so. But he saw me looking at him—I suppose I stared with my jaw hanging—and in a gesture of cheerful politeness, made mostly with his head, he waved me to come

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, I know it doesn't say anything, but how does it look?"

UNTIL MY DENTIST GAVE ME FASTEETH I NEVER DREAMED FALSE TEETH COULD FEEL SO NATURAL WHEN EATING, TALKING, LAUGHING

K. McM Rye, N.Y.



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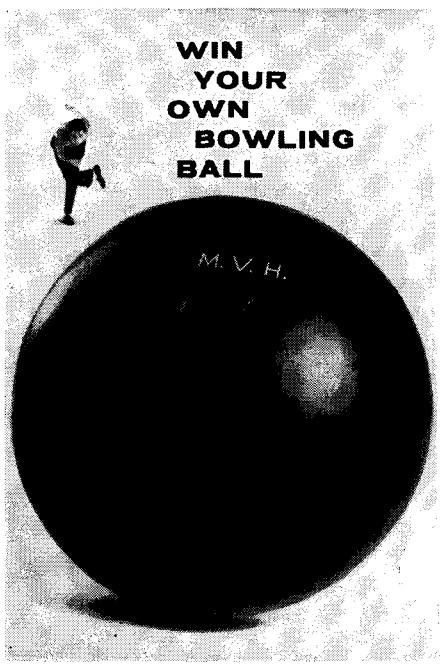

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and sit down with him. I went to the table and sat down and tried to tell myself what to think. I felt my heart pounding. I wondered if I could speak. I knew had gone crazy in the Mariposa Bar Nuevo Laredo, and I wondered how ney would get the news to your mother.

What did you say to him? What did he do?

Reflexes saved me. I heard myself say, "My name is Dryden," and saw myself put out my hand. He shook hands and said, "Gutierrez," and we drank. Then he said, in perfect American English, "Nice night," grinning and showing his same white teeth. "The first rain we have had for almost a year."

"Yes," I said. "You live here?"

"Here and in Laredo. We do business on both sides."

"I see. You work for a company?"

"My father's."

I settled back in my chair and looked at him. His father. Maybe everything was going to be cleared up.

"Perhaps you have heard of him?" he added politely, and when I shook my head, he said, "Antonio Gutierrez y Gallegos. In the old days they called him 'The First Gentleman of Laredo.'"

He smiled to dismiss the title, but he was also proud to speak it.

"I gather you people are prominent around here," I said.

He shrugged and made a sweep of his arm and hand in the air, humorously indicating that the Gutierrez y Gallegos family owned the country, and then with another smile he said, "We own this place too—*La Mariposa*. Have a drink on the house."

He signaled the barman to repeat our orders. Still struggling toward certainties, I was about to ask him if his father vas still living, when the shutter doors were slapped open, and the rain blew in. A man, enormously fat and shaking the water off his great slopes came in with exaggerated comedy in every gesture.

"*Qué noche!*" he said, and his eyes disappeared in rolls of fat as he smiled.

"*Ay, papá,*" said the young man at the table, rising respectfully. The fat man came over and threw off his jacket and waved us to sit again. His son introduced me.

"A visitor?" he asked cordially, signaling the barman with a fat, graceful gesture to bring him his usual drink.

"Yes."

"You choose a bad night."

"It doesn't matter."

"Is that your Hertz car at the sidewalk?"

"Yes."

"You have been in lots of mud."

"Yes."

I was searching in him for Guapo, and I began to imagine that I could see him—blue eyes, dark hair, white teeth—but who could be sure in all that flesh, even with the testimony of the son sitting between us?

"Yes," I added, "I was looking for a place out in the country."

"What place?"

"A hacienda with a big grove of trees, maybe eight or ten miles southwest of here."

"Hacienda," he said and laughed. "I am an expert on haciendas near Nuevo Laredo. Years ago one of your countrymen shot me down in a place like the ne you describe. It was a rainy night, just like this one. They thought I was done for. So did I. Well, that place is gone now. Perhaps tomorrow, if it stops raining, we could help you to find the one you are looking for."

"Oh, no. No, thank you, I'll be on the way to Chicago tomorrow. It isn't important."

And of course, it wasn't, any longer.

You have no idea of the feeling of peace that came into me to have that lifelong doubt cleared away. I suppose I finished my drink politely, left the father and son with reasonable control and got to my car and over the bridge through the downpour, but I scarcely remember any of this. Only a feeling that I could breathe more deeply than ever before. Freedom. I was free of a lot of things. Perhaps including my youth.

Golly. That's certainly a thing you went through.

Billy, you know? What funny things a man has in him. Listen to this one. Once I knew it was Guapo, it seemed perfectly reasonable that he should have changed so. But that he did not recognize me—this shocked me. So I have changed as much as he? Vanity. And I'll tell you another about man's perversity. At one stroke, there in the Mariposa Bar, something was wiped out from my life forever, something that gave me real trouble off and on for years; and you know what? When I got used to what had happened, I was not entirely sure after all that I wanted to be rid of it. How do you like that?

Well, here we are, home. The place looks nice. Your mother certainly knows how to have it kept up. Thanks for meeting me, Billy—and by the way, you drive very well, son. THE END

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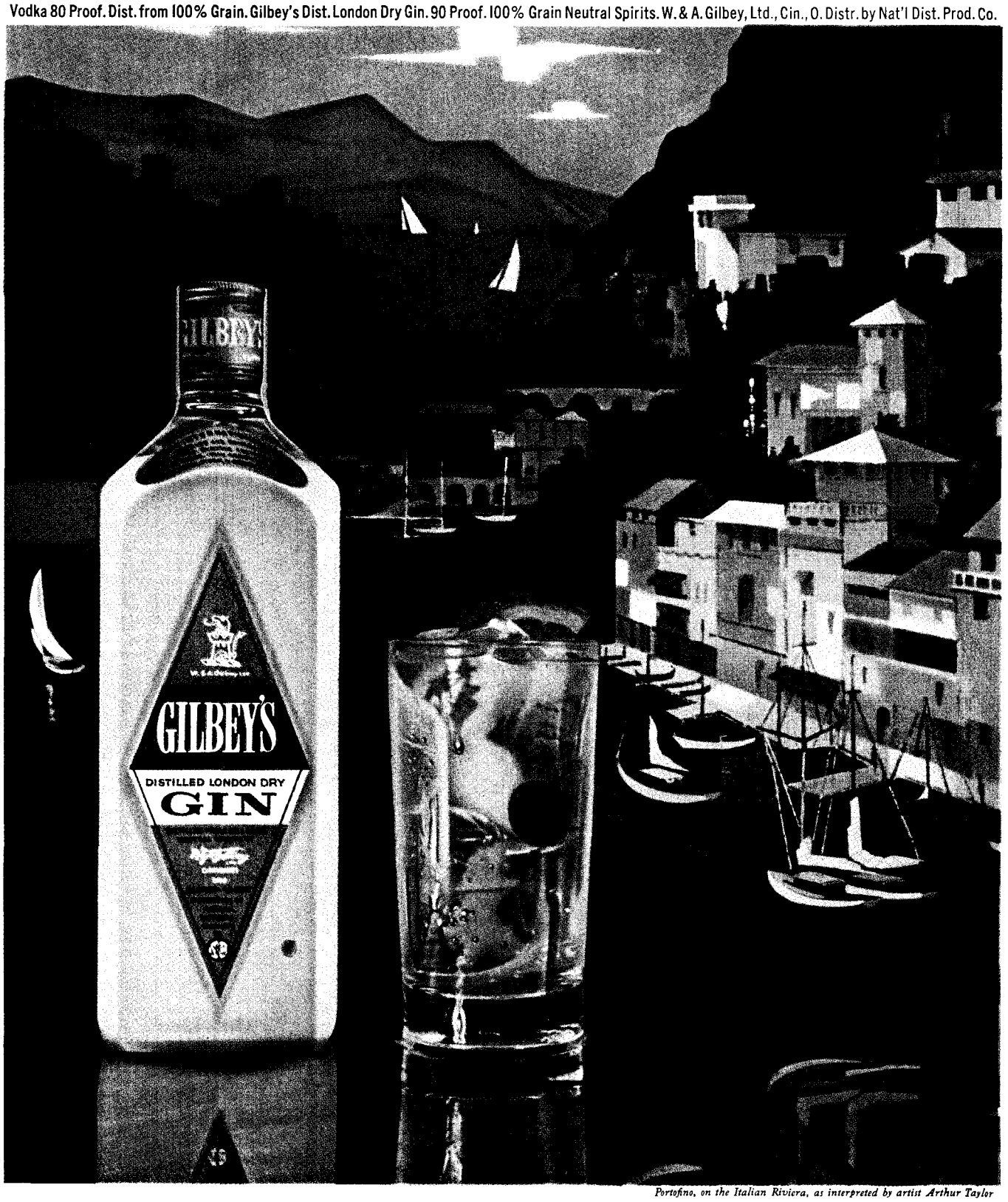

Portofino, on the Italian Riviera, as interpreted by artist Arthur Taylor

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His father had written,
"Don't grow if you can help it."
That day he was to understand
what his father meant.

SUMMER BY THE SEA

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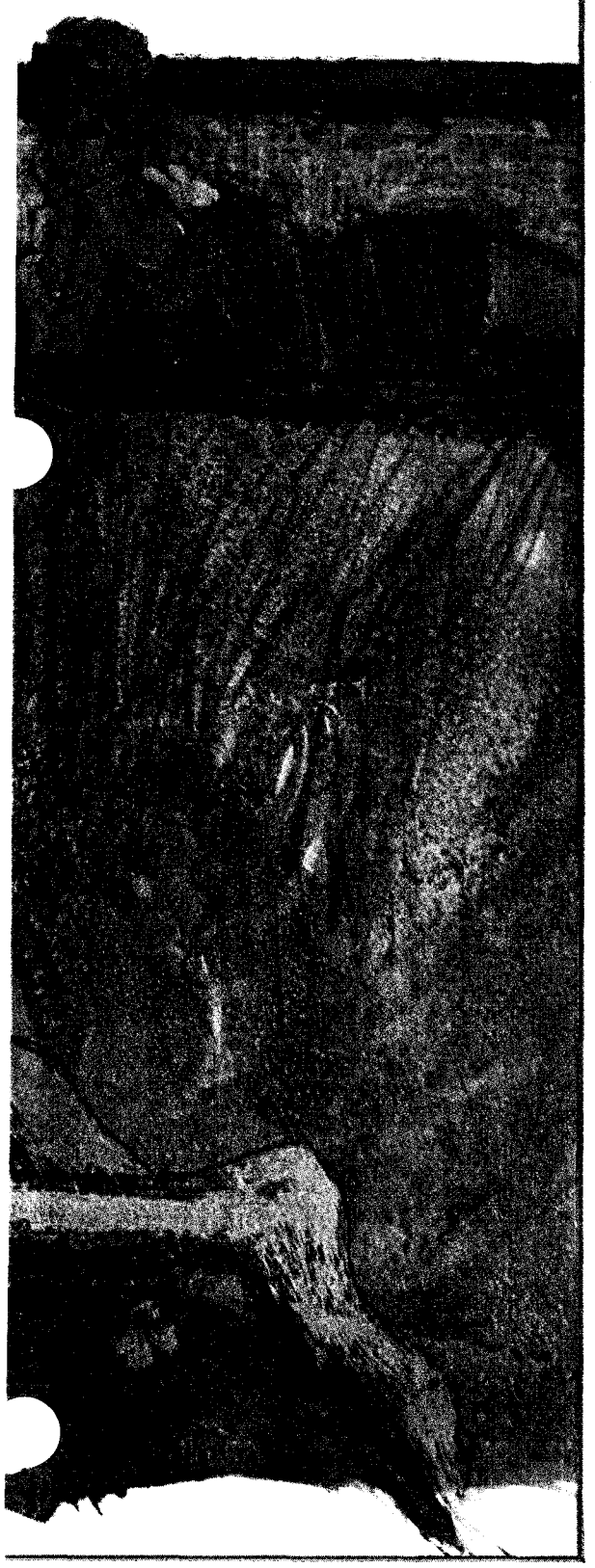
by Brunella Gasperini

Translated and adapted by Elaine W. Senigallia



The big clock in the hall chimed three, and Renato sighed. The afternoon nap had become a kind of torture. "He's been growing too fast," his mother often said. "He must rest after meals." And so he remained stretched out on his bed, wide awake and yearning for the beach. The beach and something else.

He had always loved the beach. They came here every summer, to live in his grandfather's house. They usually returned to the city early in September, but this summer his mother had wanted to stay longer. "A little more sea air will be good for Renato," she had said. "And I can work more peacefully here." "OK, Chief," his father had said. "Anyway, I have Grunt." Grunt was the dog, who had returned to the city with him.

And so Renato and his mother had remained, and now it seemed to him like a predestined miracle. Little by little September had swept away the voices of the last vacationers, the gaudy umbrellas and the petulant whining of the phonograph in the old pavilion. In this late, sweet September, the beach and sea were empty, untouched, his. His and someone else's, someone who was waiting for him now beyond the rocks in the sun.

The minutes dragged by. He changed position again and looked at the four postcards from his father lined up against the mirror. His father had written a letter soon after he returned to the city. Renato knew it by memory, but he kept it with him always, in a pocket of his shorts.

He would have liked to grow up handsome and amusing like his father, intelligent and capable like his mother. But no such luck; he wasn't handsome, he wasn't capable, he wasn't even amusing. Just a boy who had grown too fast, with red hair and no personality. Yet someone . . .

The clock chimed the half-hour, and he skidded out of bed and threw open the shutters. Beyond the faded red rooftops, the beach and sea were two neat pure stripes. A need to sing burst within him. "Deep sea, most beautiful sea in the wo-o-o-o-orld. . . ." Recently he had acquired a deep voice out of proportion to the rest of him.

"For the love of heaven, Renato!" his mother called from her study.

He stopped singing. He respected his mother's stories even if he was not yet allowed to read them. "Don't read them, but bow down before them," his father had said. "They bring in money." He didn't respect them for that. He respected work, success, art.

He washed his face, combed back his hair with damp fingers and stopped in the kitchen to pick up the pizza Gisa had made. He stuck it in a plastic bag, along with his fins and mask, and went to say good-bye to his mother.

Her hair was disheveled, and the study was thick with smoke.

"I'm going down to the beach, Myriam," Renato said. She liked being called by name, her famous name.

"What?" his mother asked. Her cigarette was stuck in a corner of her mouth, and she kept one eye closed to protect it from the smoke.

"It's after half past three," he murmured. "I'm going down to the beach."

"Oh, yes." She took the cigarette out of her mouth and smiled at him. "So long, Red." She called him that as a pet name, but not very often. "Don't stay in the water too long, and eat all your pizza."

"Yes, Myriam," he said gratefully. "I ——"

She had already begun to write again. "Eh?" she said. "Yes, all right. So long."

Renato's grandfather was in the garden, pushing himself from one flower bed to another in his wheelchair.

"Shall I push you along the road a little?" Renato asked, feeling his own legs alive under him, eager to run away. His grandfather had been a sailor, but for the last seven years his legs had been too weak to carry him toward the sea.

"No, no." The old man pushed the wheels with his hands and stopped in front of a yellow rosebush. "I'm busy here with the roses."

Renato sighed with relief. "So long, then. I'm going down to the beach."

"Ah," said his grandfather. "Don't be late."

"Why not?" he asked ungraciously. "I'm not a child."

His grandfather looked at him out of clear blue eyes that matched his own. "I know."

Renato remembered himself, very small, walking hand in hand with his grandfather up the path to the old fort that overlooked the sea, and the old man explaining to him about tides, jellyfish, sharks and the mysteries of whirlpools and fogs; coming down, they had sung at the tops of their voices, "Deep sea, most beautiful sea in the world."

He hoped his grandfather knew that he loved him more than anything in the world, even if Renato was running away with his first secret, leaving the old man alone in the wheelchair.

When he reached the corner, he saw Luisanna at the end of the street, her faded skirt slapping her thin brown legs as she ran from the beach toward the village. Luisanna always ran, and, as always when he saw her straight-as-a-whip braid and her look of a hunted doe, he felt a burning stitch of affection for her.

She had been his friend since she was very small, a skinny, rebellious little girl, always barefoot and always alone, but able to sit completely still for half an hour when his grandfather told stories of the sea. "More," she used to say. "More, Captain." In those days he loved her because she was an orphan, because she was poor, because she swam better than he did, because she didn't obey anyone but his grandfather, and because she was generous and as savage as the sea. She even smelled of seaweed.

But now, as they neared one another, the wave of affection retreated, leaving irritation and annoyance behind. Luisanna looked at him without saying anything, and he felt himself blush.

At the beach, not far from the rocks, he met Anna, the druggist's unmarried sister. She wore shorts and a straw hat, and she looked absurd. "Anna is very sharp," his father had said, "in every way." "Poor thing," his mother had replied absently, "she's never gotten over her crush on you." At the memory of his father's protests, Renato wanted to laugh. To prevent it, he greeted her loudly.

She answered with a shrill "Hello, dear. Is your dad arriving today?"

"I don't know," Renato answered. "He didn't write about it."

"Oh, but he always arrives unexpectedly, doesn't he?" Anna said in a strange tone.

ILLUSTRATION BY BOB PEAK

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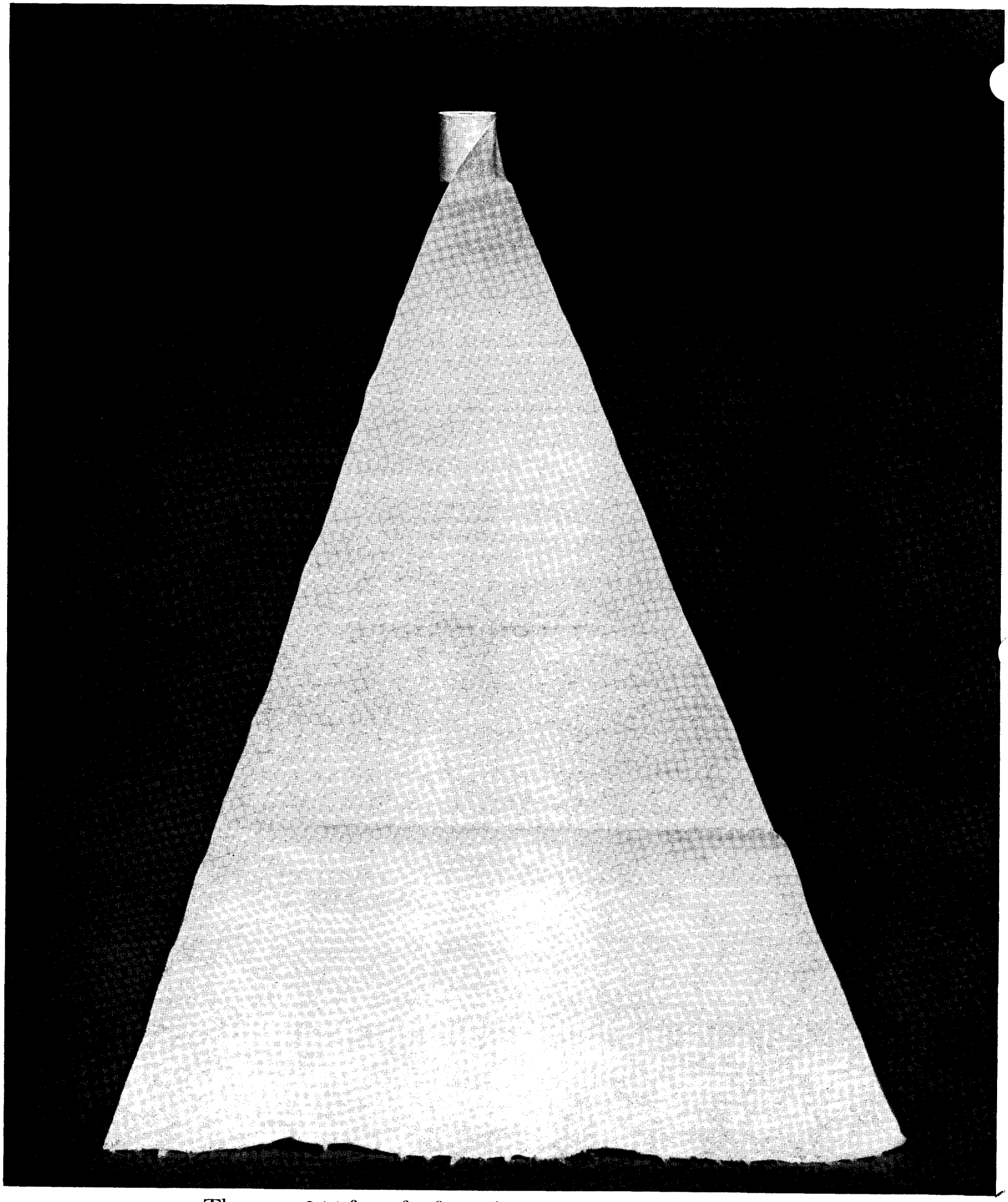

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SUMMER

Renato smiled uncertainly. What's the matter with her? he thought.

"Your mother's home, isn't she?" Anna asked.

Where do you think she'd be? he wondered. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "She's working."

"And you?"

"I'm going swimming," he said.

Moving away, he saw from the corner of his eye that Anna had remained where she was to look beyond him. He climbed up on the rocks. On top, he closed his eyes a moment. *If she's not there, if she hasn't come, if she's gone away . . .* He opened his eyes.

She was there.

He had first seen her on a Sunday in June; he and his father had climbed to the rocks after a long swim, and she had been sitting there at the top. She seemed all golden, with golden hair.

"Good morning, Mr. Betti," she had said. Even her voice was golden.

"Betti is my wife's name," his father had said, though he was used to that mistake and usually let it pass. "My name, as prince consort, is Franco Ratto."

"Excuse me." Her eyes laughed.

"Not at all. I'm honored," his father had said, and she looked at him, no longer smiling.

"We'd better go now," his father had said suddenly. "It's a long way back." He looked back at the girl. "Good-bye."

Renato, too, had said good-bye, and when, for the first time, she looked at him, he felt as if he were drowning, warm and unknown, in a golden sea.

He did not see her again for a long time, and he forgot her.

The second time came during his father's vacation in August. It was almost evening, and he was in a boat with his father, his mother and the dog Grunt when he saw her, stretched out on the deserted raft. When the boat passed in front of her, Grunt barked, and she lifted her face to smile, first at Grunt and then at Renato. "What a pretty girl," his mother had said. "Is she new here?" Usually his father made a funny comment about the pretty new girls, but this time he didn't say anything, nor did he turn. Neither did Renato; he still felt her smile on his skin. New—yes, she was. And what he felt was new. Grunt barked again. "Be quiet, idiot," his mother said.

It was nearly a month before he saw her again. At the beginning of September, when his father and Grunt had left and his mother was more absorbed in her work than ever and the beach had emptied, he had climbed up on the rocks one afternoon and seen her in the distance, stretched out in the sun as she was now, in that position that suggested somehow that she was waiting. He hadn't forgotten her. He had hurried past her, and it had been she who called to him, Renato. He was not surprised that she knew his name; everybody at the shore knew him, the son of Myriam Betti and her handsome husband. But her calling him was a miracle that took his breath away. And it remained a miracle for two weeks—fourteen long, dazed afternoons of miracle. She did not treat him like a child; she was comfortable with him. She made him talk about all sorts of things that he had never talked about before; they were friends. Except that he felt himself to be something much more, and yet something desperately less. He was fifteen years old, and she was twenty-seven.

And now she lay there stretched out in the sun, arms wide, eyes closed, sweet and golden and waiting. What was she waiting for? It seemed impossible she could be waiting for him.

He jumped down from the rock and approached her quietly. She did not move when he stopped in front of her; she hadn't heard him. The plastic bag squeaked in his damp fingers, and she opened her eyes.

"Hello," he said in his deep voice. "Awake?" It was impossible for him to call her by her first name and equally impossible to call her "Miss."

"I wasn't asleep." She sat up. "Do they know you're here?"

It was the first time she had asked him that, and he blushed, hating himself. "Only Grandpa," he said.

"I like your grandfather," she said. "You look like him."

It disappointed him that she knew his grandfather; he would have preferred not to share her with anyone.

"I saw him this morning in the village," she said. "He was alone, and I pushed him to the top of the hill. He's an unusual man."

Renato smiled. "You should see him when he gets mad."

"He didn't get mad at me," she said.

It was impossible to tell whether she said it gratefully or regretfully. Who could get mad at her, so sweet and beautiful and golden?

They swam, and the twelve years that separated them seemed to dissolve in the sea. Shyness and melancholy awaited them on the beach near her yellow robe and his bag of pizza. Maybe for this reason their swims grew longer every day, like two shadows behind the empty cabins. But that day she left the water almost immediately, and he followed her without speaking.

"The sun isn't so hot any more," she said, wrapping herself in her robe.

"It's not cold," said Renato. "It still seems like summer."

But it wasn't. Soon the sea, and she, would be far away, and he would be back at school. He stretched out beside her, without looking at her. He smelled the perfume of her damp hair, and the awful twelve years were again between them. He did not want her to be younger; she could only be as she was. It was he who was wrong. Only half grown up.

"Renato," she said. He opened his intensely blue eyes, and she thought, *I've been a fool. A poor, shameless fool.*

"Did you bring your lunch?" she asked. "I'm getting hungry."

It wasn't true, but they took the pizza out of the plastic bag and divided it and began to eat, both of them with difficulty.

"It's good," she said. "Who made it?"

"Gisa," Renato said. "My father is crazy about it." He smiled. "Grunt is too."

"Tell me about Grunt," she said, but not as if he were a child, and he understood that she really wanted to know about Grunt. He reached into the pocket of the shorts he had worn to the beach over his bathing trunks and drew out the letter from his father.

"This is Grunt, drawn by my father," he said, explaining it.

On the letterhead was the name of the bank that was his father's host—"I'm not an employee," he always explained, "just a guest"—and under this was drawn a plump, furry black dog with an apron over his front paws. A balloon emerged from the dog's anxious face: "*If I don't take care of this guy, who will?*" At the right was a drawing of a little man collapsed on a chair. The little man was surrounded by brooms and piles of laundry and broken dishes. The balloon emerging from his face said, "*Arf arf.*"

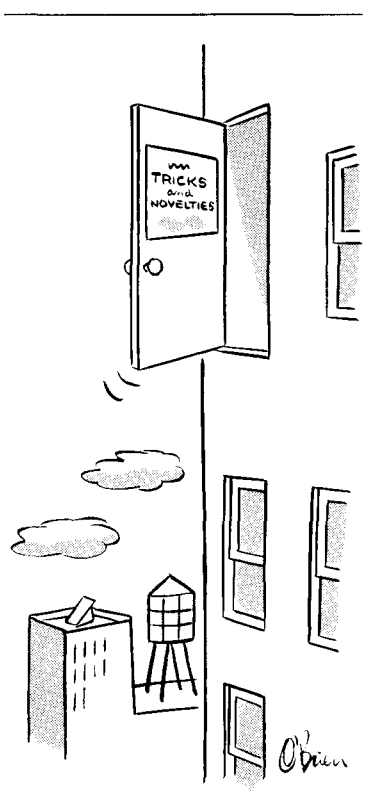
"And that's my father as seen by Grunt," Renato said.

"Will you read the letter to me?" she asked. Her voice sounded a little smothered.

"'Dear Sub,'" Renato began, and interrupted himself to explain: "He always calls me Sub because of the underwater swimming." He began again to read:

"'Dear Sub, Grunt is at home waiting for me with his bone and his chores, and I am writing to you from the office where, being a guest, I have no chores. First of all, let me tell you that being alone bothers me not at all and Grunt very little. By now he is used to being the lady of the house.'" Renato stopped to see if she was smiling, but her face was down on her arms. He was sure she was smiling, though; she smiled at all the things that made him smile. That was part of the miracle.

"'Yesterday afternoon, as soon as we arrived, we cleaned the house. Then I suggested going out to eat in a restaurant, but Grunt didn't want to. He said he didn't feel well and wanted to eat at home. So we went out to do the marketing and then we cooked spaghetti. It tasted like library paste, Bolognese style. I ate it; Grunt didn't; he says he has a delicate stomach and library paste gives him acidity. Afterward we washed the dishes with a tube of shampoo—there was nothing else in the house—and we broke only two. Then I suggested going to the movies, but Grunt would have none of it. He says that summer movies are not artistic, and besides we must be economical; if we are not, what will your mother the genius say? Therefore, reassure the genius; the first day we consumed a portion of my salary equivalent to one eighteenth of a fifth of the third installment of her seventh author's royalties. Tell her that, though she won't understand at all—geniuses can't do arithmetic. I, guest of a bank, can't either.'"



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Renato stopped to explain: "My father's not very happy in the bank, an ex-sailor in an office. But he's always jolly just the same."

"Yes?" she said.

Renato heard again his father's voice, shameless and pleasant as his face. *As long as I stay there, I pay for my meals, my cigarettes and the dog, and I don't bother anyone.* He was joking, but was he?

"When he's bored, he does crossword puzzles," Renato said, "or invents comic strips."

Or runs after women, she thought bitterly.

"Why didn't he stay in the navy?"

"My mother didn't want him to, and he didn't want to either. Besides, there was me. He took the first job he found—he'd just come back from the war. My father was in the navy during the whole war. When he was twenty-one he had already been decorated twice."

She lifted her face and again met the two deep-blue eyes, now full of pride. I must go away, she thought.

"I didn't know that," she said. "Go on."

Full of gratitude, Renato read on: "'So we stayed at home. I sat in the armchair with my paper for a while, and Grunt came in with his ball in his mouth. I had to throw it, and he ran to get it and brought it back, and we would have gone on like that for centuries if I hadn't said, "Don't you ever get tired, silly dog?" He dropped the ball then, and from his mouth came a balloon that said, "*I was just doing it to amuse you, silly man.*" After that we said good night coldly to each other and went to bed.'"

"It's a marvelous letter," she said.

"It's not finished," he told her. "My dad's a wonder."

He went on with the letter. "'I slept, and dreamt that I was lying on a heavenly beach with the sound of celestial trumpets all around, and out of the sea came Sophia Loren in a yellow bikini. She leaned over me ardently, but she had a wet nose, so I opened my eyes and said, "Sophia, why are you sniffing me?" But it wasn't Sophia, it was Grunt. And he wasn't wearing a yellow bikini, but a lot of black fur and a balloon that said, "*Don't you hear the alarm clock, silly man?*" Tell that to the genius. Tell her that if we aren't too much bother and don't use up too many royalties on gasoline, we'll be up on Saturday, and we promise not to dent the car. Good-bye for now, Sub. Eat a lot, but don't grow if you can help it. Your dad.'"

Renato folded the letter.

"But they didn't come," she said. "Why not?"

"Mamma needed peace and quiet. My mother's always very tired," he explained. "She doesn't spare herself at all."

And she doesn't spare other people either, she thought. "That letter," she said. "Have you read it to your mother?"

Renato shook his head.

"You should read it to her," she said. "At least the last part."

He seemed to hear once again his mother's voice: *For the love of heaven, Renato, don't you see I'm busy?*

"She's at a difficult spot in her book," he said gravely. "My mother's books are very difficult."

"Have you read them?"

"I'm still too young," Renato said. Every reference to his age embarrassed him, but he couldn't lie about it. "But I've read her poems. They're beautiful. You can feel the sea in them. And love," he added, blushing furiously.

Now she hasn't time for the sea, the girl thought. Nor for love either, except maybe that paper love in her books. "I'd like to read her poems," she said.

"Tomorrow I'll bring them to you," Renato said. His freckles stood out on his blushing face. And suddenly, under her

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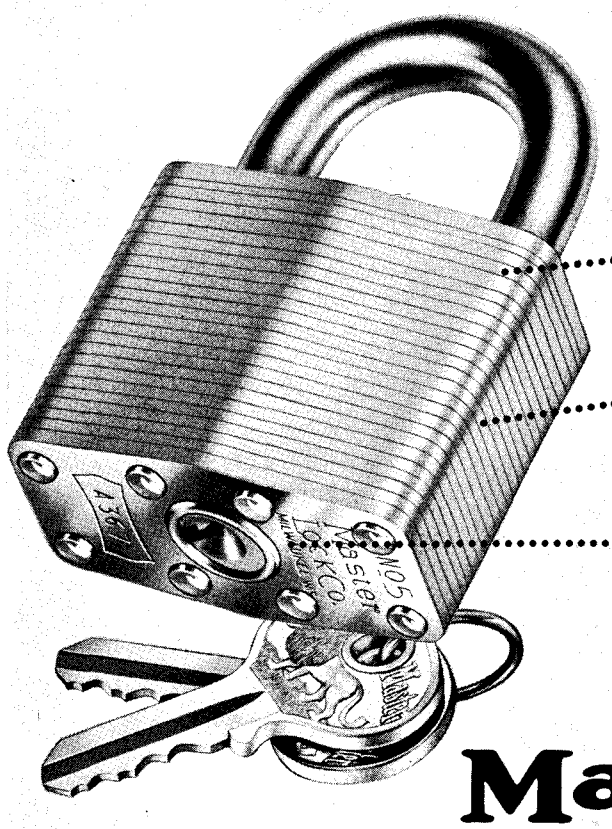

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SUMMER

sweet and attentive gaze, he was desperately conscious of himself, a half-grown boy who could not talk about love but only about his father and mother and grandfather and Grunt. He turned his face away, tugging at a lock of his hair. *Why do I have to have red hair? Why do I have to be shy? Why do I have to be so young?*

"I used to have red hair too," she said. "They called me Carrots and I was horribly hurt." She touched his hair gently with the tips of her fingers.

He closed his eyes under that first caress, and for a moment it seemed as though the years between them had disappeared, taking their breath away, and the color from their faces.

She drew back her hand. I always make mistakes, she thought. Grownups always make mistakes. Good-bye, Renato. Don't become like your mother or your father or me. Don't grow up, Renato.

"Go get dressed," she said. "It's late."

He jumped up immediately, wounded and obedient, looking down at her.

"Come on, hurry up," she said.

Renato picked up his shorts and the plastic bag and went toward the dressing cabin without saying anything. She put her arms over her eyes to protect them from the sun. There was only one thing to do, the hardest: to go away. Go away before evening. *Hurry up, Renato.*

He hurried. He didn't want to miss even one of his difficult moments near her.

In the cabin lingered, along with the smell of damp wood and salt, the scent of her perfume hidden in the folds of the skirt hanging on the hook under her straw bag. Everything of hers was sweet and perfect, gifted with a life of its own. Hurriedly Renato took off his trunks and stuck them in the plastic bag; hurriedly he slipped into his shirt and shorts. *Hurry, quickly, faster.* He opened the door and saw his mother coming over the rocks.

Anna told her, he thought instantly. And he imagined Anna, the druggist's sister, talking to his mother (but what did she say?) and his mother listening impatiently and then getting up and leaving her study to look for him. What could have made her decide to interrupt her work to bother about him?

Through the half-closed doorway, he saw his mother descend the rocks, tumbling clumsily down the last part, get up, and march toward the girl stretched out on the sand.

His mother's voice came to his ears through the still air. "If you don't mind, may I ask where my son is?"

The girl gave a little jump and sat up, her damp golden hair flashing about her. Then he heard her voice, quietly rude: "Take it easy, I haven't eaten him."

"You don't eat boys, do you? Only men—I suppose they're tastier. Was my husband?"

"Quite," she said.

Renato felt as if everything were about to collapse on top of him—the walls of the cabin, the straw bag, the skirt—and bury him. But nothing fell.

As he stood there, his arms hanging and his eyes closed, he continued to understand and hear and see—especially to see. The girl who had spoken to his father as he clung to the rocks, who had lifted her head at Grunt's cheerful bark from the boat, who had stretched out on the sand during those fourteen miraculous days, quiet and golden and waiting—now he knew what she was waiting for. Not the tides, not the fog, not the stars and not himself. When she smiled at him, it was at his father she was really smiling. When she stroked his hair, she stroked his father's hair. There were no miracles; there never had been. It was all very real now. Dirty and real.

And he had read her that letter and had said, "My dad's a wonder." She should know it well herself.

He drew his father's letter out of the pocket and tore it in two, four, eight, sixteen pieces until his fingers ached, and then he looked at the shreds in his hand, the shreds of his father, and closed his eyes. He put the scraps in his pocket and leaned against the wall of the cabin.

From outside he heard her quiet voice. "Renato is in the cabin, getting dressed."

"It's all in the family, I see," said his mother. "May I ask what you have in mind, Miss ——"

"Silvia. But they've already told you my name, I'm sure."

He had never called her that. He had never felt worthy.

"I'm not interested in your name," his mother said contemptuously. "I'm not interested in the—the amusements of my husband as long as ——"

"Just what are you talking about, anyway?" the girl asked. "Tell me before Renato comes out of the cabin, if he hasn't heard everything already."

"I don't care what he hears!" his mother cried. "In any case, he knows already, they tell me. And that's why I'm here. To make *my* son an accomplice, an accomplice in your ——"

Renato put his hands over his ears, shaking his head hard. Accomplice. *Accomplice*. She shouldn't have said that. She shouldn't think it. He would never forgive her. Never.

His hands, pressed tight over his ears, prevented his hearing Silvia's reply but not his mother's new attack.

"And I'm supposed to believe you? Let not play games. Don't you think you've played enough games behind my back? I wonder if I've also been paying for your vacation and your—company."

"I was waiting for that. You can relax; I haven't cost you a cent."

"A great love, I imagine," said his mother's cold and tense voice.

"Not very great for him," the girl said bitterly. "But free."

"Am I supposed to thank you? Or perhaps feel sorry for you?"

"No," she said. "I'm the one who feels sorry for *you*. You work hard, you earn a lot of money. It's too bad you can't do anything else."

"Thanks," said his mother. "The rest I'll leave to you."

God, make them stop it, he begged, banging his fists on his ears. *I've got to get out of here*. He opened the door and stepped outside.

His mother saw him first. At least she looked at him. But did she see him? Had she ever really seen him? She used to look at him as if he were a not-very-intelligent puppy (Eat your pizza, take your nap, keep quiet, don't you see I'm busy?) and now she looked at him like an enemy adult. But I am, he thought. I hate you all.

"Come here a minute, Renato," his mother said. There she was, in her ugly trousers, with her stringy hair, and her eyelid trembling angrily—conceited, stingy, self-centered.

"Hurry up," his mother said when he did not approach her.

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He moved his legs, still feeling like a marionette. "Don't shout, Myriam," he said. "You've already shouted enough."

His mother's face turned an angry red. "Should I be happy? Should I congratulate you for having made fun of me, for having told me lies, for ——"

"I haven't told you lies," he said.

"Since when are you in conspiracy with your father?" his mother asked harshly.

"But he didn't know anything about it," Silvia interrupted, almost crying. "Don't you see he didn't know anything?"

For the first time Renato turned his eyes on her. "Now I know," he said.

She turned away from the look in those deep blue eyes. "I'm sorry," she murmured. "I didn't mean ——"

She didn't mean it. They do things quickly, grownups. They take your magical, painful first love and make a dirty, empty thing out of it and then say, "I didn't mean it." She would never know what she had taken away from him. She mustn't know, he thought.

"I only wanted somebody to swim with," he said to his mother. It was the first lie of his life. "There wasn't anybody left on the beach. I told Grandpa that. You were working—I didn't think you cared where I went."

At those words, so cruel and so true, his mother seemed suddenly to see him there before her as he was, tall, young and alone. Myriam's pale face crumpled.

Renato looked at her, but now it was he, closed in his first unconditional hatred, who did not see her. "I'm going home. Alone," he said, stopping his mother with a gesture. "I have to go to the photographer's to pick up some pictures I took." That was his second lie. "So long, Myriam. So long, Silvia."

He had said her name for the first time. And now for the last time he looked at her. So long, Silvia. So long, first love. So long, stinker.

She lowered her eyes. We've stolen his childhood, she thought. God forgive us.

"You're pale," his mother said. "And sweating. Don't you feel well?"

"I ate too much pizza," he said. He turned and ran toward the rocks.

Myriam and the girl looked at each other and quickly averted their eyes.

"Go home, Myriam," she said. "I think your husband's about to arrive. He won't find me here. I'm leaving in an hour." She picked up her robe with a tired gesture. "I don't like you, Myriam. And I don't like your husband, even though I love him. And I don't like myself. Renato is the only one I like. I wish ——" She shook her head and walked toward the cabin.

Renato had reached the other side of the rocks. The first thing he saw on the beach was Anna, who came toward him with a look more frightened than sharp.

"Your dad's arrived," she said, even before she reached him. "I saw the car and came to warn you."

Clutching the plastic bag, he ran past Anna without speaking to her.

"Renato," she called after him.

"Drop dead!" he shouted.

At the corner he looked rapidly to right and left and then ran up the path which led to the old fort. On the steep incline at the side of the fort he felt his legs slip from under him, and he rolled down to the edge of the cliff. He remained there at full length, listening to the pounding of his heart against the stones. Far below, the strip of beach seemed tiny next to the deep gray of the sea. *Deep sea, most beautiful sea in the world.* . . . He began to cry, hard choking sobs, crying in vain for his grandfather and the sea stories of his lost childhood.

There was a light, dry rustle like the breaking of a twig. Renato sat up, ears and nerves abruptly alert, and his eyes dimly recognized a flowered skirt fleeing under a braid as straight as a whip. Instinctively he stretched out his hand to grab it and Luisanna toppled over backward on top of him.

He shook her fiercely by the shoulders. "What were you doing? Why were you spying on me? Answer me!"

But she didn't fight back. "Let me go, please let me go," she stammered. "I didn't see you were here. I'm not a spy." She was nearly in tears.

He stopped shaking her. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "But what were you doing sneaking around here?"

"I wasn't sneaking," she said. "I was here before. I come here nearly every evening at sunset, the way we used to come with the captain when we were little. Every evening that my boss lets me."

"Then you saw me fall?" he asked warily, thinking, You heard me cry?

She hesitated a moment. "No," she said, but she wasn't good at lying. "Did you fall?"

"Only a slip," he said.

Luisanna dug a handkerchief out of her pocket. "Tie it up," she said. "Your knee's bleeding."

He hadn't noticed. Without speaking, with her tongue sticking out between her uneven little white teeth, Luisanna tied up his knee. "You can't climb down without a bandage," she said.

"I'm not going down," Renato said.

Luisanna said nothing, and he took her by the arm. "Swear that you won't tell anybody you saw me. Swear it!"

"I don't swear," Luisanna said. "But I won't tell anybody."

He could trust her. Grown up or not, she was still Luisanna. He freed her arm.

After a moment Luisanna murmured, "Is it on account of that lady?"

"She's not a lady," Renato said. "She's not even a girl. She's a ——"

"She's very beautiful," Luisanna said hurriedly.

Renato saw once again the golden body, smelled again the perfume of her skin, felt the touch of her fingers, that moment of burning happiness. The last. No moment of his life, ever, would be like that. Desire and regret and disgust returned to make a knot in his chest.

"Go home," he said hoarsely.

"You'll be cold," Luisanna said. Now she seemed an adult talking to a child. "Your parents will be worried."

"Blast my parents!" Renato cried. "Orphans don't know how lucky they are!"

"Shut up!" Luisanna shouted, and for a moment it seemed as though she were about to fling herself at him, kicking and biting like the untamed Luisanna of so many years ago. Then something held her back, perhaps his bandaged knee or his pale lips or his clouded eyes.

"Don't say that," she begged softly.

"You can't understand," he answered. "Go home."

Luisanna didn't move, and Renato, looking at her, was suddenly sure that she did understand.

"Go away, please," he whispered, closing his eyes.

Her voice, with its childlike cadence, came to him distantly across the ruins of his first love and his certainty. "I don't remember my father," she said, "but I know he was a sailor and drank too much, and he loved my mother but never sent her any money, and when he was on land he beat her because while he was at sea she went with other men for money. And yet I still wish I could have them both with me, just as they were, and love them." She touched his arm. "And you shouldn't say orphans are lucky."

He had no answer. "Now go home," he said after a moment. "And don't talk."

"Yes," he heard her breathe. "So long, Renato."

She had gone.

Renato opened his eyes. Above him the battlements of the old fort disappeared in the pearly sky, and the fables of his childhood drifted by like ghosts. He turned on his side and saw something red on the ground. It was Luisanna's sweater. Renato wrapped it around himself and closed his eyes.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He fell off the ladder and landed on his head . . . but it could have been serious."

Grunt was curled up in a corner of the porch near the wheelchair, watching his master, who paced back and forth. Every time he changed direction, Grunt's nose changed direction too.

"The last person to see him was Anna," Franco said again, without ceasing his pacing. "He didn't go to the photographer's; he didn't go back to Silvia; no one has seen him in the village. Where is he? What have you said to him to ——"

"Don't think so much about what I said to him," Myriam interrupted. "Think a little about what you've done."

"Who made me do it?" he asked, stopping with his fists in his pockets. "How long is it since you've been interested in what I think or do or want? All you want is for me to stay cooped up in that foul box of an office and not disturb you. Have you ever asked yourself what you did when I gave up the sea for you?"

"It seems to me I've done a lot," she said.

"Oh, sure; you've earned a lot of money. Everything we have is yours. The only thing that's mine in the family is Grunt. You're not a wife—you're a machine that writes."

"And makes money," she said. But immediately, with a little moan, she held out her hand to him, as if to ask his pardon. He took it and pressed it against his cheek.

"If he's not back in a quarter of an hour, I'm going to call the police," he said.

"Fine idea," the grandfather said. "It's a quarter past seven; he's come back even later other times. Let him get over his infatuation in peace."

"Infatuation?" Franco and Myriam asked together. "What do you mean?"

"You heard me," the captain said.

"But he's just a child!" Myriam said.

The grandfather raised his blue eyes. "We're all children until the day we get over it."

After a moment of silence, Franco drew his fists from his pockets. "I'll strangle her," he said.

"Another fine idea," the old man said. "She didn't even notice, taken up as she was with thinking of you. You're all to blame, not just she; you two are even more to blame than she is, I'd say." He turned the wheels of his chair and rolled out into the garden, silently cursing his lifeless legs.

"Captain," whispered a voice behind him.

The old man turned quickly.

"I'm here behind the hedge," murmured an agitated little voice. "I can't let them see me."

The wheels of the chair turned quickly under the old man's knotty hand. "What is it, Luisanna?"

"I'm not a spy," explained Luisanna. Her eyes were big and imploring. "Can I push you a little way along the road, Captain?"

The grandfather sighed deeply. "Of course," he said calmly. "I was thinking of just that; I was wondering if Luisanna would push me along the road."

"Do you suppose we could take Grunt too?" Luisanna asked anxiously.

"Certainly," he said. He turned toward the house. "Grunt! Grunt, come and take a walk with me."

Grunt burst from the house like a rocket.

On the street Luisanna breathed hard—the wheelchair was heavy—but did not slow down. After the turn, Grunt stopped gamboling around them and stayed close to their side in perplexity, barking questioningly every once in a while. Under the overhang of the old fort, Luisanna

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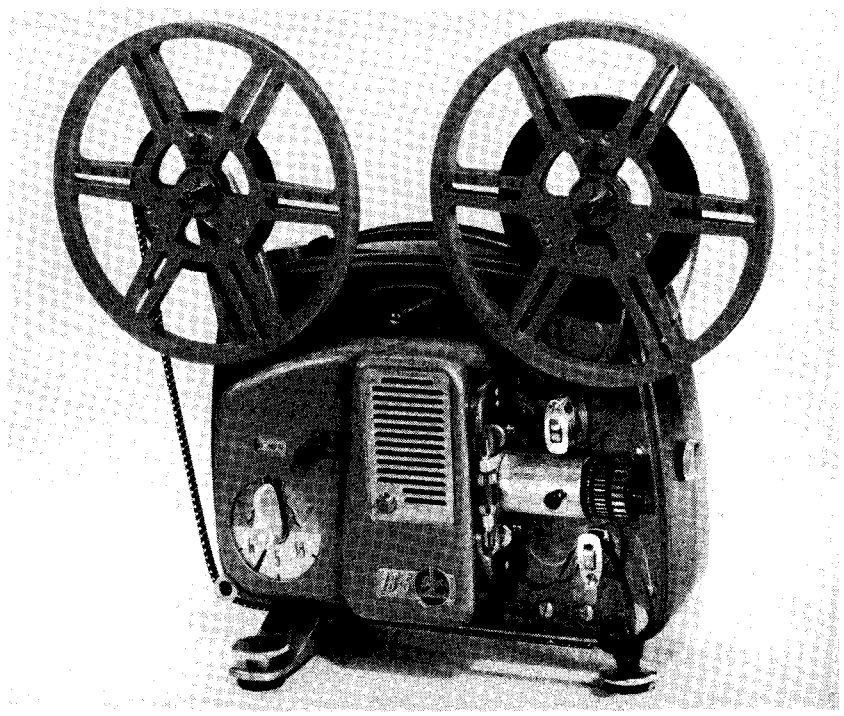

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stopped and looked up. The grandfather, ›, looked up and then looked at his with hatred.

'Grunt!" said Luisanna. Grunt sniffed her feet without conviction.

"Help him, Luisanna," said the old man. "Show him the way; he'll know what to do."

Luisanna started up the path. Grunt looked from her to the captain uncertainly.

"Go with her, Grunt," he said. Grunt hurled himself up the path.

A little later Luisanna reappeared alone, answering solemnly, with a nod of her head, an unasked question, and in that moment they heard from above a clamor of barks and exultant yelps. The grandfather closed his eyes and for a moment seemed very old.

"Go home now, Luisanna," he said.

She looked up doubtfully. "And if—if *nobody* comes to push you back?"

"Until someone comes to push me back," the captain said, "I'll stay here." He crossed his arms and seemed once again on the bridge of his ship.

Luisanna said again, "I wasn't a spy."

"No, certainly not," the old man said. "It was that traitor, Grunt."

She smiled with her eyes and all her uneven little white teeth.

"Get!" he said. "Run!"

Renato was dreaming, a dream full of people—his father, his mother, Silvia, Luisanna and Grunt. Then everything disappeared and there remained only Grunt, barking. "*Ssst*," Renato said. "*Ssst*, or they'll find me."

He woke up while Grunt was clamber- g all over him, black and excited, voice, ail and paws in a tumult. Dazed, he protected his face from the frantic, rough tongue; he felt as if he were still dreaming. Then he saw the leaves above him, the battlements of the fort, and the sky. Everything came back to him, together with an overwhelming feeling of powerlessness and solitude, and he clutched the dog's warm, pulsating throat. Grunt released himself and ran barking to the edge of the cliff and then back to him.

Renato sat up, hugging Luisanna's sweater tightly to his shoulders. He was still a little cold, but when he stood up he discovered that his legs supported him. "At your age," his mother always said, "a little nap fixes everything." Oh, not everything. But staying hidden wouldn't solve anything, either. Slowly, Renato walked over to the dog; at the edge of the cliff he crouched next to Grunt and saw his grandfather down below.

He was there in his wheelchair, alone, and he looked up with his arms folded.

"Come down, boy." His grandfather's firm voice echoed against the rocks. He wasn't angry if he called him "boy." He was only tired; the road from the house to here was long, and his arms were old.

Renato limped down the path, behind Grunt. The captain looked at him, young and desolate, with his stiltlike legs and the skimpy little sweater on his shoulders, then said quietly, "Now it's up to you. Who do you begin with? With her? She an hour ago."

Renato did not answer.

"Boy," said his grandfather, "the first grown woman we desire, we don't invent by ourselves; we find her already created, with all her mistakes as well, and it's no one's fault. Not even hers."

The first woman we desire. "You knew," he murmured.

"Is there anything about you I don't know?"

"And you knew all the rest too?"

"Until someone decides to gag Anna, in this village everyone will always know everything, especially anything that concerns your father."

"If you knew," Renato cried childishly, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Your mother did that today," the old man said. "Are you grateful to her?"

Renato turned his face away.

"Boy, we don't even invent our own parents," his grandfather said. "We find them already made, with their burden of weaknesses and troubles and ambitions. Help them to bear it, boy. Have pity on them—grownups aren't wise."

"Grandpa," said Renato, his cheek on Grunt's warm, quivering back, "Grandpa, I don't want to grow up." But he was already grown up and he knew it, and so did his grandfather.

"Let's go, boy. They need you."

Renato released Grunt, who started off at a gallop toward the house. Without speaking, Renato turned his grandfather's wheelchair and, limping, began to push it. It was as if every step took him farther away from childhood.

And so his father and mother saw them arriving on the road, a paralyzed old sailor and a thin, limping boy, very sad and very much alike. His father and mother stood still, and Renato and his grandfather stopped too.

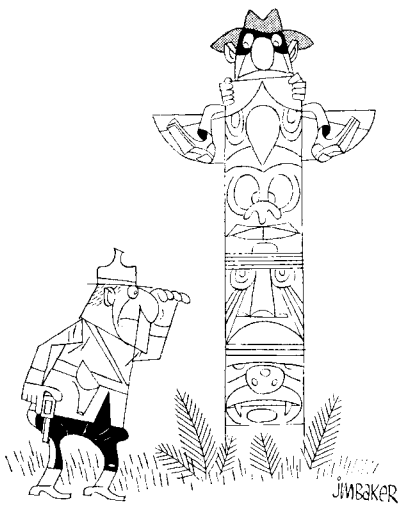
For a moment there were only Grunt's barks to be heard as he ran from one little group to the other, trying to link them (*Do I have to do everything in this family?*). From above his grandfather's white head Renato looked silently at his mother and father and seemed to see them through a microscope, a poor little man and a poor little woman. For a moment he hated them as he had never hated before, and immediately afterward he loved them as he had never loved before, without any more illusions but with a warm, unhappy compassion.

"Hi, Sub," his father said without looking at him.

"Have you hurt yourself, Red?" his mother asked, looking at his knee. Their voices were full of shame.

"No," he said. "It's nothing."

After supper his mother said, "Well, I've decided"—she corrected herself—"*we've* decided to leave tomorrow evening, all of us. Your father and Grunt are sick of staying alone."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Renato looked at their hands, which gripped each other tightly, as if they were afraid to lose each other.

"Do you mind, Renato?"

It was the first time they had asked his opinion of one of their decisions. But it gave him no joy.

"It's all right with me," he said. "I'll be glad to go back."

Grunt bounced toward him with his ball in his mouth and nudged his hand. Renato stood up. He wanted to play, all of a sudden. He limped away with Grunt, who pretended not to want to give him the ball, but then gave it to him immediately, and together they played and ran until Grunt headed for the back gate, barking. Renato ran after him just in time to see Luisanna's flowered skirt and the braid dart away in the half dark. "Luisanna!" he shouted.

She stopped at once without turning.

Renato opened the gate and ran outside. "Hey," he said, turning her around. "Why were you sneaking away?"

"I wasn't sneaking," said Luisanna.

"You forgot your sweater," he told her.

"I didn't forget it," she said.

Renato swallowed. "I'm leaving tomorrow evening," he said unhappily. "We hardly saw each other all summer."

"I saw you," she said.

Now he saw her too. He would have liked to take her by the braid and never leave her.

"There's still tomorrow," he said. "Tomorrow is Sunday—will you come with me to the beach? I'll let you try my mask."

She was transfigured. Her smile was radiant, violent and innocent, like the sea.

Renato swallowed again. "Gisa washed your handkerchief. Tomorrow I'll bring it to you," he said. "Wait and I'll give you your sweater.

She shook her head. "Keep it tonight," she said, and ran off. "Bring it to me tomorrow," she called back.

"Tomorrow," repeated Renato.

He went back into the garden, but he no longer felt like playing. His father and mother were still holding hands; and it was very sad to know that tomorrow everything would have begun again—weakness, self-centeredness, vanity and all the stupid torments of grownups. *If only I could not know it. . . .*

"Go to bed, boy," his grandfather said. "You're tired."

"'Night, Sub," his father said.

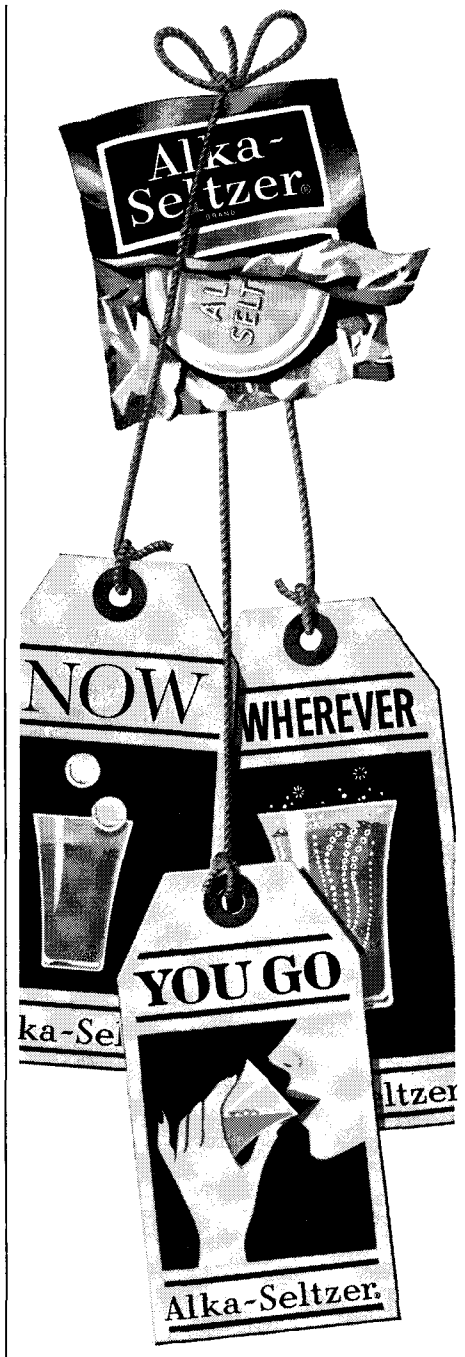
"'Night, Red," his mother said. "Are you all right?"

"I'm sleepy," Renato said. "Good night."

But before he went to bed, he drew the shreds of his father's letter out of his pocket and put it together again, piece by piece, gluing it patiently on a sheet of paper. He folded the sheet in four and saw the last sentence stand out: ". . . don't grow if you can help it." He went to look at himself in the mirror, pale and thin under the red thatch. "*I used to have red hair too.* "Silvia," he said softly, almost without pain, "Silvia." Finished, he thought with relief. Finished the desire, finished the hate, finished everything. I'm sleepy. He seemed to see her fading in the distance, all alone on a long road, and perhaps she, too, would have liked to turn back and couldn't. No one could.

Renato took Luisanna's sweater from the chair and put it near him for company. He went to bed and closed his eyes. Tomorrow I'll let her try the mask, he thought. How funny she'll be. Tomorrow . . .

He fell asleep with his cheek on Luisanna's sweater. THE END



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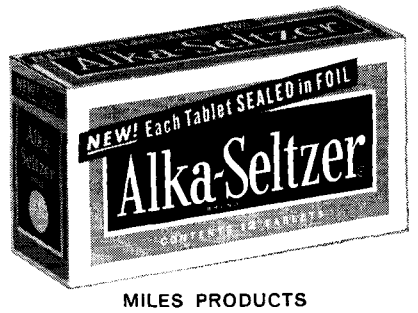

MILES PRODUCTS

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Twenty years after the Nazis persecuted Jews, the Israelis fight to stop missiles being built by

NASSER'S HIRED GERMANS

By Sanche de Gramont

Egypt's President Nasser poses proudly with new rocket capable of attacking Israel.

The two men walked through the Square de la Danse Macabre and into the Three Kings Hotel, a favorite meeting place in the Swiss city of Basel. One of them was tall and heavyset with dark glasses. The other was small and glanced about nervously. They entered the cocktail lounge, spotted the attractive blonde in a corner, strode briskly over to her table and sat down. Immediately several waiters hovered attentively around them—each with a slight bulge near the left armpit of his starched white jacket.

The heavyset man, an Austrian named Otto Joklik, spoke first. "Tell your father to stop working for the Egyptians," he said, "unless he wants to end up like Eichmann." The smaller man, an Israeli agent with the cover name of Josef Ben-Gal, added a warning. "Egypt is taking up where the Third Reich left off," he said. "They are preparing the extermination of the Jews. Your father is an accomplice, and we are giving him three days to get out of Egypt."

Heidi Goercke, the 25-year-old daughter of a German rocket scientist named Hans Goercke, promised nothing. But she encouraged the two men to keep talking, for she knew that a microphone had been taped to the underside of the table. The meeting ended inconclusively, and the two men went on to Zurich. That afternoon, as they strolled through streets crowded with grotesque papier-mâché figures celebrating the Lenten Carnival, Swiss police closed in and placed them under arrest.

That incident last March 2 forced out into the open a secret war that is still going on between Egypt and Israel, a war of threatened, attempted and real murder, a war with ugly overtones of racism on both sides, a war for military supremacy in the Middle East. Few people noticed the first sign of it, a want ad that appeared in German newspapers in 1958:

Aviation works in North Africa seeks specialists of all types.

The main result of that ad became apparent four years later when Egypt's Gamel Abdel Nasser successfully tested four ground-to-ground rockets. Other results also became apparent.

In July, 1962, a plane chartered by an Egyptian-born Swiss industrialist named Hassen Sayed Kamil crashed mysteriously in West Germany, killing the pilot and Kamil's English wife. In September there was another "coincidence." A former Luftwaffe officer named Heinz Krug, whose spare-parts firm did business almost exclusively with Egypt, stepped out of his office in Munich one day with "an oriental-looking man" and never came back. On November 27 in Cairo, as the plump, moon-faced secretary of German rocket scientist Wolfgang Pilz casually sorted out the morning mail, she came across a bulky letter from Hamburg. When she opened it, there was an explosion. It blinded her in one eye and damaged her hearing.

Last February Hans Kleinwachter, another German scientist working for Nasser, was ambushed in the town of Lörrach on the German-Swiss border. "I was on my way home from my laboratory," he said later. "I entered a small lane and spotted a car waiting there with three passengers inside. One got out and came toward me. Through the window he asked, 'Where is the home of Doctor Schenker?' Suddenly he raised a gun and fired. The bullet smashed the window and tore a hole through my thick woolen scarf. I grabbed the gun, turned the muzzle aside and tried to draw my own pistol from my pocket." Soon after the attackers fled, Kleinwachter received an anonymous telephone call. "*Qui mangent les Juifs en meurent* [People who devour Jews choke on them]," the caller said.

These are some of the principal skirmishes in the cloak-and-dagger war which involves not only Egypt and Israel but also West Germany. For the struggle centers on the German scientists who work for Egypt against Israel, and in the background hovers the specter of Hitler's "final solution of the Jewish problem." The West German government is caught in the middle, an embarrassed and unwilling arbiter of Israeli and Egyptian accusations. "Why doesn't Germany protect the scientists from kidnappings and murders by Israeli agents?" ask the Egyptians. "Why doesn't Germany prevent its scientists from contributing to the armed might of a nation that has sworn to destroy Israel?" ask Israelis.

Germany, although still sensitive to reminders of Nazi war crimes, replies that it can take no legal action to keep its citizens from working where they choose, a right spelled out in the Constitution. And government spokesmen say that the refusal of passports to Cairo-bound Germans would be declared unconstitutional if tested in court.

Far from sharing the Egyptian hostility to Israel, the Bonn government has provided substantial help. It has already paid $820 million in reparations to Israel. Germany and Israel have also signed an $80 million secret military agreement. The Germans, among other things, buy Israeli's small arms and train Israeli forces. Israel—to the dismay of some of its people—is dependent on the nation that once persecuted the Jews.

The estimated 450 German scientists, engineers and technicians who work for Nasser today live in an atmosphere combining luxury and fear. All but about 30 work in jet-airplane factories No. 35 and No. 136 in Helwan, 15 miles south of Cairo. During working hours they are herded into a barbed-wire compound where Egyptian soldiers protect them from the eyes of the curious and the threat of sabotage. After hours they lead a carefree, fun-loving life. With salaries ranging from $1,000 a month for a foreman to $2,500 for a top engineer, they have become Cairo's big spenders. At carnival time they nostalgically caroused at a "Rhine Carnival" party in the Nile Hilton Hotel. The blond giants loafing in the sun or diving off the high board at the Heliopolis Sporting Club look like incongruous leftovers from Afrika Korps days. With their air-conditioned penthouses, their sports cars and their special imports of sausages and other delicac from Hamburg, they are the inheritors the opulence of King Farouk's days, untouched by the austerity which Nasserist socialism has imposed on Egypt.

The aristocrats of the German technical community are the three rocket scientists: Goercke, whose daughter was threatened; Pilz, whose secretary was blinded, and Kleinwachter, who was ambushed. Of necessity, they lead more cloistered lives than their comrades. A group of Egyptian bodyguards headed by a former Nazi SS officer is always close by as they commute from their suburban homes to military factory No. 333 in nearby Heliopolis. The bodyguards also follow when Professors Pilz and Kleinwachter go riding in the desert outside Cairo or fishing in the Red Sea. All three of these scientists keep pistols and regularly attend target practice directed by Egyptian officers.

They can sometimes be seen on the well-groomed lawns of the Heliopolis Sporting Club, but outsiders may meet them only through a mysterious Egyptian official, directly responsible to Nasser, who heads Special Military Projects. "He is number one on the Israeli blacklist," an Egyptian official said with a hint of pride. The real name of this sinister-sounding Egyptian, known to the Germans in Cairo as "Herr Mahmoud," is Al Din Mahmoud Khalil. A former chief of air-force intelligence, he is a tall, paunchy man with receding curly hair, a walrus moustache and a smile as beguiling as Nasser's. He directs the rocket operations from a secret headquarters near Cairo and is on cl personal terms with the scientists, p ticularly Pilz.

The three rocket men are coddled specialists who know they will always be in demand, like the German princes who

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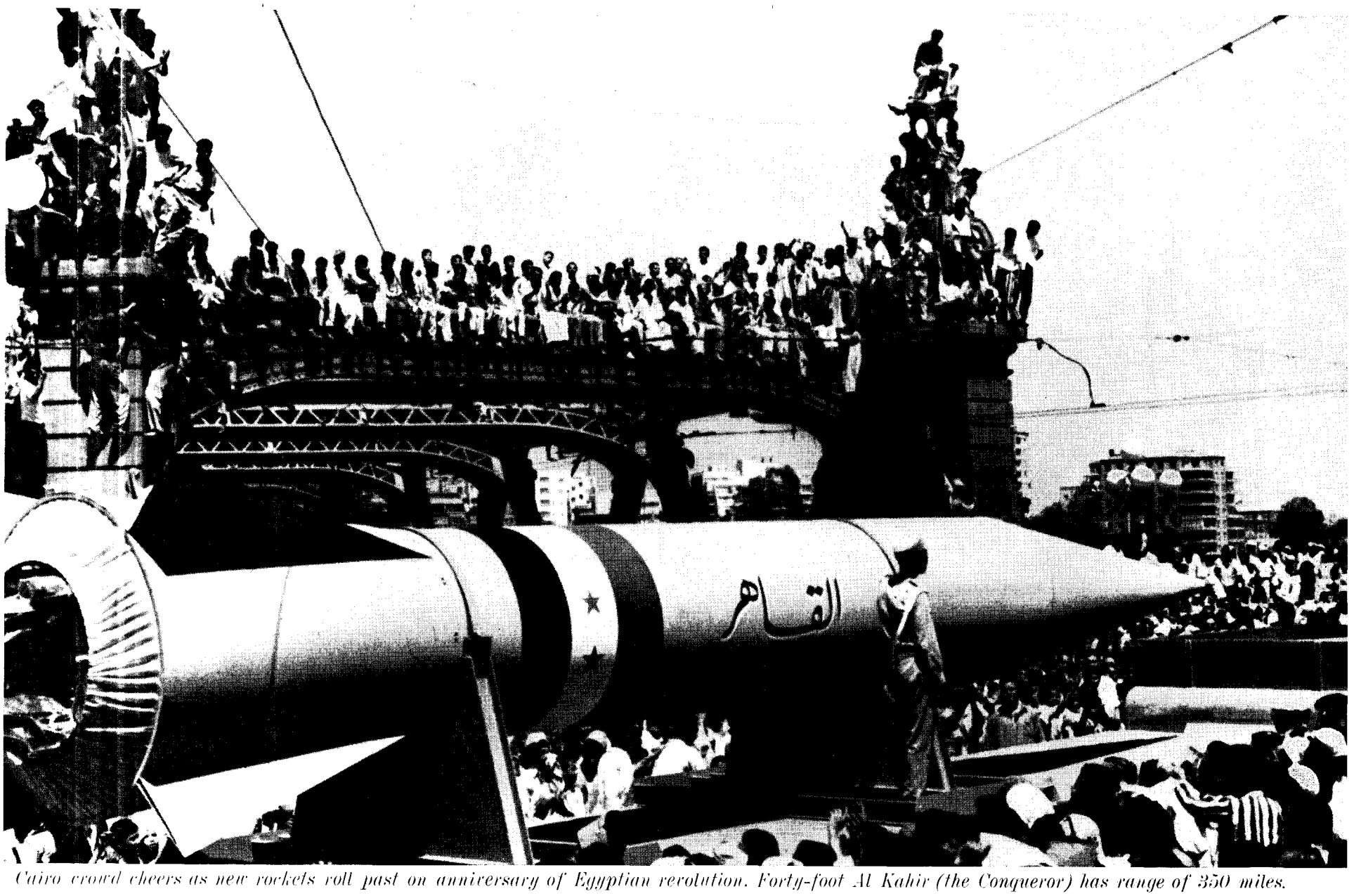

Cairo crowd cheers as new rockets roll past on anniversary of Egyptian revolution. Forty-foot Al Kahir (the Conqueror) has range of 350 miles.

nce filled the vacancies on European thrones. The way stations on their route to Cairo were Peenemünde, where they helped develop the V-2's that bombed London at the end of World War II, and the Normandy town of Vernon, where they helped the French build the Véronique rocket. They present themselves as pure men of science, without political interests, willing to work for any government that provides them with the most money and the best research equipment.

Pilz, a propulsion expert who has deep-blue eyes, the wavy silver hair of a maestro and the profile of a matinee idol, is the romantic of the three, a moody Werther of the atomic age. He liked working for the French, he said, but the rainy weather in Normandy made him melancholy. He offered his design for a weather satellite to the German government but it was rejected. Spite may be one reason he accepted an Egyptian contract.

Goercke has the benign features, close-cut gray hair and square head of a physics professor in a provincial German university. At 56, he is the veteran of the crew, a guidance expert who came to Cairo in 1953 with an early German expedition, left to work temporarily for the French, then returned to Egypt.

Kleinwachter, a short, bespectacled man with wispy brown hair and a strong, clean-cut face, was studying for his doctorate in Dresden in 1939 when he was recruited by the German army to direct the conversion of garbage into feed for s. Later he served as a signal-corps ajor on the Russian front. He, too, was "recruited" by the French. After that he set up his own research laboratory in Lörrach, where his projects included a device to help the blind direct themselves by acoustic signals. In 1960 he signed a contract with Egypt. He insists he did this "not to harm the Jews but only because these problems are of great interest to me in their scientific aspect."

These three rocket scientists and about half a dozen others of secondary importance, such as specialists in metal alloys for rockets, worked undisturbed from 1960 to 1962. They worked fast and well, for at the 1962 Independence Day parade Nasser unveiled an ugly, 40-foot-long ground-to-ground rocket called Al Kahir (the Conqueror), with a range of about 350 miles, and a smaller model called Al Zafir (the Victor), with a 220-mile range. Commenting jocularly about his rockets' ability to reach Israel, Nasser declared that their range falls "just short of Beirut."

Publicly, the rocket scientists cling to the fragile argument that they are working only on the kind of rocket that carries an instrument panel or a sodium flare, not the kind that carries a one-ton load of high explosives. Pilz, however, when he was asked whether he and his two colleagues had helped in the development of the Kahir and the Zafir rockets, replied, "Yes and no. The two rockets resemble in form and size a civilian project which in the spring of 1961 was offered to the West German Defense Ministry for both civilian and military purposes."

In purely military terms, the liquid-fuel, vertical-takeoff Egyptian rockets are not much of an improvement over the German V-2 of World War II, and even Israeli officials acknowledge that they are not yet operational. Their guidance system is so erratic that a rocket aimed at Israel's narrow central plain might land either in the Mediterranean or in neighboring Jordan. Dr. Eugene Sänger, former head of the Stuttgart Institute of Research for Jet Propulsion, says that the rockets "do not now have a great military value and are more a matter of prestige for Nasser," but he believes that a rocket with a one-ton payload could become operational within 18 months.

Sänger, who had made his office an unofficial recruitment center for Egypt, was recently dismissed from the government-subsidized institute. He has also fallen out with the Egyptians, who claim he misused funds. His replacement in Stuttgart is Armin Dadieu, former SS general and deputy gauleiter of Styria. Most of the 20 or so German rocket technicians working in Cairo are said to come from the Stuttgart Institute, but Dadieu refused to identify them. "Why don't you ask the Israeli security services?" he snapped. "They know everything."

The wartime background of many of the Germans involved in Egyptian military programs, and the contacts between the German "technical community" and war criminals still in asylum in Cairo represent one of the most disturbing aspects of the whole situation. With outsiders, the Germans in Cairo are careful not to say anything that might smack of anti-Semitism, but some admit frankly that they are still "German nationalists," and these words are enough to bring back alarming memories of the Third Reich.

The Martyrs' and Heroes' Memorial Authority in Jerusalem, generally credited with having one of the most complete files on Nazi war criminals, lists about 25 in asylum in Cairo. One, Dr. Hans Eisele, is the physician for many of the German aircraft experts. Eisele is listed by the Memorial Authority as "a former SS officer, responsible for the death of hundreds of prisoners in Buchenwald, where he served as a physician."

Some scientists are on a first-name basis with war criminals such as the anti-Semitic propagandist Johannes von Leers, who was once called "the right arm of Goebbels"; Leopold Gleim, former Warsaw Gestapo chief, condemned to death in absentia in 1945; former SS Gen. Oscar Dirlewanger, who took part in the suppression of the 1943 Warsaw Ghetto Uprising; and former SS officer Wili Brenner, who served in the Mauthausen concentration camp.

It was only a few years after the collapse of Hitler's Third Reich that the Germans began appearing on the Nile. The first group arrived in 1951, headed by armaments expert Dr. Wilhelm Voss, a veteran of the Hermann Göring and Skoda arms plants during World War II. Voss was asked to create a small-caliber rocket and an armaments industry for modern warfare. But the German-Egyptian arms operation, which eventually included 71 German military advisers, collapsed after the Egyptian defeat at Suez in 1956. Two years later, however, the cryptic want ads about a North African aviation industry started to appear in the German press.

Replies to the ads, sent to a post office box in Zurich, were processed by the busy Swiss industrialist Hassan Kamil. One early recruit was Dr. Ferdinand Brandner, an Austrian-born jet-aircraft pioneer, who embodies the idea that science has no borders. The Second World War found this burly, ruddy-

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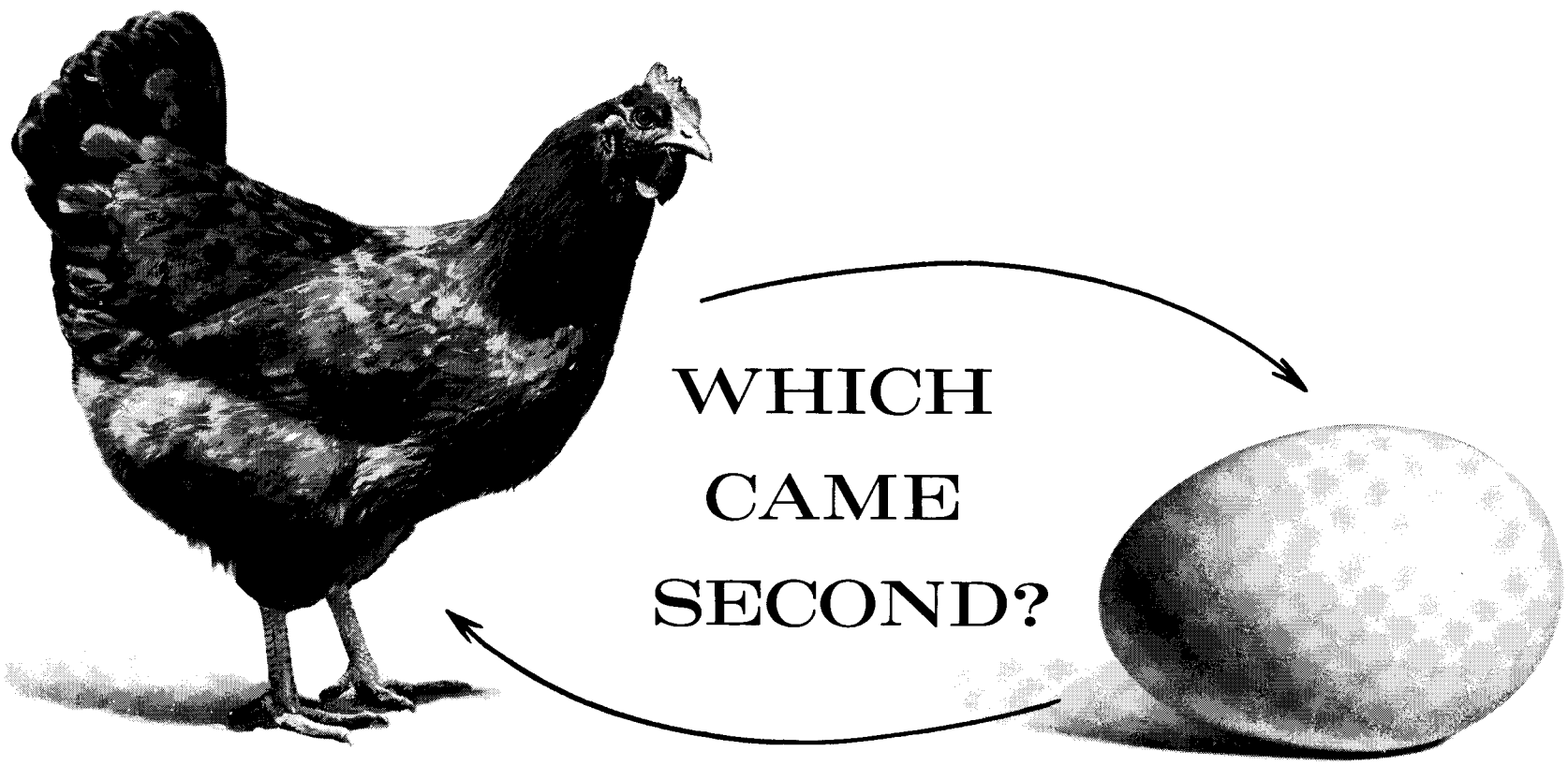

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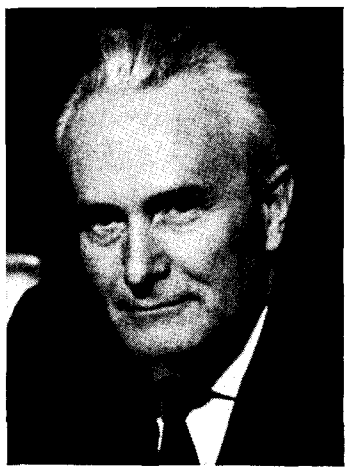
Hans Kleinwachter had a narrow escape from an Israeli assassin.

Mystery man Otto Joklik worked first for Cairo, then for Israel.



Wolfgang Pilz received bomb in mail. The explosion blinded typist.

NASSER'S GERMANS

complexioned designer in Dessau developing engines for Junkers bombers. He was promoted to the rank of colonel in the Storm Troopers, but says he was too busy for the brownshirts. The Soviets moved into Dessau in 1945 and shipped Brandner, 800 of his collaborators and their families to Kuibyschev, in the desolate eastern steppes. After a year's imprisonment Brandner was summoned by a high official in the Soviet Defense Ministry, who told him: "We know who you are and what you can do. We want you to build a propeller turbine within five years. When you have succeeded you and your people will be released."

"I didn't care if I helped the Russians," Brandner said. "My goal was to survive with my family of 2,000." By 1957 Brandner's technicians had developed a turboprop engine that was used in the TU-114. They were released.

Unable to secure the necessary clearance to work for a German aviation firm which handled NATO contracts, Brandner accepted the Egyptian offer to direct engine design. His first assignment was recruiting a production team that could also train Egyptian technicians. He raided the big companies like Mercedes-Benz, Heinkel and Messerschmitt, hiring away some of his wartime colleagues, as well as young engineers, with the lure of challenging work, high pay and a comfortable life in the sunny land of the sphinx. Today his "team" numbers about 250 Germans and Austrians working on engine prototypes.

Under Brandner's guidance, air frames began arriving from a newly created Zurich contractor named MECO (Mechanical Corporation), which obtained materials and personnel from the Spanish branch of Messerschmitt. The first "Egyptian" jet was in the air in time for the Independence Day parade in July of 1961. As the fellahin gaped in astonishment, the small jet fighter circled over their heads, dipped its wings in salute and made a perfect landing. A beaming Nasser decorated the Egyptian officer who emerged from the cockpit. Actually the plane had been built in Seville and flown to Cairo, where the white-and-green Egyptian colors were hastily painted on. And the man who really flew the plane during the parade was a Spanish "co-pilot." In the 1962 parade Nasser showed 12 of his HA-200's, a jet trainer with fighter possibilities, and he is now estimated to have between 30 and 40. Work is also in progress on the HA-300, a supersonic jet fighter similar to the Mirage that the French sell to Israel.

In March, 1962, the suave Otto Joklik descended on Cairo like a circus barker on a country town. With degrees from six universities, references from respected firms, and photographs of himself as a young *Wehrmacht* officer, he satisfied all the Egyptians' scientific and political requirements. Joklik said he was a specialist in gamma rays, cobalt radiation and cancer therapy. He told "Herr Mahmoud" that Israel was preparing for atomic and chemical warfare and suggested various defense measures, including his own design for protective clothing against modern gases. He interested the Egyptians in cobalt, which is used for cancer therapy but is also the basis for a still-theoretical "radiation bomb."

After heading a purchasing mission in Cairo and arranging for cobalt shipments from Germany, Joklik left Egypt in November because, he said, he was horrified at being part of a plot to exterminate Israel. He got in touch with Israeli agents and began telling hair-raising stories of Egyptian plans for all-out warfare. "When I think of how he fooled us it brings tears to my eyes," an Egyptian official said. "The only thing he was an expert on was science fiction." In Egypt Joklik is described as the classic double agent who worked for both sides for two paychecks. The Israelis say he came to them because he was conscience-stricken. For his penance he agreed to tell Heidi Goercke about his experiences so that she would prevail upon her father to quit Cairo.

Israel's Premier David Ben-Gurion, who has recently announced his retirement, was recovering from an attack of flu at the Sea of Galilee when he learned about the arrest of Joklik and Ben-Gal in Switzerland. He immediately ordered all possible measures taken to keep the arrests secret. But Egyptian intelligence leaked the story, and the Swiss government had to confirm it. (The two agents were sentenced last month to nominal terms of two months in prison, for the Swiss judges ruled that their motives were honorable.) From the start Israeli security chief Iser Halperin tried to draw attention away from the arrest of his agents by starting a violent propaganda campaign against the German scientists and, implicitly, against Germany. He summoned editors of the principal Tel Aviv newspapers and provided them with classified information so they could write articles from Germany on the activities of the scientists.

As a result of Halperin's disclosures,

Hans Goercke wears a pistol at his belt even while teaching new missile techniques to Egyptian engineers.

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the Israeli press burst forth with grim hints that Nasser was developing an arsenal of A.B.C. (atomic, biological and chemical) weapons. On March 20, at the height of the propaganda campaign, Foreign Minister Golda Meir charged that the German scientists in Egypt were working on arms "banned by international law, which serve solely for the destruction of organic matter. The motives of this evil crew are a lust for gain and . . . an inclination to hatred of Israel and the destruction of the Jews."

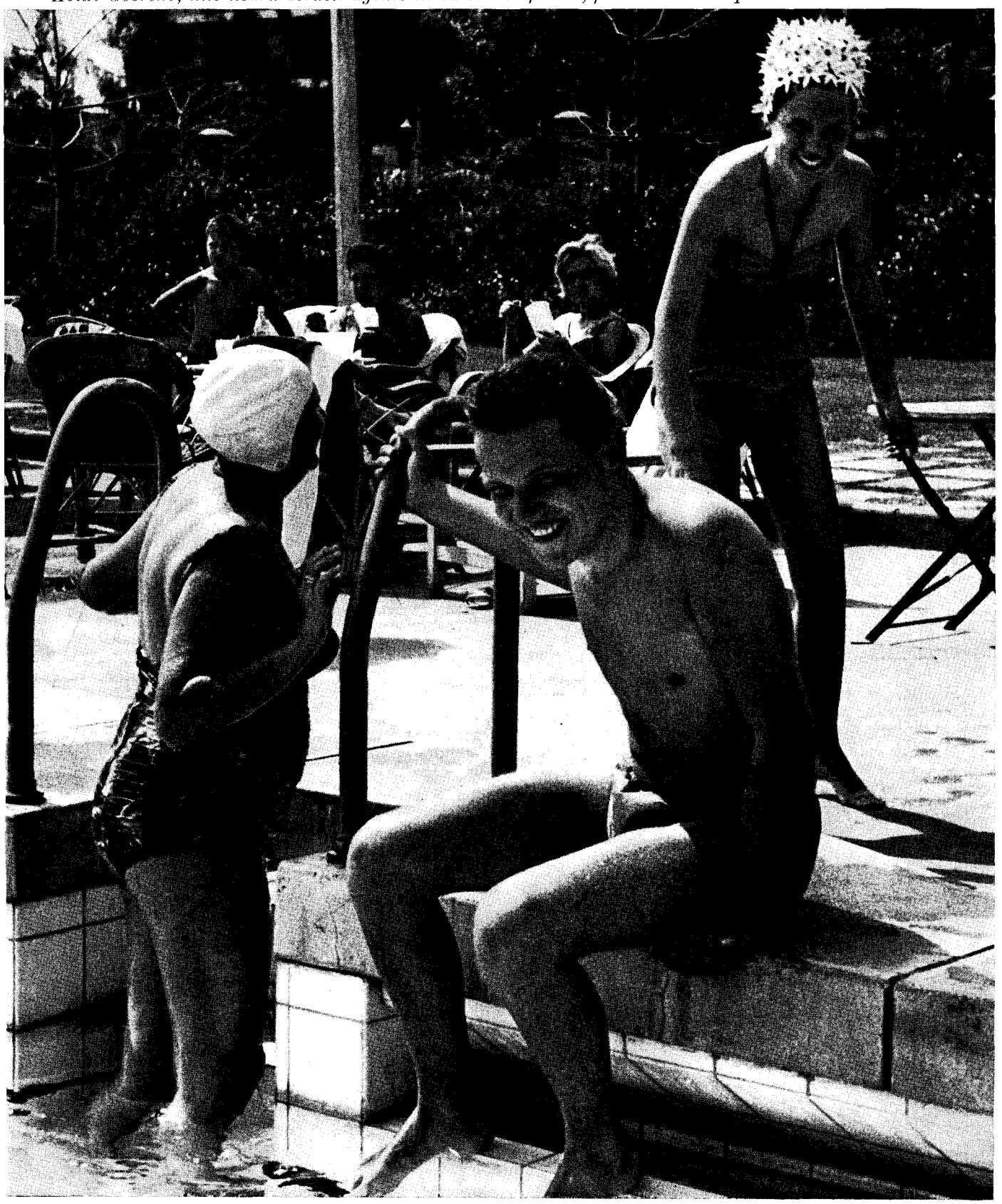
Premier Ben-Gurion soon decided, however, that the campaign might jeopardize his carefully constructed policy of good relations with Germany, founded on the principle that "the sons should not be blamed for the sins of the fathers." He interrupted his vacation and returned for a stormy conference with Halperin.

Israel's long-anonymous security chief is a short gray-haired man in his 50's, with steely blue eyes. Born in Russia, he came to Palestine in the 1930's and distinguished himself as a hard worker on a *kibbutz* (collective farm). In 1942 he joined the "Shai," the intelligence branch of Haganah, the prestatehood underground organization. In 1948, when Israel became a nation, he moved into its intelligence service, becoming its chief in 1952. In the next 10 years he built up what is acknowledged to be the best and most dangerous secret service in the Middle East. His most spectacular feat enabled him to stroll nonchalantly into Ben-Gurion's office and report a kidnapping: "We have Eichmann on Israel soil."

In the course of his spectacular career, however, Halperin was often at odds with a man whose career has been even more spectacular—deputy defense minister Shimon Peres. At 39, Peres's intelligence is matched by his toughness, his toughness by his ambition. It was Peres who singlehandedly negotiated the French arms deal that made possible the attack on Suez; it was Peres who recently arranged for the sale of American Hawk ground-to-air missiles which had been refused in 1961; it was Peres who took part in the secret arms negotiations with West Germany; it was Peres who stormed into Ben-Gurion's office and demanded that Halperin's anti-German campaign be called off. Halperin resigned.

Acting very unlike a retired intelligence chief, Halperin began to hold meetings with *kibbutz* and labor leaders to defend his position. He ignored Ben-Gurion's efforts to talk things over. Yet even Israeli officials personally sympathetic to Halperin admit that his propaganda campaign had been "hysterical." A much-heralded White Paper with which t Israelis threatened to expose the Germ scientists now appears to have been at least partly imaginary.

Heidi Goercke, who heard Israeli agents threaten her father, frolics at Cairo pool with mother and brother.



Israelis today feel they have a strong case against Nasser's militarism without having to overstate it. They see the issue of the German scientists as the most dramatic facet of a more serious problem—arms escalation in the Middle East. And they know that they are terribly vulnerable. "We've got better-trained soldiers," says a high Israeli official, "but when the push-button war begins we can pack up, because the quality of our fighting men won't count. Even if we were a nation of Einsteins, there is nothing we could do about someone pushing a button in Cairo. Why do you think we had to go begging on our knees for Hawks? We've got to keep up the 'balance of terror.' Nasser is like Cato, who ended every speech in the Roman senate with the words 'Carthage must be destroyed'—and it was. He's promised the destruction of Israel, and one of these days he's going to have to deliver."

To prepare for the day Israel is building up its own military and political deterrents. It has a standing army of about 50,000 men—less than half Nasser's army—but it can mobilize 10 percent of its 2.5 million people in a matter of weeks. It has French Mirage III-C fighters that can outfly all but the latest model of Nasser's Migs, and Hawk ground-to-air missiles to match Nasser's Soviet-made SA-2 antiaircraft rockets. It has a solid-fuel rocket tested in a weather flight in 1961 but never displayed in a military model. (The rocket was named Shavi Shtayem—Comet II—after a member of the general staff observed, "Let's call it the Shavit Two so Nasser will wonder what happened to the Shavit One.") Finally, in the Negev desert, there is Israel's 24,000-thermal-kilowatt nuclear reactor. Long known as "the textile plant," from early explanations given to the curious, it is housed under a shining silver dome in a round, windowless building and is surrounded by 20 miles of barbed wire. French scientists and at least two of the inevitable Germans are working on nuclear research in Israel.

So the enemies continue to confront each other, each building weapons of mass destruction, weapons neither can afford. Perhaps nobody would pay so much attention if the Egyptians hired British scientists to build their rockets, or if the Germans were building rockets for India. But so long as the world remembers the monstrous Nazi crimes against the Jews, it cannot easily accept the idea of Germans building rockets aimed against the Jewish state of Israel. Nobody is more aware of this than the German government itself. Its newest plan is to use economic pressures against expatriate scientists. They will be offered attractive research jobs in Germany at salaries matching their Cairo pay. Government contracts will be withdrawn from German firms supplying the Egyptian rocket program. If this fails it will be up to the Germans to find more persuasiv methods, for while the Egyptians may b criticized for militarism, and the Israelis for terrorism, the Germans can ill afford to plead "neutrality" in a problem of their own creation. THE END

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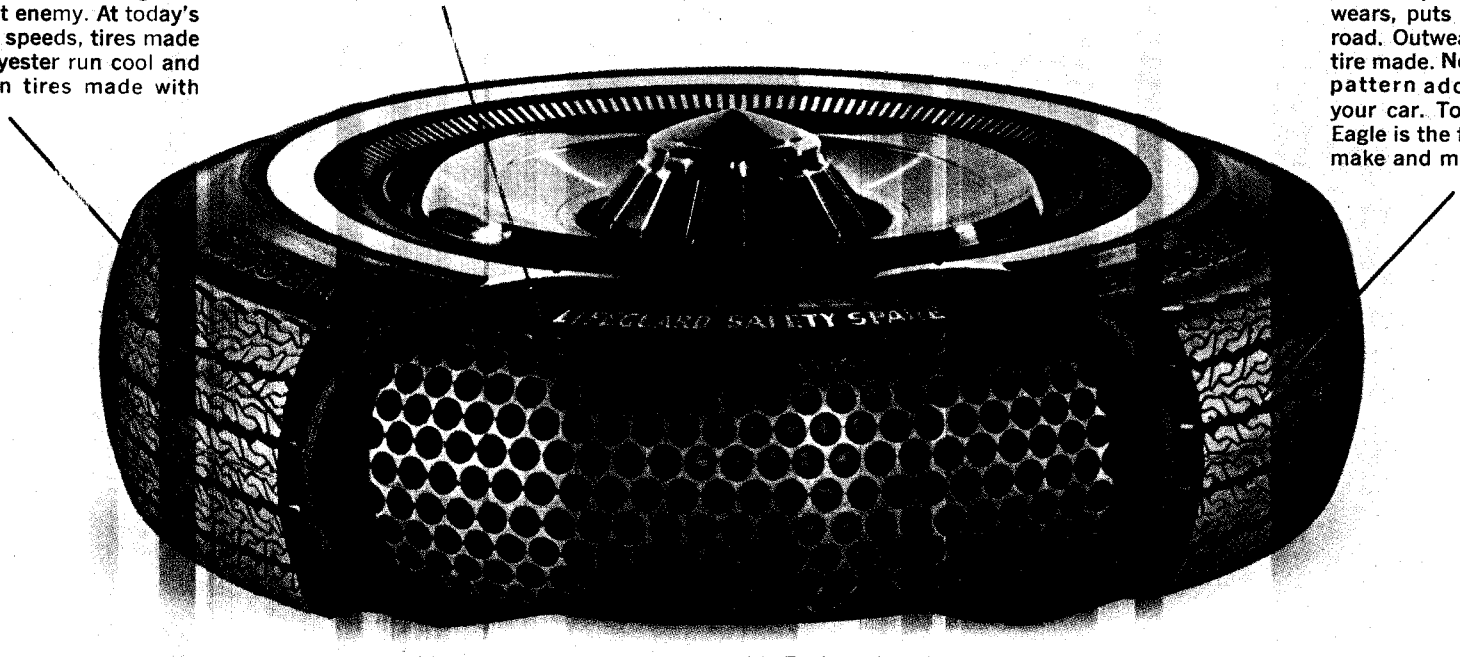

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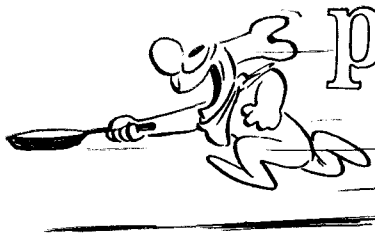
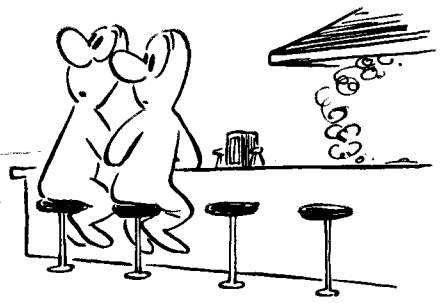




"Well, for one thing, I'm not having any fun."

"Tell me the part again where you slapped her in the chops."

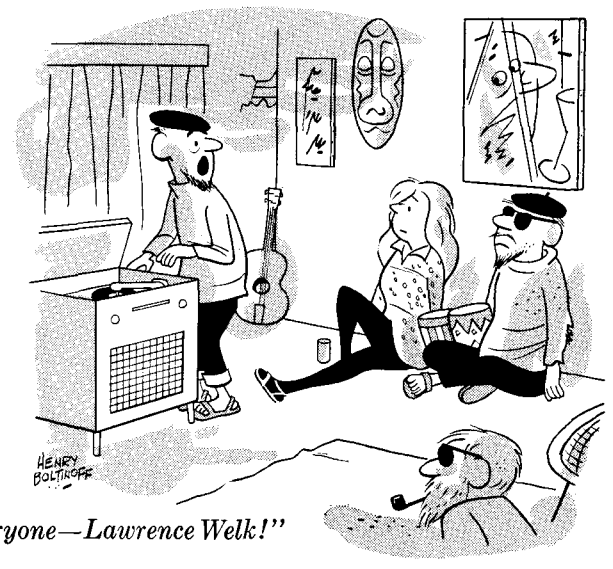
"Just ads."

SONG IN ONE FLAT

The people downstairs complain of our noise,
  As though we maintained a riot.
But little they know that their flat enjoys
  A zone of relative quiet.

Though we are the ones they roundly cuss,
  The people downstairs would love us
If just for a time they lived like us,
  Below the people above us!

GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH



"Quiet, everyone—Lawrence Welk!"

"If you'd lost as many umbrellas as I have, Miss Ellison, you'd be careful too."

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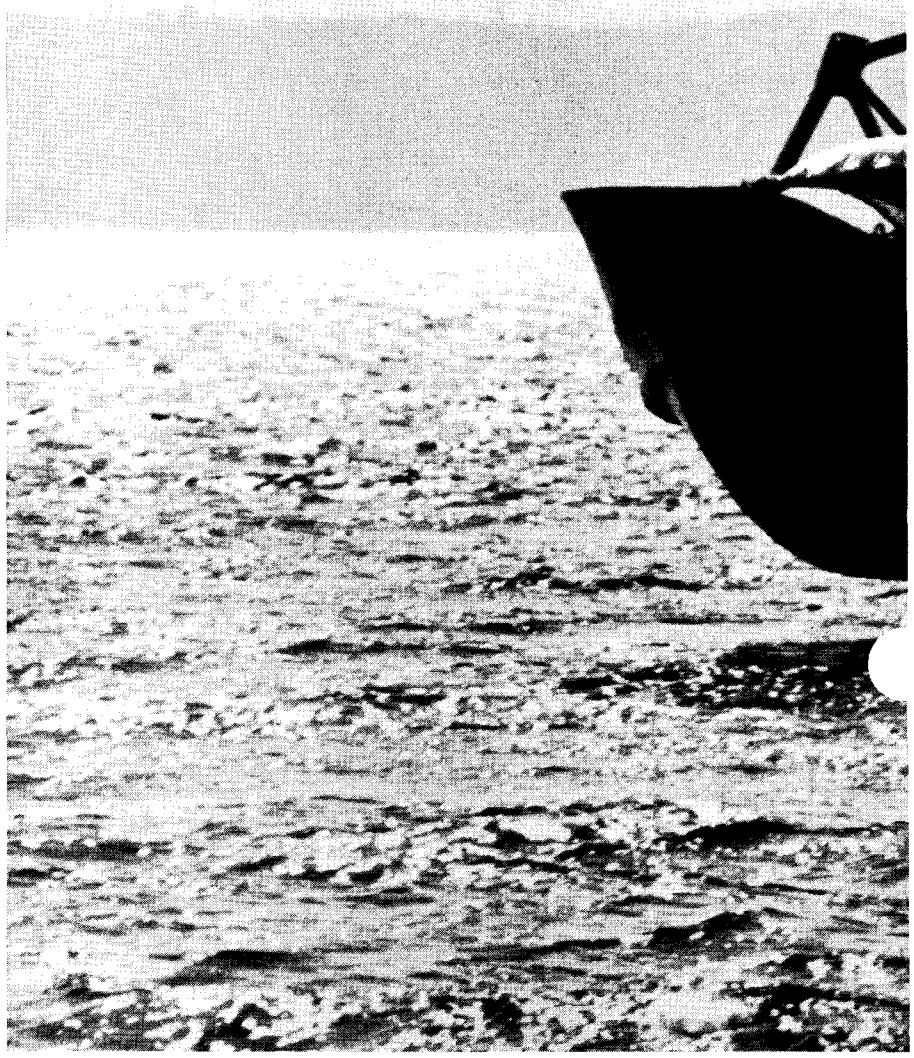
UNGAINLY WATERBUG

New hydrofoil craft that "fly" on underwater wings may protect our coasts from attack by missile submarines.



She looked for all the world like a lubberly old fishing boat, with about as much chance of flying as Grant's Tomb has of going into orbit. But on the afternoon of last May 22, after pushing a brief 100 yards through the green water of Puget Sound, the Navy's *USS High Point* rose bow-first from the water like an elephant heaving itself up from its knees and, with cascades of water still pouring from its hull, took off down the sound like a startled goose—improbable, absurd, beautiful.

The *High Point* is a hydrofoil—that strange half-boat, half-airplane type of craft that whips along the water on three pairs of underwater "wings" at speeds of up to 100 knots.

Hydrofoils have been described as flying boats that can't quite get airborne. Their perpetual near-takeoffs, however, carry them over the water at speeds far in excess of those achieved by any conventional ship.

The Navy has many uses for a high-speed surface ship. It can be used to land quick-striking commando parties, as a speedy landing craft that doesn't have to play sitting duck for enemy artillery, as a decoy vessel to draw the enemy away from convoys and secret striking forces. It can serve as a blockade ship that covers far more territory in less time than conventional warships. The hydrofoil's most important application, however, will be in anti-submarine warfare.

"The hydrofoil," says a high Navy official at the Pentagon, "is possibly the most promising new vehicle we have for an area defense against missile-firing submarines which might attack the coast of the United States."

Hydrofoil sub-killers, in fact, are almost a necessity in this time of the swift, missile-carrying nuclear submarine. World War II submarines slid through the depths very slowly, compared with a top speed of around 33 knots for destroyers. But nuclear subs can hit speeds well above 20 knots, giving trouble to even our newest destroyers.

Hydrofoils, to be sure, are not the Navy's only anti-sub defense. PT boats can operate when the sea is not too rough; airplanes and helicopters are frequently used if the weather is good, and even the old destroyer could occasionally bag a nuclear sub if it could sneak in and drop its depth bombs without being detected. Surface ships, however, are vulnerable to torpedoes if the sub should decide to attack. A hydrofoil, on the other hand, keeps most of its bulk six to ten feet out of the water.

When the Navy first began to take hydrofoils seriously back in the early 1950's it found itself under a double disadvantage. First, very little hydrofoil work was going on in this country. The Europeans, and particularly the Russians, were far ahead of us. The Soviets, in fact, have several classes of hydrofoil torpedo boats already in the water.

Not that the Russians were first. An Italian, Enrico Forlanini, not only got a 3,000-pound boat above the waters of Lake Maggiore in 1906 but raced it at 38 knots. In 1918 Alexander Graham Bell and Casey Baldwin built a five-ton craft that hit speeds of more than 60 knots, scaring its pilot half to death. But that was the end of American hydrofoil development. Bell's fast but flip-prone boat still held the hydrofoil speed record as late as this year.

Scouring the records, the Navy found that the lack of experimentation in this country wasn't the only problem: We could not even borrow from abroad. Foreign ship designers had nothing to offer. The craft developed by the Russians would be smashed to bits in an open ocean, making it useless for anti-sub work.

The Navy decided to gamble on a new approach—a radically different form of hydrofoil which, it was hoped, might work on an ocean-going vessel. In effect, the Naval experts would try to leapfrog the "hydrofoil gap" and develop a more sophisticated craft without going through all of the stages with which other designers had experimented.

Basically, the hydrofoil is one or more sets of wings that move through water instead of air. Like an airplane wing, it is shaped to create an area of low pressure on its upper side as it moves, thus providing lift. Since water is 800 times more dense than air, the foil gives much greater lift than an airplane wing with a much smaller surface area.

The foils or "wings" are attached below the hull with struts. As the ship picks up speed, lift builds up under the foils until it raises the hull out of the water, Once the hull is airborne, the ship skims along on its foils, which offer far less resistance and drag to the water—hence much higher speed from far less power.

The most common form of hydrofoil today is the "surface-piercing" type. It takes the shape of a *V* or triangle on the end of a strut, with one corner in the water. It is inherently stable, remaining at an almost constant level with respect to the water surface. Yet this type has a shortcoming. In a heavy sea, the ship will rise and fall with the waves, causing bumps not unlike those experienced by an aircraft in rough weather. This buffeting will eventually lead to the destruction of the boat, not to mention its effect on the crew.

A fully submerged foil, on the other hand, reacts only to changes in pressure beneath the surface. These occur very rapidly, but may be compensated for by adjusting the angle of the foil in the water. The problem is to sense these changes quickly enough to make the proper adjustments in time.

When the Office of Naval Research became interested in hydrofoils as potential sub-hunters, it decided that the best chance for an ocean-going craft lay in the development of this so-called "thinking wing." What ONR wanted was a foil equipped with gyroscopes, accelerometers and a variety of scanning devices that would sense pressure changes in the water ahead of the ship, along with a computer-type control system that would correlate the information and automatically relay corrective signals to adjust the foils.

Technicians at the Navy's David Taylor Model Basin in Washington, D.C., developed a foil; the flight control laboratory at Massachusetts Institute of Technology worked out the electronic sensing and "thinking" system, and in 1957 the New York engineering firm of Gibbs and Cox welded the foils and autopilot to a 29-foot hull. The odd assembly, called the *Sea Legs*, worked: It "flew" in rough water.

At this point the aircraft industry became interested. The older European craft, bound to the water by their surface-piercing foils, were still clearly boats. But the *Sea Legs*, with submerged foils and an autopilot, was a kissing cousin to the plane.

Grumman Aircraft landed a design contract for a projected 300-ton, 200-foot submerged-foil ship, the experimental AG(EH)-1. Avco Corporation began work on an amphibious landing craft with a retractable foil of the same type. And the Boeing Company had alre assigned a deceptively mild and boy looking aeronautical engineer nam Robert E. Bateman to determine where Boeing might find a place in the Navy's anti-submarine warfare program.

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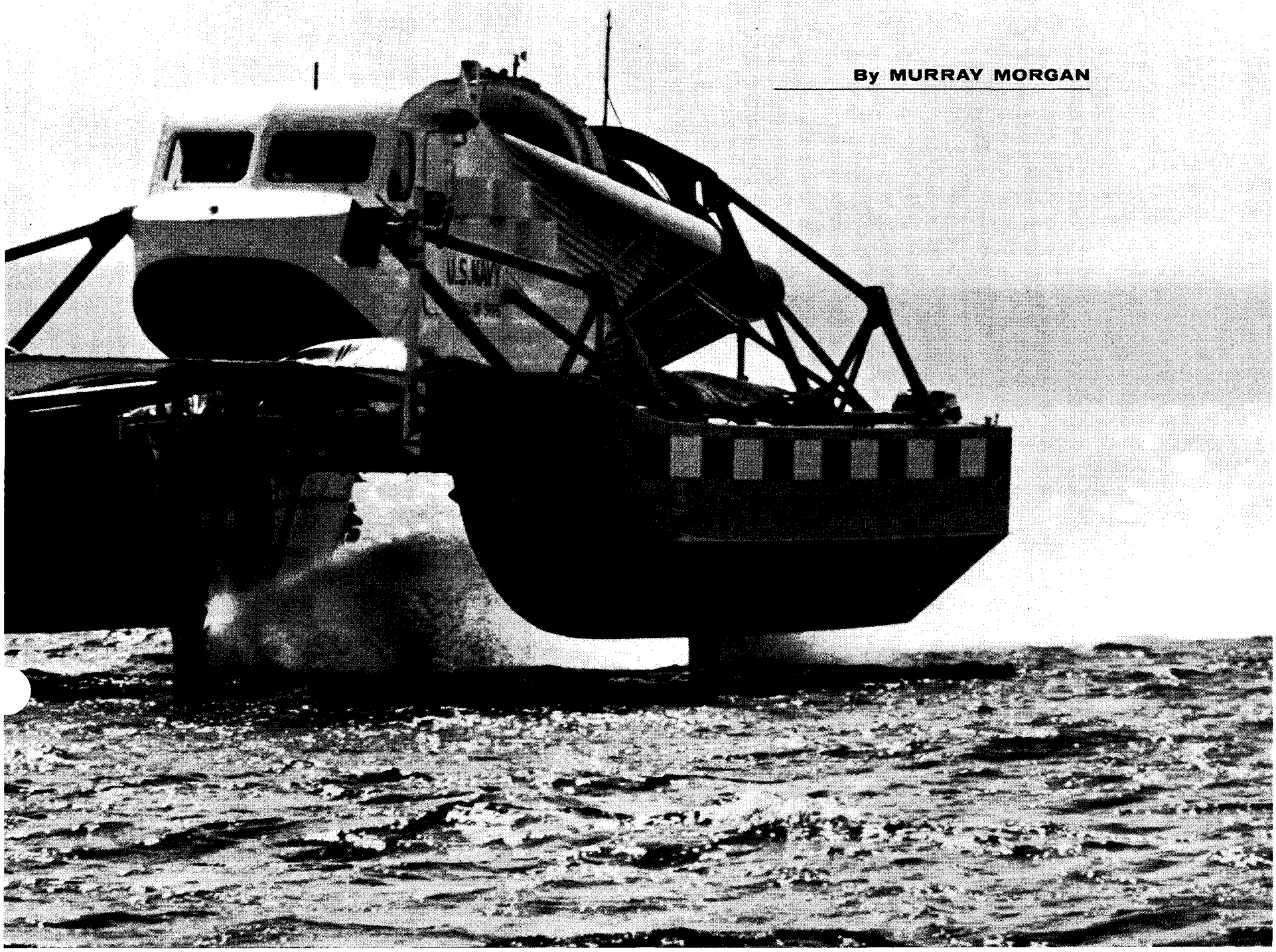
By MURRAY MORGAN



Fresh I, a twin-hulled, jet-powered hydrofoil built for the Navy, races across Puget Sound at more than 50 mph.

After a year's study Bateman decided that Boeing's best bet would be to develop seaworthy, torpedo-carrying hydrofoils. Boeing's background in aerodynamics and electronics would be valuable, he argued, and hydrofoils could use many of the lightweight materials and instruments incorporated in planes. The company high command said, in effect, "You proposed it; you do it." Bateman became manager of Boeing's new Advanced Marine Systems organization.

Bateman, who has been described by an associate as "rock-ribbed and computer-minded," has so far produced three hydrofoils. First into the water was the *Little Squirt*, a 20-foot plywood boat named for its 475-horsepower gasoline-driven turbine which scoops water into one of the foil struts and blasts it from a nozzle at the stern. This pump jet drives the *Little Squirt* at 45 knots or better.

On the first test run, last January, Boeing test pilot Vern Salisbury stood the *Little Squirt* on its nose and wound up in the freezing waters of Lake Washington. "We obviously didn't have all the problems worked out," he says. "But I still think it was more pilot error. Anyway, we got the bugs out by the second flight."

The bugs were long gone by the time Boeing let me take a ride in the *Little Squirt* last May. I scare easily, and there were a few moments of uneasiness as the little boat pounded over the slight chop. But then we raised on the foils and skimmed along so quietly at 50 miles an hour that no vibration shook my pencil as I took notes, and a cup of coffee set on the dash shimmered but did not splash. The main sensation of a hydrofoil ride is the absence of sensation.

The *Little Squirt* was built as a floating laboratory on which Boeing can test its foils, electronic equipment and engine. Boeing's next effort was the *Fresh I*, a jet-blown, twin-hull craft which will be used by the Navy to test supercavitating foils—wings designed to pierce the aquatic equivalent of the sonic barrier.

When pressure on the upper wing surface drops, bubbles begin to form there, and at speeds of slightly more than 60 knots a vapor cavity is created. This "cavitation" results in loss of lift and erratic performance. With foils that work above the speed of cavitation, and more powerful engines, the speeds of hydrofoils may be doubled.

The *Fresh I* has yet to be timed over a calibrated mile, but instrument readings on the test runs have led Boeing to claim that it is the world's fastest hydrofoil. It is expected to reach 70 miles an hour on its present foils and about 115 miles an hour after new systems have been installed.

The *Little Squirt* and the *Fresh I* look like the experimental test craft they are, and it is possible to imagine them climbing out of the water on stilts. But the *USS High Point*, 115 feet long, 31 feet in the beam and displacing 110 tons, appears closer to sinking than flying.

The *High Point* was built for the Navy at the Martinac Shipbuilding Corporation yards in Tacoma, and the veteran fishboat builders who riveted her aluminum hull couldn't conceal their doubts. "I'm glad to have the work," one remarked to me, "but, hell, I can't see spending two million bucks on this pipedream. I'm a taxpayer too."

But as the *High Point* took shape, attitudes changed. Long before the successful test run, the Martinac men were converts: They were talking about hydrofoils not just as sub-chasers but as scouting vessels for fishing fleets, as short-haul passenger carriers, as freighters for high-priority cargoes.

There will never be an *SS United States* or a *USS Enterprise* on wings—experts estimate the maximum practical weight of a hydrofoil at 5,000 tons. But the hydrofoil "looks like the small warship of the future," says a Navy spokesman. "The day may come when it will replace all conventional naval vessels up to and including destroyers." THE END

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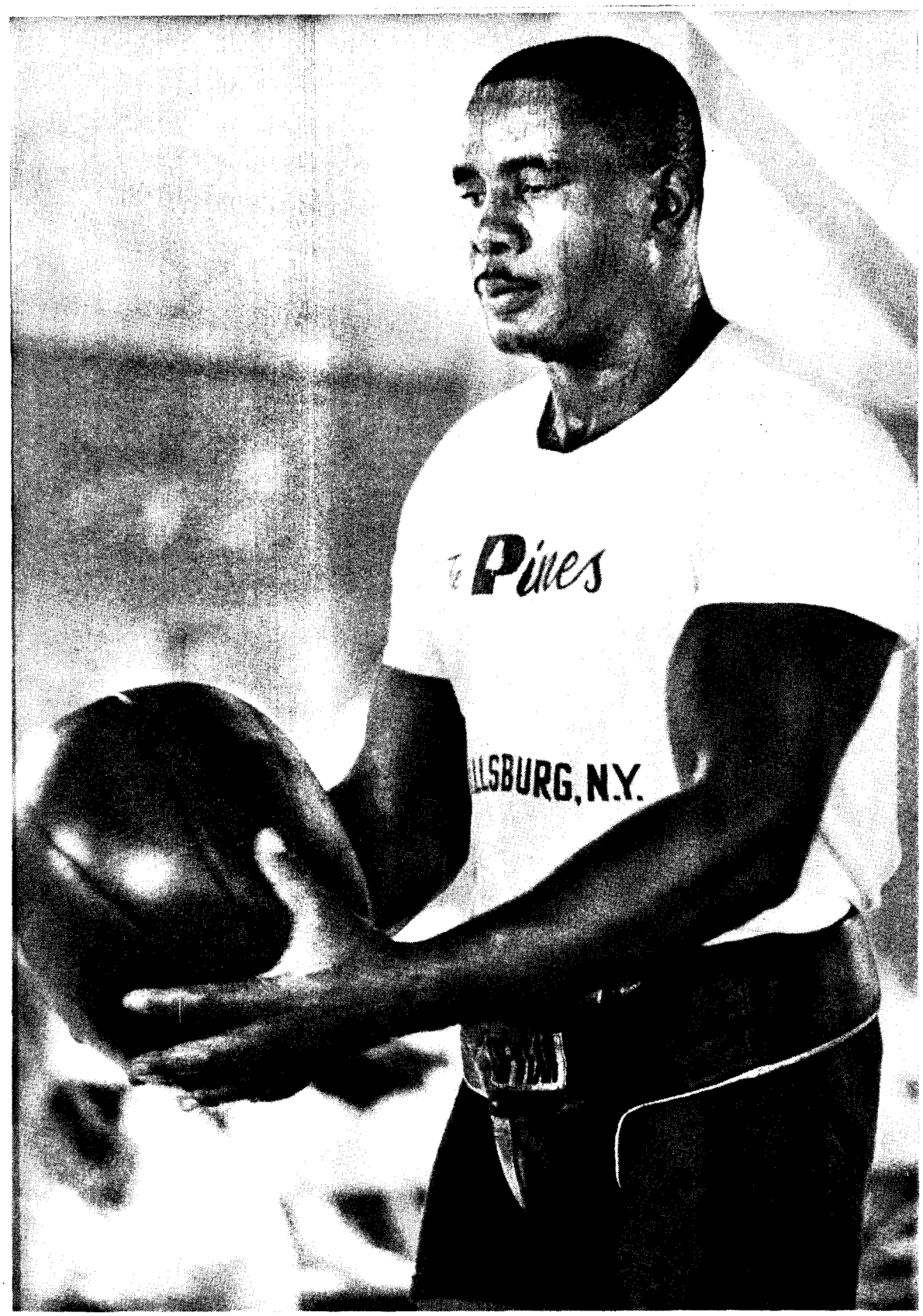
Get the lawyers out of the ring

If he beats Patterson, Sonny Liston, who can barely read and write, intends to institute his own new order as absolute monarch of the boxing world.



Mammoth muscles bulging, Liston catches a heavy medicine ball rebounding from his stomach.

By FRANK GRAHAM Jr.

Charles (Sonny) Liston, robed and hooded against the night, waited in the bright ring at Chicago's Comiskey Park last September 25. At his side was Jack Nilon, now his manager but then officially his "adviser." Nilon stared at Floyd Patterson, the defending heavyweight champion, who had just climbed through the ropes across the ring.

"There he is," Nilon said to Liston. "He kept you from being champ for a long time."

Liston, whose public posture is truculence, did not alter his expression. "If that bell rings," said Sonny Liston, who wanted to be champion, "we won't need to wait but a couple more minutes."

If. Liston had summed up present boxing in a word. Lawsuits, tax gimmicks, wounded feelings and extracurricular violence make each new step in the sport uncertain. But in the cool September air that bell did ring, and, of course, Liston demolished Patterson in two minutes, six seconds of the first round. Now on the eve of the return match 10 months later, it seems a miracle that the bell will ring again.

The 10 months between fights have mingled chaos with inaction. Liston, sulky and rebellious because he felt he had been shortchanged last September, talked of hiring other promoters or finding other opponents. Patterson, humiliated by his performance or nonperformance, toyed with the notion of reestablishing his reputation by fighting Cassius Clay. Finally scheduled for this spring, the rematch was postponed three different times, twice because of injuries to the fighters and once because the site originally agreed on had, from a promoter's standpoint, gone to seed.

Each fighter has coped with the long delays in his own fashion. Patterson, the lonely boy who used to hide in cellars and subway crannies, at first reacted instinctively: He fled Chicago immediately after the fight in a comic-opera disguise composed of dark glasses and false whiskers. "I couldn't help it," he said later. "When I'm hurt—when I'm ashamed—I want to go off by myself. Then maybe people will forget about me. They'll forget the awful thing that happened. The best thing to do is hide."

Floyd will never be able to reconcile himself to the fact that other good fighters have been knocked out in the first round. (There is a one-round knockout recorded against Jack Dempsey too, though that one might not bear close examination.) But finally he has come to recognize that losing to a bigger, stronger man does not constitute a felony. Pride in past accomplishments has brought him out of his hole at last. He has, since spring, been more in the public eye than the less-troubled Liston.

In May, during the racial crisis, Patterson flew to Birmingham with Jackie Robinson. ("I didn't expect we'd turn the tide or anything like that," Floyd said. "Jackie and I just wanted to say thanks to some brave people.") He also made several trips on behalf of his young singing protégé, Mickey Allen. And, perhaps concerned with the nature of his fear after so many of his critics had accused him of quailing before Liston, Patterson confronted a fear he feels is much more real. Always reluctant to fly, he began to take flying lessons.

Liston tended his personal affairs. Claiming he had been harassed by the police in Philadelphia, he moved to Chicago but found land there too expensive. He then settled in Denver, which he had first visited in 1960 when he boxed Zora Folley. There, in the Negro section, an attractive and not hopelessly airtight ghetto, he bought a modern $30,000 home on a manicured corner lot and settled down with his wife Geraldine to modest domesticity.

Nearby, at St. Ignatius Loyola Churc' is his friend and adviser, the Rev. Edwar P. Murphy. Liston, who is not a Catholic, insists that Father Murphy, a Jesuit priest, attend his fights. Before going out

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Napoleon Lyre Clock designed by Festeau Le Jeune, Paris (Circa 1830), from the Old Charter Clock Collection.

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"I've thought and I've thought," says Liston, "and there just ain't no way he can beat me."

Near his new $30,000 home in Denver, Liston labors, upside down, to strengthen the muscles around a jaw that Floyd Patterson has never touche

to flatten Patterson last fall, Liston, seated on the rubbing table, bowed his head and motioned Father Murphy over to him.

"Give me a blessing," he murmured.

Father Murphy, who has converted many Negroes to Catholicism and who occasionally corresponds with Patterson, a Catholic convert, spends a great deal of time with Liston. "After this fight is out of the way," Father Murphy says, "I want Sonny to learn to read and write. It will broaden his scope."

Liston often visits Father Murphy. Next door to the rectory lives a mite of a girl whose name is Ira and who waits anxiously for a sight of "Uncle Charles." Then, thrusting her head, all done up in gay ribbons, out the window, she screams, "Hello, you big bum!"

Sonny waves. "Hello, you little bum."

It makes Ira furious. Sonny walks on grinning, a most remarkable sight in Denver, or anyplace else.

A recent visitor to Denver, who had hoped to watch Liston work out, discovered that the champion had abandoned training for a few days ("I'm getting too sharp too quick"). Instead, the visitor arranged to meet Sonny at his home.

He found him there in the living room, wearing a two-piece, soft-green lounging suit. Sonny lives amid mirrors, gleaming white surfaces and rococo bric-a-brac. He is the proud owner of a whopping new black Cadillac, whose accessories include a television set and a telephone, the latter equipped with an extension in case Sonny is wanted while he is in the back seat.

Sonny answered most questions with a grunt, or a languid nod. Occasionally he was stirred into articulateness.

"What do you weigh now?"

"About 225. I'll be 212–215 for the fight," Liston said.

"And if you win?"

"I'm going to promote my own fights—so I don't have to wait for my money."

The doorbell rang. It was a neighborhood youngster in quest of the champion's signature. Sonny retired wordlessly to the kitchen, where he picked up a scrap of paper on which his name had already been scrawled—a sort of instant autograph—and returned to hand it to the boy. Then he sat down again.

"Do you think the same thing will happen in this fight?"

"Yeah."

"Do you think Patterson might try to stay around longer by running away?"

"He don't know how to run."

Before the first fight Sonny had been asked if he could think of any way in which he could possibly lose to Patterson.

He had slowly shaken his head. "I've thought and I've thought—and there just ain't *no* way he can beat me."

Sonny Liston, in waiting, continues to ponder.

One of the most formidable obstacles to the forthcoming rematch appeared to be public apathy. Who would pay his way into an arena or a movie theater, rigged for closed-circuit television, to watch a rerun of last fall's fiasco? Harry Markson—an interested party, of course, because he is an official of Madison Square Garden, a rival of Championship Sports, Inc., which is promoting the fight—speaks for the critics. "Patterson insisted on going through with the rematch to prove that he's not afraid of Liston. It's ridiculous to make people pay to see Floyd prove something to *himself*."

But Liston wants even more urgently that the return bout take place. He needs money. Though Patterson's title is gone, Floyd remains the financial boss. The contract, which both fighters signed before the first fight, gave Patterson the right to name the promoter and the site of the rematch. "We've got to get this one out of the way," Jack Nilon, a soft-spoken 45-year-old Irishman says. "Then we'll be footloose and fancy-free."

Boxing, in other words, may be about to move in a completely new direction. If Liston beats Patterson again, Nilon plans to establish Sonny as the promoter of his own fights. Liston's partners will be Nilon's brothers James and Robert, and his attorney, Garland (Bill) Cherry. Because boxing's rules forbid a manager to promote his fighter's bouts, Nilon will remain—officially—a manager.

"Lawyers have come into boxing," says Nilon, a caterer by trade, "and run it into the ground. We plan to take boxing out of their hands."

But lawyers, if the wild and implausible events leading up to this fight have scrawled any pattern for boxing, will remain prominent. It may be more difficult than Nilon concedes to get the lawyers out of the ring.

To understand the Liston-Patterson story, one must go back nearly 10 years. Ray Arcel, who used to promote televised fights every Saturday night before hoodlums broke his skull and drove him out of boxing, saw Liston just after he had become a professional in 1953. Impressed, Arcel visited Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, and offered him a contract for two televised bouts, one against Liston and the other against a fighter named Wes Bascom.

"Who's Liston?" D'Amato asked.

"An amateur," Arcel replied, innocently.

"I'll take the fights," Cus said, "but they gotta be for eight rounds each. I don't want Floyd to fight ten rounds yet."

Arcel shook his head. "My contract with the TV people says I have to put on ten-round fights."

D'Amato was nursing Patterson along, a practice he never ceased, and told Arcel he would think about the offer. Two days later Arcel read that Patterson had agreed to fight Bascom in an eight-rounder at Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway. Cus, perhaps aware of Liston's menacing power, had apparently decided to forget all about the big man.

Nine years passed. Meanwhile, Patterson won the heavyweight championship, lost it to Ingemar Johansson, and regained it in 1960. After disposing of Ingo a second time and cleaning up the assorted fodder fed him at intervals by D'Amato, Floyd found himself without a suitable opponent. Only Sonny Liston a very unsuitable opponent, confror the champion.

D'Amato wanted no part of the would-be challenger. Liston had been arrested 19 times. He had served two prison terms,

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one of two years for armed robbery and the other nine months for pistol-whipping a St. Louis cop. He had learned to fight fair in prison, but for a long time his boxing career had been directed by gangsters. Most appalling of all, he was—and is—a terrific puncher. You couldn't dream up a less suitable opponent in a nightmare.

Then after Patterson regained his title, he and D'Amato had a falling out, and Patterson began doing his own thinking, assisted by a lawyer named Julius November. Liston demanded a title match. "I'll fight him for nothing," Liston told the press. "All I want is the chance." Patterson's pride was hurt when Liston claimed he was running away from the challenge, that he was yellow.

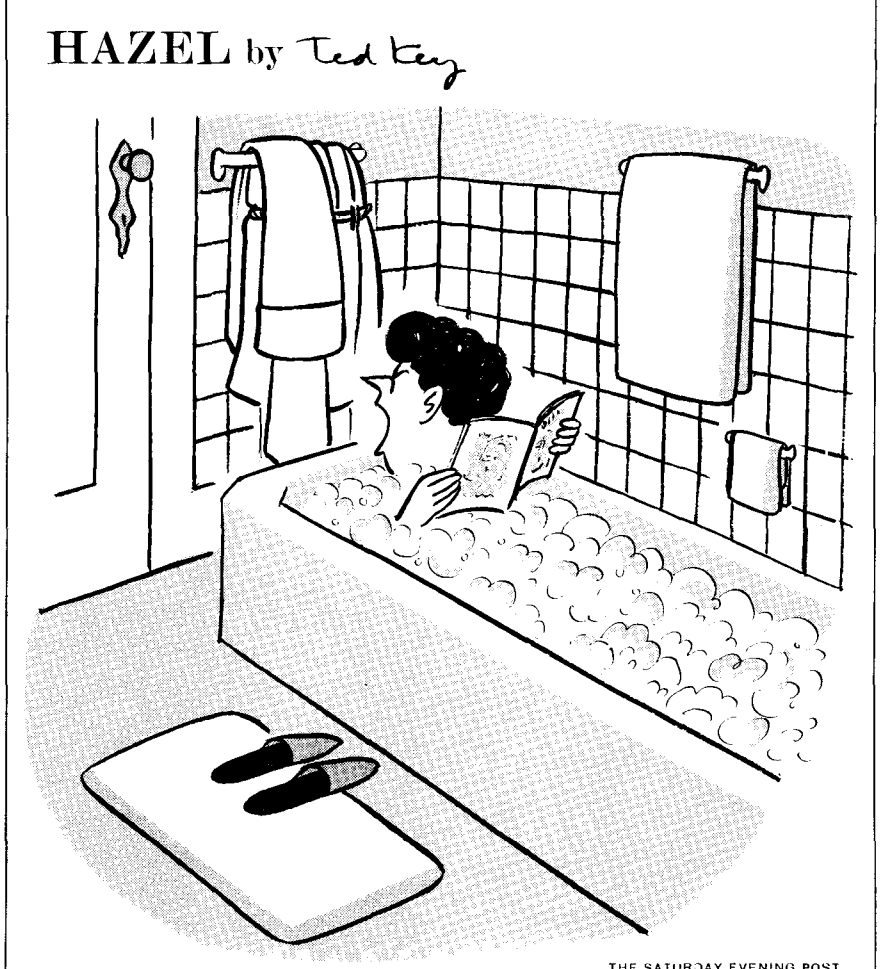
Without benefit of D'Amato, Patterson made up his mind to fight. He went to Tom and Al Bolan, the top officials at Championship Sports, and dictated his terms: 45 percent of the live gate and 55 percent of the ancillary receipts—which included closed-circuit TV, movies and radio. Liston, he insisted, must get only 10 percent. "He said he'd fight me for nothing," Patterson said. "Now he can put up or shut up."

What Liston put up was a howl of anguish, but when it developed that Sonny was to get a guarantee of $225,000, few paid much heed to his cries. People detected a considerable distance between the zero he had designated in a brash moment as his asking price for a chance at the title, and the minimum of almost a quarter of a million dollars he was to get instead. Liston finally compromised at 12½ percent.

There is no need here to go into all the details of the first Liston-Patterson fight, but a selection of highlights is significant:

- The fight, originally scheduled for Yankee Stadium, was suddenly turned down by the New York State Athletic Commission on the grounds that Liston had not proved he had freed himself from underworld influence. Perhaps more to the point was the death of Benny Paret after a fight in Madison Square Garden. Boxing was threatened in New York, and some felt that Liston's unsavory background would supply the sport's opponents with further ammunition. The fight was rescheduled for Chicago.
- Jack Nilon won the struggle for control of Liston. George Katz, a veteran Philadelphia fight manager who had temporarily filled a vacuum left by the removal of the mobsters from Sonny's life, was eased out. Katz was permitted to linger on until the fall as his manager, and was granted 10 percent of his earnings for another year. Nilon became Liston's "adviser." Asked by a reporter if Nilon was rendering this service for nothing, Sonny replied, "If he is, I want to take this opportunity to thank him."
- Liston, still grumpy about his meager share of the receipts, took grim delight in embarrassing the promoters. He frequently waited for them to dispatch reporters to watch him train, then canceled his workout.
- The Chicago *Tribune*, which felt that Liston's presence in town constituted a threat to public morals, refused to acknowledge in its pages that any fight was to take place. A *Tribune* reporter dutifully made his round of the training camps, presumably to be on hand in the event of fire or riot, but no word of his copy reached the paper. However, on September 26 the *Tribune*—thereby becoming an accessory after the fact—revealed to its readers that a new heavyweight champion had ascended the throne.
- Patterson's handlers invited the press to view film clips of their man's 22 one-punch knockouts. The sight of an interminable string of falling bodies, following one another to the canvas in rapid succession, was designed to remind the press that Patterson could punch too. But in the end Liston's armed propaganda—a political euphemism for terrorism—proved the more lasting image.
- A plan to spread everybody's earnings from the fight over a 17-year period—thus evading heavy one-year taxes—stirred up the Internal Revenue Bureau. The Federal Government eventually seized all the fight's receipts, a matter of some $4,800,000.

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.



"I'll call her back!"

There was a curious cleavage of opinion about how the fight was going to turn out. The press, wandering into allegory, saw it as a battle between "Good and Evil." Since most newspapermen abominate evil, the press leaned slightly to Patterson. The bettors, on the other hand, failed to perceive the moral conflict and made Liston a 3–2 favorite. Most surprising of all was Liston's strong appeal to a certain segment of the public.

This appeal had something to do with contemporaneity. There are actors and actresses—Brando and Taylor, for instance—who pull their audiences along with them into the 1960's—into today. And then there are those other performers like Helen Hayes, who always seems to be playing to "all you girls out there in 1935."

The older liberals loved Floyd Patterson, who'd had a bad time but righted himself, and combatted juvenile delinquency, and was modest and decent and quiet. Sonny Liston? He was right out of a Jimmy Dean movie, or a Jack Kerouac novel. His fans were chiefly young ones.

At the end of two minutes and six seconds, boxing found itself right in the middle of the 1960's. "If Floyd Patterson were a cop," Red Smith summed up the next day, "Sonny Liston would be in the cooler again."

A few days later there was another point: Would Liston and Patterson ever get into the ring again? The Government seized all receipts, both at Comiskey Park and at the movie theaters around the country where some 560,000 fans had watched the brief encounter on closed-circuit TV. Nilon, speaking for Liston, said the contract had been violated, because Sonny was to have been paid within 24 hours. He said publicly that he would never again deal with Championship Sports and, privately, that Sonny saw no reason now why he had to give Patterson a return bout. ("Power," Noah Webster wrote, "is always insolent and despotic.")

Thus the biggest gate in boxing history was tied up. The Government finally released most of the money after January 1 when the complicated tax deal had been abandoned. "All we'd gotten till then was $25,000 training expenses," Nilon recalls, reaching for the bottle of Gelusil which is a fixture on the desk of his Philadelphia office. "I've always had an acid stomach," he explains.

Further, the result of September's fight had thrown boxing's various august bodies into a dither. The New York State Athletic Commission, which had refused to recognize Liston as the No. 1 contender before the bout, bowed to brute strength and proclaimed him "world champion."

And the World Boxing Association, influential in those states outside New York where the return bout might find a welcome, refused in view of his poor showing to approve Patterson as the No. 1 contender. Acting as logically as possible under the circumstances, the W.B.A. tapped for that honor Eddie Machen, who was then in a psychiatric ward.

Nilon wanted the return bout held in Baltimore, where he has the stadium concessions. Patterson preferred Miami Beach, and again chose Championship Sports as the promoters. When the World Boxing Association finally approved Patterson as a contender, the fight was scheduled for April 4. Then Liston posed for a photographer on the golf course and, swinging a club, injured his left knee. The fight was postponed a week, then canceled. "It was too late by then to hold the fight in Miami," Al Bolan, now vice-president and general manager of Championship Sports, says. "The money people had gone home."

Patterson, annoyed by the delay, explored the possibility of a bout with Cassius Clay. Earlier he had mended his fences with Madison Square Garden by paying a "social call" on the Garden's matchmaker, Teddy Brenner. At that time he arranged for his younger brother Raymond to fight in a preliminary bout on the Clay-Doug Jones card at the Garden. After the Miami Beach fight had been canceled, he visited Brenner again.

"We made Floyd a valid offer, $150,000 guaranteed, and 32½ percent," Brenner says, "but Patterson said Clay shouldn't get more than 20 percent. That made me mad. I guess I blew my top, but later we made him the same offer. He promised me a reply within eight days, but I never got it." Floyd sent Brenner a crate of Florida oranges instead.

"We rescheduled Liston and Patterson for Las Vegas," Al Bolan says. "Why Las Vegas? Because the day of the big outdoor fight is past. Closed-circuit TV insures a big gate. Las Vegas is the ideal fight town now because there are no big population areas nearby that you have to black out for TV."

The fight, originally scheduled there for June, was postponed until July 22 when Patterson injured his right hand. A callus had formed on the knuckle of his little finger. It broke as Floyd was punching the heavy bag, and required six stitches.

Liston fumed and waited. Though unhappy about it he was used to waiting. One more swing of his 14-inch left fist and that whole fast-talking, incomprehensible world around him—lawyers and financiers and promoters and accountants—would tumble into his lap. It may happen; it probably will. Then all Sonny Liston's years of waiting will be over.

Maybe someday he will learn to read and write too. THE END

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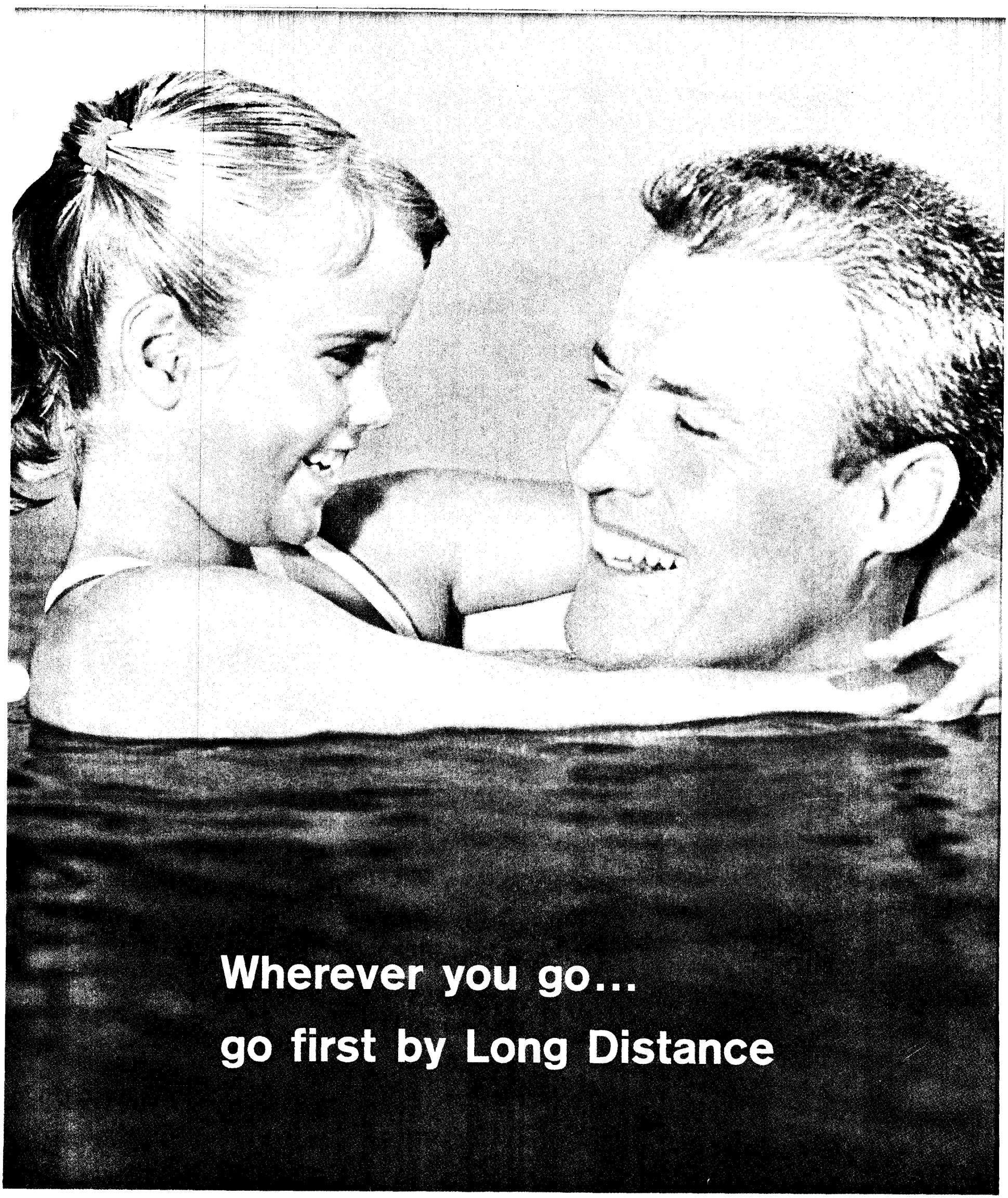

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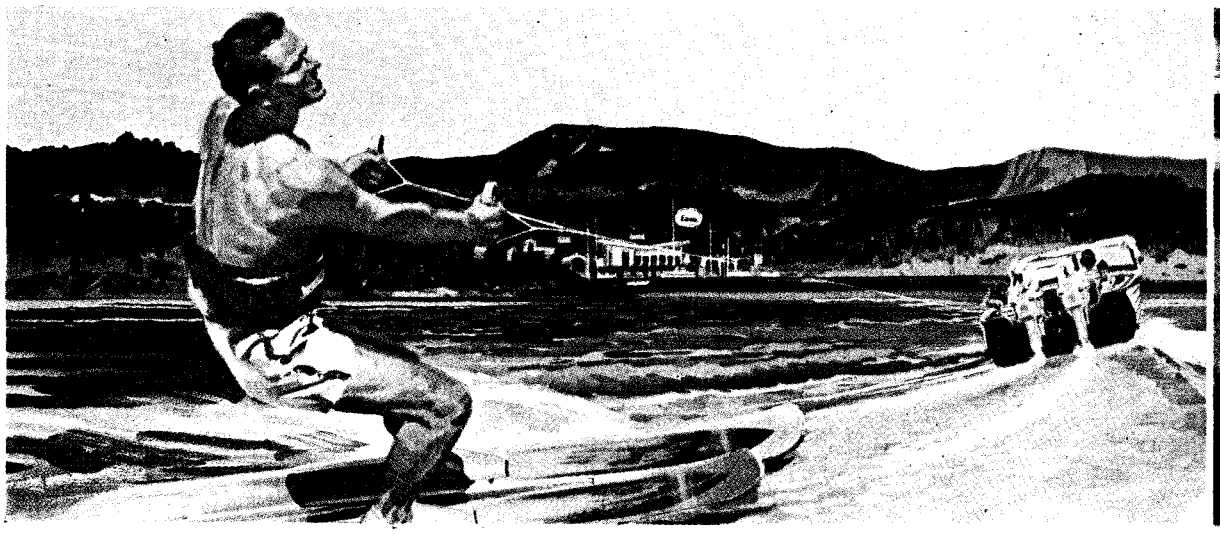

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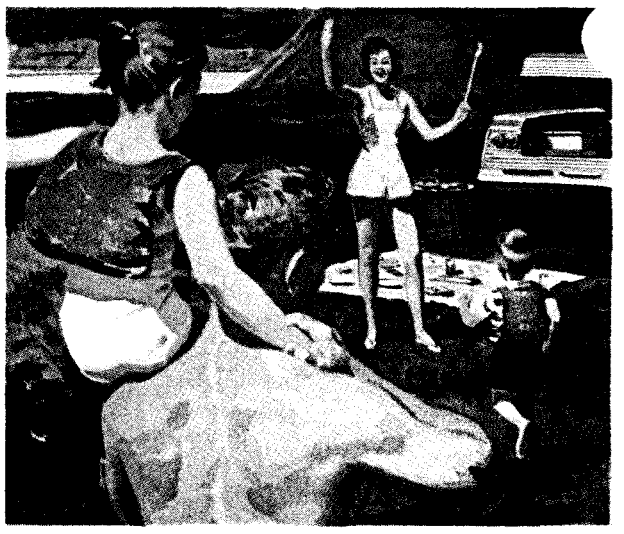

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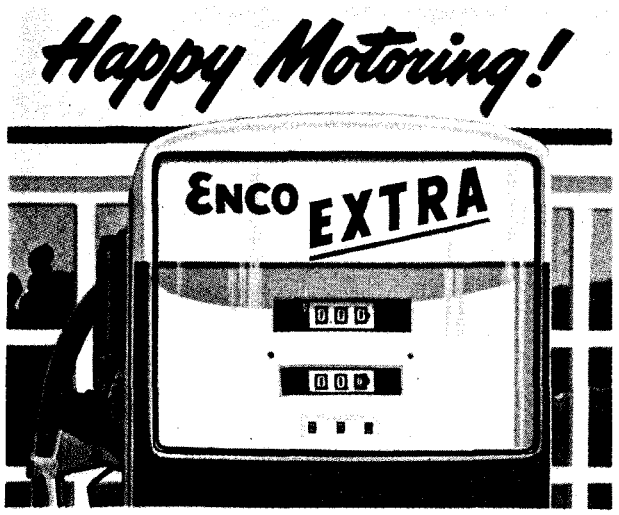

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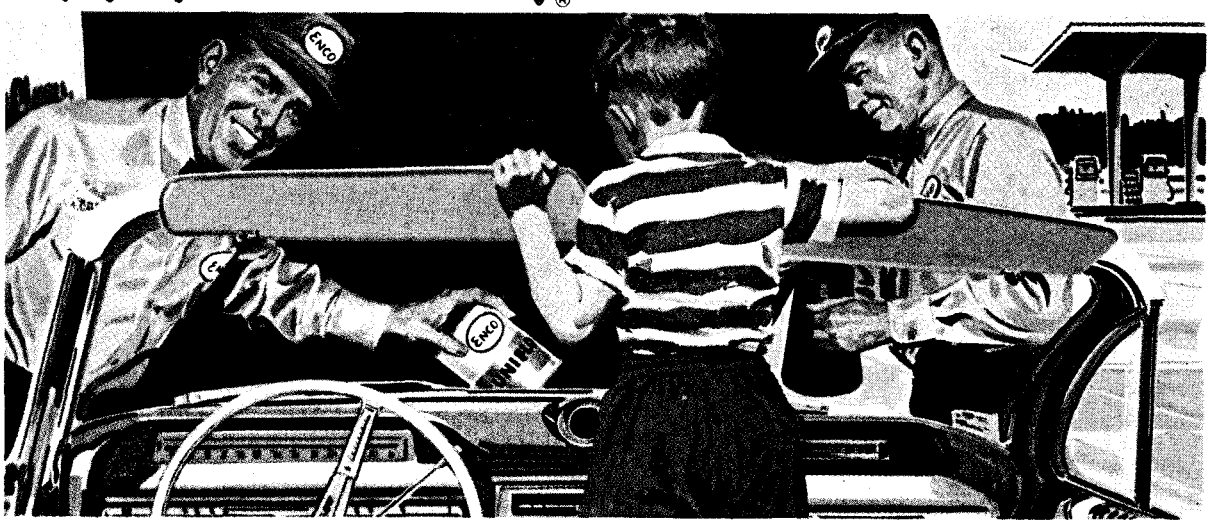

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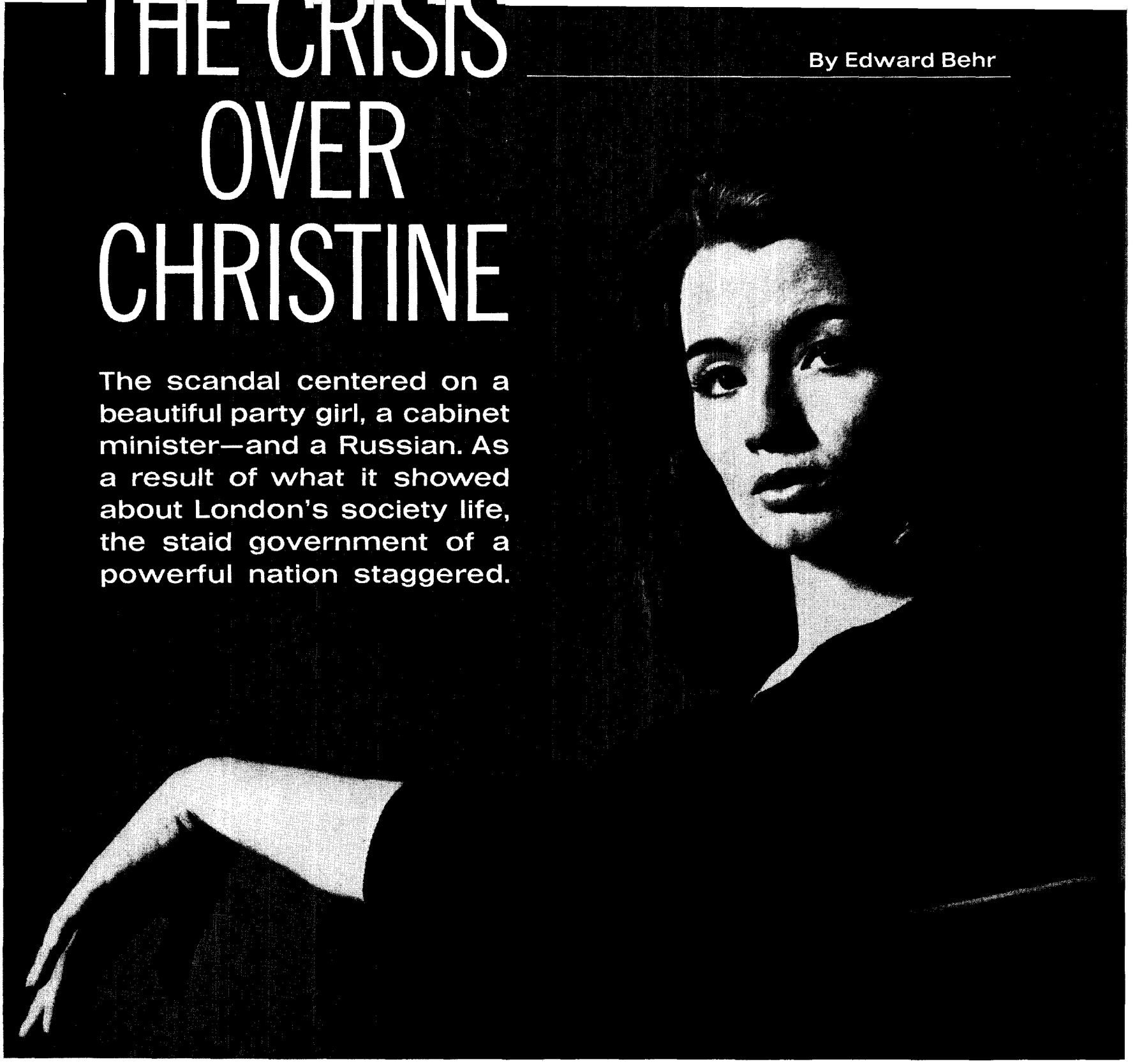
THE CRISIS OVER CHRISTINE

By Edward Behr

The scandal centered on a beautiful party girl, a cabinet minister—and a Russian. As a result of what it showed about London's society life, the staid government of a powerful nation staggered.



Christine Keeler, who dropped out of school at 15, had been a shopgirl, hairdresser and a waitress before she was "discovered."

Christine Keeler has a slender grace that is almost Oriental. She is extraordinarily beautiful, and her beauty has brought her many things in her 21 years. She has become accustomed to riding around London in a chauffeured Rolls-Royce. She has legally incorporated herself, sold her youthful memoirs for $90,000, and been offered $14,000 a week to perform in a nightclub.

Christine Keeler's life has not been entirely glamorous, however. She has been beaten up and shot at; she has been in and out of court. For the romantic life of Christine Keeler, who looks as fresh and innocent as a spray of apple blossoms, has been described in Parliament as "shocking" and "nauseating." Her partners included, among others, two Jamaicans with criminal records, a Soviet naval attaché, and Her Majesty's Secretary of State for War, the Right Honourable John Dennis Profumo, P.C., O.B.E., M.P.

Because of Christine, and because Profumo lied before Parliament about his affair with her, the Conservative government of Prime Minister Harold Macmillan has suffered a crushing blow. When Parliament debated the affair last month, Macmillan could only complain that he had been "grossly deceived." Not only did Labor Leader Harold Wilson denounce the "diseased excrescence" of corruption in high places, but back-bench Tories openly criticized Macmillan's handling of the case. One of them even quoted Browning—"Let him never come back to us . . ." And the final vote of "confidence" included so many Tory abstentions that the House echoed to cries of "Resign!" as Macmillan walked out.

There have been predictions that the 69-year-old Prime Minister would soon retire in favor of a younger Conservative leader. Even a change in leadership, however, would leave the Conservatives little

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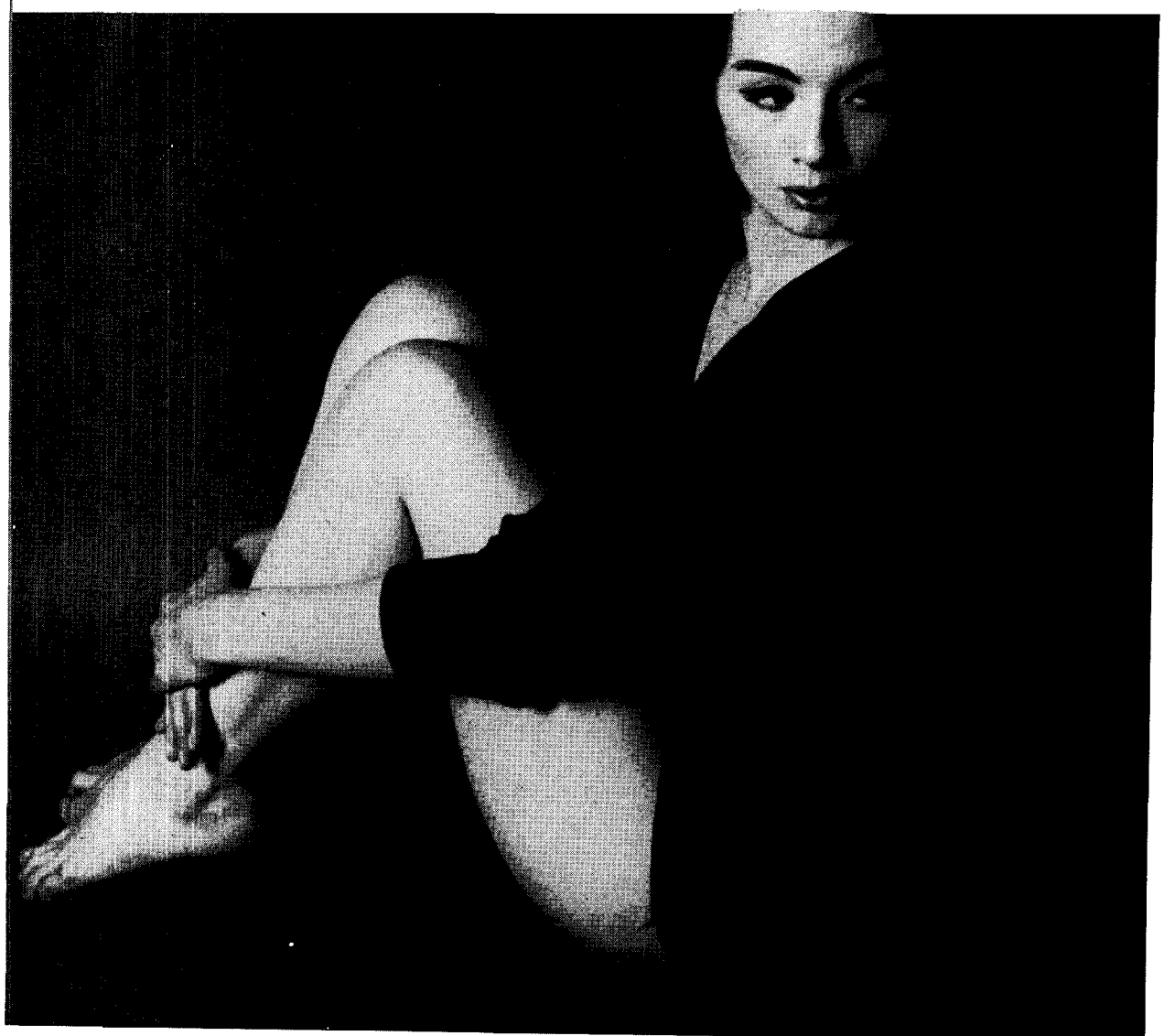

As a photographer's model, Christine posed for a variety of pictures. This is one of the more dressed-up ones.

Doctor Stephen Ward introduced Christine to high society.

chance of remaining in power when their term of office expires next year. Pushed out of Africa, barred from Europe, thwarted in hopes of an East-West settlement, harassed by economic problems, many Britons could agree with the London *Times*'s view that the scandal of Christine Keeler was "the last straw. Eleven years of Conservative rule," the conservative newspaper declared, "have brought the nation psychologically and spiritually to a low ebb." To the pro-Labor London *Daily Mirror*, the affair raised one simple question: "What the hell is going on?"

The scandal broke at the opening of society's favorite season. It was Ascot week, with its ritual costumes of cutaway coats and light-gray toppers, its garden parties and races attended by royalty. But while society gossiped about the latest developments in the scandal, the story behind it had begun two years earlier. In June of 1961 John Profumo and his wife, Valerie Hobson, who had starred in *Great Expectations* and *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, paid a visit to the country estate of Viscount Astor at Cliveden. There he encountered a beautiful 19-year-old girl swimming in Lord Astor's pool.

"I was swimming nude," Christine recalls in the memoirs published by the weekly *News of the World*, "when suddenly in came two figures in dinner jackets. One was Bill (Lord) Astor, and the other Jack Profumo. I'd met Bill before, of course. I didn't even know who the other fellow was at that moment. All I knew was that I was naked as the day I was born . . ." Wrapping herself in a diminutive towel, the dripping Christine finally got herself introduced. "The men dressed me up in some kind of armour. I remember the women looked rather furious, but the men laughed like hell." And soon the War Minister "was showing me around the estate."

Christine and her escort came from totally different worlds. Profumo, now 48, descendant of a baronial Italian family, was an old Harrovian and Oxonian. At 25 he had become Britain's youngest member of Parliament, at 29 a wartime brigadier. Christine, who left school at 15, had worked as a shopgirl, typist, hairdresser and waitress before her beauty began to pay off. Ordinarily she would never have met a man like Profumo, but she did not get to the Astor estate all by herself. She was taken there by a mentor, who dared her to swim in the nude, and then, according to Christine, "tossed my costume clean over the bushes." The mentor was Dr. Stephen Ward, now 50, a darling of British high society. It was thanks to Ward, who had discovered her at 14, that Christine emerged from the working-class background of Staines, Middlesex, that she learned how to behave, how to converse, how to speak cultured upper-class English.

Ward is something of an enigma. The son of a respectable Anglican vicar, he graduated in 1938 from the Kirksville College of Osteopathy in Missouri, licensed to practice osteopathy but not medicine. After the war, in which he served in the Royal Army Medical Corps as a junior officer, he blossomed forth as a society figure and portrait artist. He lived in an apartment in Wimpole Mews, just off Harley Street, the headquarters of fashionable London doctors. Viscount Astor rented him a country cottage on the Cliveden estate. He boasted royalty and the cream of society among his patients, his sitters for portraits, his friends. He was reported to have cured Sir Winston Churchill of rheumatism. He was on close terms with Sophia Loren, whose picture he painted, and he also did a portrait of Princess Margaret.

But Doctor Ward's taste for beautiful women led him to collect girls of another category—struggling starlets and models seeking their fortunes. Long before the Profumo scandal broke, it was widely said that Ward could "fix one up" with some of the most beautiful girls in London. He was not, in the mercenary sense, a mere pimp. Ward made enough from his medical practice and his etchings to live comfortably. What he sought was far more complicated. A determined social climber, he wished to retain his privileged but precarious position in Britain's exacting, exclusive high society—and what better way of remaining "in" than to become indispensable, and to share some shady sexual secrets? As a matchmaker, he felt a vicarious pleasure when his introductions blossomed into more permanent relationships—and several titled ladies in Britain's aristocracy owe their position, and their first introduction to their future husbands, to Stephen Ward. "He was," says an acquaintance, "a kind of sensual Professor Higgins." To provide attractive girls for others, to educate them, to "form" them, gave him a kind of social and psychological gratification—and there was never any serious shortage of raw female material.

This was the man who had rented a room in his apartment to Christine Keeler in 1961. After Profumo met her, as Christine reported in her "confessions," assignations took place there while Ward was conveniently away "down in the country." On one occasion at least, Christine said, Profumo committed adultery with her in his own bedroom while his wife was out of town. Occasionally Profumo borrowed the car of Minister of Labor John Hare to avoid detection when he was out driving with Christine. By the end of 1961 Profumo was urging Christine to leave Doctor Ward's apartment. His visits there, he felt, would eventually attract attention. Christine refused. The visits became less frequent, though Profumo continued to write her letters which were both chatty and affectionate, beginning with "darling."

While Christine was sleeping with John Profumo, Her Majesty's War Minister, she was also sleeping with a variety of other men. There was Johnny Edgecombe, a Jamaican jazz musician with a criminal record. There was Aloysius (Happy) Gordon, a jazz singer and a self-confessed drug addict who also had several criminal convictions. And there was Capt. Yevgeny Ivanov, 36, assistant naval attaché the Soviet embassy, a handsome bu figure whom Christine described as "a wonderful huggy bear of a man . . . with hair on his chest."

Ivanov, says one official who knew him well, was "a Russian James Bond type,

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"All I knew," she said, "was I was naked as the day I was born."

terribly handsome, excellent bridgeplayer, hard drinker, good party manners, an excellent conversationalist, the complete opposite of the Soviet diplomat as he's usually imagined." Ivanov was also, British Intelligence officials now believe, a particularly skillful agent of the Russian G.R.U.—the Soviet equivalent of the overseas branch of the CIA. Though he made no secret of his loyalty to Communism, Ivanov was a persuasive, intelligent and even brilliant talker, a sybarite with a passion for beautiful women and new cars, and a vast capacity for lukewarm British draught beer. He became a close friend of Stephen Ward and a frequent visitor to Lord Astor's Cliveden estate. The highly exclusive "Cliveden set" regarded Ivanov as a curious, interesting prodigy. It did not occur to them that no Soviet diplomat abroad does anything without a purpose.

Probably because he was instructed to do so, perhaps out of personal inclination as well, Ivanov became Christine's lover at about the same time that Profumo did. It is most unlikely that Christine Keeler ever passed on, wittingly or not, strategically important pillow confidences from Profumo to Ivanov, but there is no such thing in intelligence work as useless or irrelevant data. Ivanov's superiors in Moscow must have been amusingly and usefully briefed on the moral weaknesses of a cabinet minister and of a certain segment of British high society. One day, perhaps, if the scandal had not broken, the Russians would have used their knowledge to put pressure on Profumo. That is what they had done with William Vassall, the British code clerk who was photographed performing homosexual acts with a Russian agent and then blackmailed into spying for the Soviets.

As it was, Ivanov did once make use of his social connections in an attempt to exert pressure on British policy. At the height of the Cuban crisis last October Ivanov called on Ward and said he was eager to meet a senior member of the Foreign Office. The Russians were eager for talks with Kennedy, Ivanov said, but did not want to propose this themselves. "If Britain proposes a summit conference in London," he said, "Khrushchev will be there within an hour."

Ward got in touch with Viscount Astor, who in turn sounded out the Foreign Office. But the Foreign Office declined to have anything to do with such a junior and controversial emissary. Ivanov's aim, of course, was to drive a wedge between Britain and the United States. A summit conference would inevitably have led to bargaining, and Mr. Kennedy was not prepared to bargain with Khrushchev on the withdrawal of missiles.

On another occasion, Parliament has learned, Ivanov apparently tried again. Doctor Ward asked Christine to ask Profumo when the United States planned to give certain atomic secrets to West Germany. Christine says she never asked about it, however. Perhaps because he failed to exert influence in Britain, Ivanov was recalled to Moscow last December. Or perhaps the departure came about because Ivanov realized that his usefulness in Britain was over. He had been shadowed for a year and a half by the British counter-espionage agency, M.I. 5.

As early as June 1961, M.I. 5 had warned Doctor Ward against Captain Ivanov. When Ward ignored the warning, M.I. 5 went to Macmillan's secretary, Sir Norman Brook, and told him about the acquaintance of Profumo and Ward, and Ward and Ivanov. Brook did not tell Macmillan but he did warn Profumo to break off relations with Ward. Profumo went right on seeing Christine, however.

The case did not begin to become public until this spring. A colored jazz entertainer, Johnny Edgecombe, had tried to shoot his way into Doctor Ward's apartment where Christine Keeler was still living. When Christine called the police, Edgecombe was arrested, and she herself was subjected to long police questioning. Her replies hinted at the existence of a call-girl ring, with some celebrated clients, masterminded by Stephen Ward. She also told of her relations with Profumo. Scotland Yard immediately passed on the information to M.I. 5 but, for the time being, nothing happened. When Edgecombe's trial started last March, Christine left Britain for Spain, despite the fact that she was an important witness. Edgecombe, who testified that he and Christine had lived together for several months, was sentenced to seven years.

It was a sordid little case, but many Fleet Street reporters knew that there was considerably more to it. Strict libel laws, however, drove them to elaborate subterfuges. On the day that Christine was discovered to be missing, the London *Daily Express* ran a story to the effect that Profumo had offered his resignation to Prime Minister Macmillan "for personal reasons," and that Macmillan had asked him to stay in the government. The banner headline read: WAR MINISTER SHOCK. One column away from the story was a large picture of Christine Keeler and the story of her disappearance. There was no indication in print that the two stories were linked, despite a suggestive caption beneath her photograph: "The girl who was called for."

Then on March 21 a Laborite member of Parliament named Col. George Wigg dramatically brought the story out into the open. There was not a member in the House, he said during a debate on the Vassall spy case, who had not heard "rumor upon rumor" involving a member of the government. He was using the privilege of the House to ask the Home Secretary, who knew about the rumors, to answer them on the floor of the House. Icily Home Secretary Henry Brooke replied, "I do not propose to comment on the rumors that have been raised under the cloak of privilege and safe from any action at law."

But later that evening leading government officials and members of Parliament got Profumo out of bed for a midnight conference. Profumo, flanked by a legal adviser, strenuously denied the allegations. A statement was drafted for Profumo to read to the House of Commons the following day.

Pale and obviously fighting for political survival, Profumo told the packed House that he and his wife had been on "friendly terms" with Miss Keeler. As his wife looked on from the visitors' gallery, he said, "There was no impropriety whatever." He denied having had anything to do with the girl's flight from England

War Minister John Profumo first denied affair with Christine, but then had to resign.

Soviet naval attaché Yevgeny Ivanov sought to act as go-between during Cuban crisis.

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At 18, call girl Mandy Rice-Davies joked about extravagant sex parties.

Labor Minister John Hare acknowledged loan of his car to Profumo to take Christine riding.

"How dreadful," Christine lamented. "Now both our careers are ruined."

After denying affair with Christine, Profumo took wife Valerie Hobson to the races.

Crisis over Christine

during the Edgecombe trial, and he ended on a truculent note: "I shall not hesitate to issue writs for libel and slander if scandalous allegations are made or repeated outside this House." Some 30 foreign publications were banned from Britain for hinting at Profumo's liaison with Christine. Two of them, an Italian magazine and the weekly *Paris Match*, were sued for libel. The Italian magazine settled by paying $140 at Profumo's request to the Army Benevolent Fund.

The rumors continued, but Profumo seemed to have cleared himself publicly. Independently of M.I. 5, however, Scotland Yard decided to investigate Doctor Ward and his girls. Realizing that the heat was on, Ward attempted the impossible—he tried to pressure the government into dropping the investigation. He wrote letters to Macmillan, to Home Secretary Brooke, to Labor Party Leader Harold Wilson. In all these letters he referred to Profumo's association with Christine Keeler, claiming that he had reported the fact to M.I. 5 himself, "because I knew that Miss Keeler knew Captain Ivanov, and I was anxious about the relationship." He even went to see Macmillan's secretary to charge that Profumo had not told the truth. In other words, Ward was saying, lay off, or a huge scandal will break and the government will suffer.

It was naïve of Ward to try such a move. Scotland Yard is totally independent of all outside political influence, and it has a reputation for incorruptibility enjoyed by few other police forces. The investigation went on. The first important witness to implicate both Profumo and Ward was baby-faced Mandy Rice-Davies, a mink-swathed 18-year-old who was arrested for driving with a license which turned out to be faked. Under questioning she confessed that Ward had used her as a call girl. Mandy said she knew all about Christine's affairs, and she considered them rather a lark. "The farcical thing about it all," she recalled, "was that on more than one occasion as Jack [Profumo] left Christine at the flat . . . Ivanov walked in. In fact, it was something of a standing joke among us." Mandy had other lurid tales to tell of high life in London. At one dinner party she attended, she said, "a naked man wearing a mask waited on table like a slave. He had to have a mask because he was so well-known."

Then there was another court case—the trial of Aloysius (Happy) Gordon, another former boyfriend of Christine Keeler. He was arrested in April for beating up Christine outside the apartment of her friend, Paula Hamilton-Williams, another Ward protégée. Christine said she had been "terrorized" by Gordon, a possessive, violent man obviously still very much in love with her. While awaiting trial, Gordon wrote letters to a friend, claiming that Ward and others had used him "for kicks. . . ."

"These people are cranks," he said, "who don't care a hoot about anybody else but themselves so long as they are getting their kicks. . . . Chris has been used over and over again to such an extent that the users could not give a damn even though her life was involved. . . . Before I am sent to trial a lot of people will be jumping like cockroaches on a hot plate. . . . I will have to bring everyone out into the light."

In another letter Gordon said he was "trying to get P. and Ward subpoenaed." He also listed the names of five or six girls and explained in scarcely veiled language that he and Edgecombe had been used in "mixed" sex exhibitions.

British justice is curiously rigid, however. Despite Gordon's efforts to name names he succeeded only in antagonizing the judge. "Christine told me she was a call girl for Ward since she was seventeen," Gordon shouted. But all the judge wanted to know was: Did you assault Miss Keeler? When it became obvious that he did, Gordon, with 13 previous convictions, got a three-year sentence.

During all this time Scotland Yard detectives were hard at work gathering evidence they could use against Ward. They had a long, damaging statement from Mandy Rice-Davies. They also took a long statement from Gordon while he was awaiting trial. The statements so implicated Profumo that the police officers held a new conference with top Tory Party leaders. Confronted with the evidence, Profumo broke down, admitted that he had lied and offered to resign from both the government and Parliament. This time his offer was accepted. "I misled you and my colleagues in the House," Profumo said in a letter to Macmillan. "I have been guilty of a grave misdemeanor."

"This is a great tragedy for your family and your friends," Macmillan replied.

The *Times* of London drove to the point more sharply: "It is also a tragedy for the probity of public life in Britain."

Four days later Stephen Ward was arrested on the charge of "living partly or wholly" on earnings from prostitution. "Oh my God!" he said. "How dreadful! I shall deny it." Detectives hinted of more serious charges to come, and they opposed bail on the grounds that Ward might try to influence witnesses.

As the scandal gathered strength, London's stock exchange recorded its sharpest drop since the Suez crisis of 1956. Losses totaled hundreds of millions of pounds. At the same time, other people were trying to make money out of the affair. Shady characters touted Happy Gordon's letters written from prison. Christine's own stepfather telephoned one London newspaper and asked for a large sum of money for his "memoirs."

"What do you intend to say?" the editor asked.

"Well," said the stepfather, "she always was a bad lot."

No parking problems

The center of all this uproar seemed to be enjoying it. Like an 18th-century royal mistress, Christine continued to flaunt her arrogant beauty. On the first day of Happy Gordon's trial she showed up in a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce, which proceeded to park, with impunity, in the space at the Old Bailey usually reserved for senior judges and the lord mayor of London. When the news of Profumo's resignation came, she made an astonishing but not entirely irrelevant comment. "How dreadful," she said. "Now both our careers are ruined."

Profumo's career is certainly ruined, but the ramifications of the scandal go much further, for they bring into question the fitness of Macmillan's whole government. Apart from any question of morality, this was the latest in a series security cases. There had been the Blake affair, in which George Blake, a member of Britain's top-secret espionage organization, M.I. 6, was discovered to have betrayed countless British agents to the Soviets over a 10-year period. There had

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been the Lonsdale affair, in which a Soviet espionage ring led by a Russian-Canadian called Gordon A. Lonsdale had penetrated some of the British Admiralty's innermost secrets. And there had been the Vassall case, which was particularly relevant because Vassall had been exposed partly as a result of investigation by the press.

But a subsequent commission, convened by Macmillan to inquire into the case, seemed primarily concerned with prosecuting the journalists who did the investigating (two of whom went to jail for refusing to disclose their sources). As for any governmental responsibility, the Vassall Commission heaped most of the blame on an official who was conveniently dead. Incensed over the Vassall affair, the press had its chance for revenge when the Profumo scandal broke.

Seemingly unconscious of the gravity of the situation, Prime Minister Macmillan spent that Whitsun holiday playing golf in Scotland. In the past, even his political opponents had admired Macmillan for being "unflappable". Now his show of calm verged on the absurd. "My, but it's hot," he told a crowd of reporters. "You know, I haven't golfed for two years. . . . I think my golf is beginning to improve a little." Taking an almighty swing, he sliced his shot 100 yards. Then he turned to his wife, Lady Dorothy, and said, "Now see what you can do, dear."

Tory backbenchers were furious at Macmillan. "The Prime Minister cannot evade his responsibilities," said one Tory M.P. "He has to face the music himself for once." Tory M.P. Lord Lambton revealed that he had warned Tory party authorities of the true facts of the case long ago" and that "an authority in the Conservative Party refused to take them seriously." At least four top Tory party men, including two ministers, knew of a "darling" letter written by Profumo to Christine in 1961—the letter, in fact, was sold to a London tabloid by agents acting on behalf of the money-greedy Christine Keeler herself.

This question of the long secrecy surrounding the Profumo affair was a key issue when the scandal finally came before Parliament last month. "If . . . the security service knew all about the Keeler relationship in 1961," said Labor Leader Harold Wilson, "it was, of course, their duty to tell the Prime Minister. . . . If . . . they did not tell the Prime Minister, there is quite clearly a case for a ruthless inquiry into those responsible. . . . If they did tell the Prime Minister, his failure to sack the Secretary of State [Profumo] would represent an inconceivable omission on his part."

Macmillan's answer was a weak one: "At no time had I any indication from the security service or from the police that there was any reason to doubt Mr. Profumo's statement. . . . It is unfortunate this information was not given to me."

"Unfortunate" seemed an understatement to many Britons, after all the efforts to ignore the scandal. The British, passionately fond of their monarchy, were particularly incensed at the way the royal family had been brought into the affair. After making his first, truculent denial last March, Profumo accompanied the Queen Mother to the races. It was only the last minute, and because Profumo declined himself, that a "leave-taking" session between Profumo and Queen Elizabeth was canceled. Macmillan, it appeared, had not thought of warning the Queen's advisers against it. "How on

On vacation when the scandal broke, Macmillan told reporters only that his golf was improving, then sliced a shot.

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Sporting a pair of elaborately pointed boots, Christine enjoyed high life in Spain during trial of ex-lover who threatened her.

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earth did this misfortune occur?" asked the London *Daily Express*. "The Queen, who is quite above the political arena, should certainly have been spared this embarrassment. It was a paramount duty of her political advisers to avoid it."

Some felt that Macmillan was using even President Kennedy to extricate himself from the mess. "The most powerful American President we have seen in a century comes here fresh from a hero's triumph in Ireland, the country his ancestors left to escape the British," declared the *Sunday Telegraph*. "And what does he find? He finds a country deeply ashamed of the spectacle presented to the world by the Profumo scandal, a Prime Minister whose stock is even lower with the people than that of his party, a security system under violent attack from men who believe that this affair may bring them to power. . . . Our postwar spree had to end one day. It is distressing and mortifying that it should end like this: in scandal, weakness and mendacity."

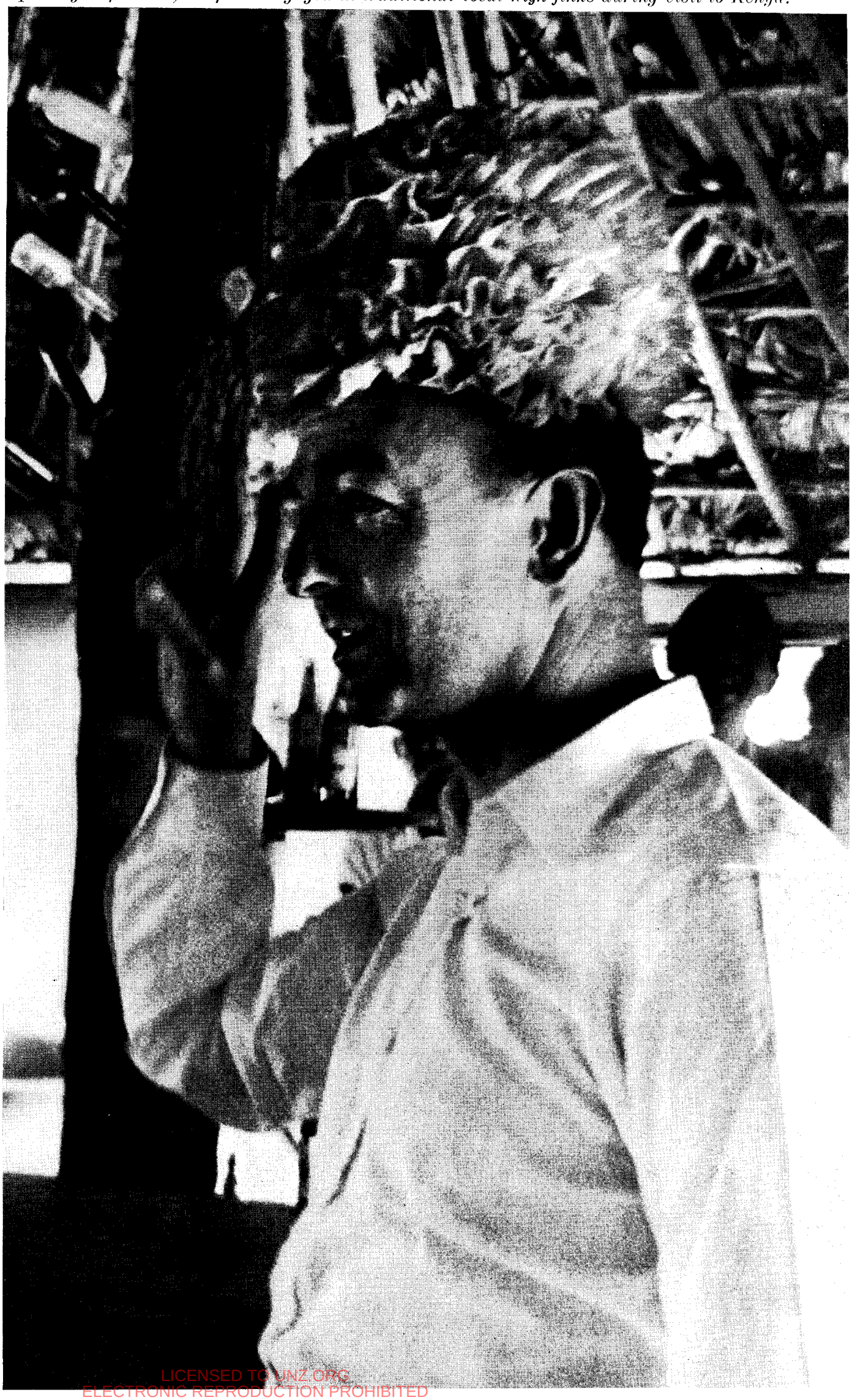
The end is not yet in sight. Each day some new piece of the mosaic fits into place. Labor Minister John Hare, for instance, had originally written to George Wigg, the M.P. who first raised the issue in Parliament, denying that he had ever lent his car to Profumo. Then, just after Profumo's resignation, Hare wrote Wigg another letter saying that he did, after all, remember that Profumo had used his car on one occasion, though "of course" ...re had "no inkling" that it was being ...d for assignations with Christine ...eeler. An understandable lapse of memory, Wigg thought. Then he saw the first installment of Christine's confessions, in which she mentioned that she frequently went for drives with Profumo in a car borrowed from Hare. She also recalled "flirting with Hare . . . to make Jack [Profumo] jealous."

The number of people involved in the affairs of Christine is still unknown, but there may well be further revelations. Macmillan ordered an official investigation of the security aspects of the case. And Britain's whole security service is due for an overhauling. But on the basis of what is known already, Labor Leader Harold Wilson can feel confident that it is only a matter of months until he is Prime Minister. Every poll has Labor so far ahead of the Tories that the next election result seems almost inevitable.

To avert the inevitable, the Tories are looking toward a new leader. Macmillan's heir is the austere and somewhat bloodless Deputy Prime Minister Richard A. Butler. "Old Auntie Butler will probably take over," said one despairing Conservative, "and then, as expected, we'll lose the election. And serve us right." Other Tories insist on a younger man such as Reginald Maudling, the 46-year-old Chancellor of the Exchequer. Another candidate is Lord Hailsham, the energetic Minister of Science, who is barred from the prime ministership by his title but hopes new legislation will enable him to ...me his name of Quintin Hogg and his ... in the House of Commons.

...hat will become of Christine Keeler is unpredictable. It is a fair guess, however, that the girl who shook Britain will eventually marry an indulgent millionaire and live happily ever after. THE END

Sporting wife's hat, Profumo engaged in traditional local high jinks during visit to Kenya.



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EDITORIAL

The Negro revolution

As President John F. Kennedy presses his bold and controversial civil-rights program on Congress, more than 50 American cities are experiencing racial strife and mass demonstrations. The drumbeat of a new Negro militancy gives urgency to the President's warning of a "rising tide of discontent." It is time to take heed of this warning. In truth, Mr. Kennedy has given voice to our national conscience, which demands that Negroes be allowed to pass beyond the written and unwritten WHITE ONLY signs in the nation's stores, restaurants, hotels and hiring halls. Beyond this, our nation is challenged to accept a new image of the American Negro, to accept the fact that the Negro community is aroused and will resort to as much force as is necessary to win the full privileges of citizenship. "Revolution" is a harsh word. It means upheaval and bloodshed. And it means a confession of failure. It means that the rule of law has failed, that the voices of reason have not been heard. And yet revolution is the word that is beginning to apply to the Negro demonstrations, not only in Birmingham and Jackson but also in New York City, Chicago, Detroit and the other ghettos of the North. Black forces are drawn up in a battle line that confronts the white man wherever he stands on the principles and practices of segregation. It is the responsibility of the nation to accommodate the legitimate aims of this Negro revolution with as little violence and damage to our society as possible.

The seat of initiative for dealing with the most critical domestic problem of the century should be our nation's capital. Bill Davidson's report on the mess in Washington on page 17 is a study in irony. The "government" of Washington remains willfully blind to the points that the President made in laying out his civil-rights program. Mr. Kennedy damned "inaction," yet the capital remains a showcase of inaction in a time of domestic crisis. The attitudes that obstruct progress in Washington are typical of the forces that have disfranchised and frustrated the Negro throughout our society.

President Kennedy has attempted to respond to the increasingly grave dilemma by putting before Congress the most comprehensive civil-rights bill in the past century. It would guarantee Negroes equal rights in all major commercial institutions, such as hotels, restaurants, theaters and department stores. It would speed the desegregation of public education by allowing the Attorney General to file suits against any segregated schools. And since much of the Negro problem involves the chronic unemployment of unskilled Negro workers, the President's bill would allocate $400 million to retrain and educate Negro laborers.

This program will not placate the militant Negro and it will not please the white segregationists, but it seems a moderate and minimal program to the reasonable observer. After all, it has been almost a century since the Constitution guaranteed equal voting rights, but only one quarter of qualified southern Negroes are allowed to vote. It has been almost 10 years since the Supreme Court ordered schools desegregated "with all deliberate speed," but less than 8 percent of southern schools are desegregated. In the states of Alabama and Mississippi not one public-school district has been integrated. Yet the southern senators plan to kill or at least modify President Kennedy's civil-rights bill by the most senseless of strategies, the filibuster. And from the Negroes there are threats that a southern filibuster will be met by massive protest demonstrations in Washington. The President has challenged both sides "to do their utmost to lessen tensions and to exercise self-restraint. The Congress should have an opportunity to freely work its will."

The indications are that a compromise will finally pass Congress—but it is likely that neither side will heed the President's appeal for moderation. The ardent segregationists will stage their futile filibuster; the zealous integrationists will stage their dangerous and equally futile demonstrations. And America will be the worse for it.

The Negro revolution will not be put down by a compromise bill; it has gone beyond this point. As a nation we must use all of our resourcefulness and courage to answer the yearnings of 20 million Negroes. If honorable demands for equality and justice are not met, leadership will pass into the hands of irresponsible men. The question is not how much time is left. There is very little time. The question is: What do we do with these few remaining hours?

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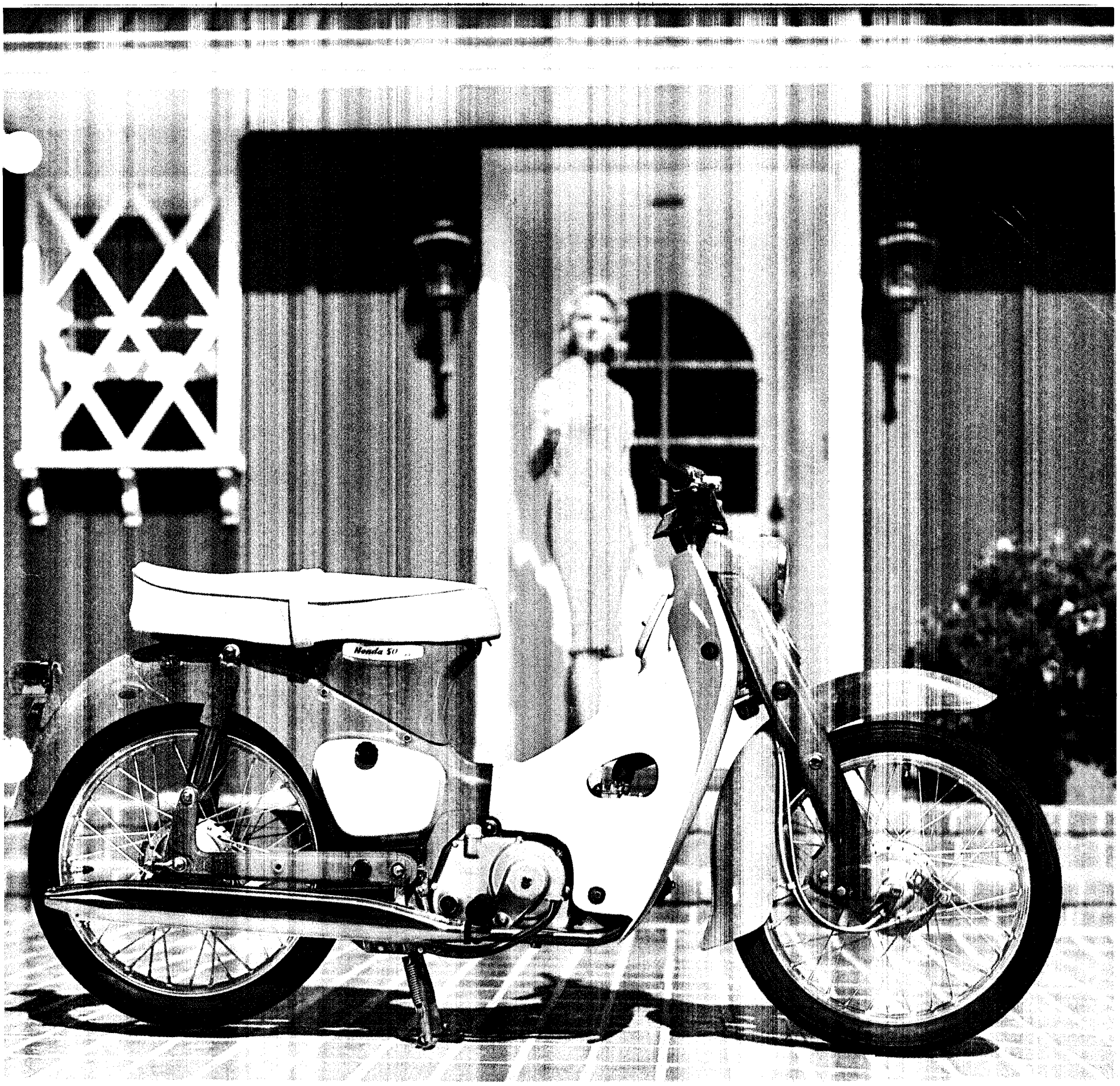

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